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Sultan Mehmed II, the Conqueror
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THE DOMINIONS

OF

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN;

OR,

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL, AND OBSERVATIONS ON CHARACTER,

IN THE ROMAN STATES AND TURKEY.

BY

S. S. HILL, Esq.

The character of that dominion given
O'er other *men*.—MILTON P. L.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

LONDON:

MADDEN AND MALCOLM, 8, LEADENHALL STREET.

TO THAT SISTER,

WHO HAS BEEN MY CONSTANT FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT

FROM OUR EARLIEST YEARS, THESE PAGES ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HER BROTHER.

INTRODUCTION.

Among all the arrangements of Nature, for the adaptation of the earth, to the existence and enjoyment of the various living creatures which inhabit it, we observe none so partial and eccentric, as the laws by which those effects upon the atmosphere are produced, that constitute the varieties which we term climates. In the disposal of the myriads of animated beings which we find holding common property with us, in the soil of every region throughout the wide surface of the globe, we perceive one general law, by which

all the inferior creatures are adapted to, and placed within, the tract where, one or other of those several diversities of the atmosphere, which constitute, what we call a good, or a bad, a hot, or a cold climate, is predominant, and from which they cannot be removed, without more or less inconvenience, depending in general, upon the degree of our care, which is commonly, in proportion to the amount of their usefulness, in aid of the necessary labours in which we engage.

Yet in this general fitness, of one part of the material creation to another—of animal life, to the particular atmosphere, and the productions of the earth which should nourish it, exceptions, among which, we ourselves are perhaps the most remarkable, are plainly to be found. To the sovereign of the visible creation, has been given, by a variety in his constitution, the capacity to inhabit the whole earth; and wherever the human race are established, from the hottest to the coldest region, we discover some physical differences, which equally adapt all our species to the climate in which we are found, without any variation of so considerable

or constant character, as to tie us immovably to any particular land, that we may consider to be that of our peculiar inheritance. Hence, we visit every country, of every climate, with impunity, and, even dwell in a land, with the inhabitants of which we claim no kindred, save, that of a common origin, or the same nature. And this privilege, though its misuse, in the general disregard of our evident adaptation, might be attended with evil, should be abundantly beneficial, in facilitating the exchange of productions, and in the communication of knowledge, where the attainments of one society of men exceed those of another, and also to some in whom accident has wrought any material change, and unfitted in constitution, to the climate in which they were born and nurtured.

Thus, at that season of life, when every object of a generous ambition appears open to our attainment, we are not restrained from gratifying, either our justifiable curiosity, or a vague and undefined desire of knowledge, which we believe we shall attain in visiting foreign and distant

countries; and it is at this time, that we receive the highest gratification in travelling.

But, whoever should set out upon a journey through many parts of the globe, at a riper age, will scarcely be without some object in view of more specific character, or more worthy to attain. It may be the study of the political institutions of other lands, the fine arts, or the subjects which illustrate history; and it is at this season of life, that we acquire the largest amount of useful information. With eye more severe, the traveller now sees and remarks, whatever should have a tendency to enlarge the sphere of his knowledge—whether, indeed, with fixed designs of prospective benefit, or in obedience to the law of our nature, which prescribes at all times, the acquisition of knowledge, and now adds the caution which is necessary to its proper attainment.

But there is a third stage in men's lives, when, nor "the wonders of the world abroad," nor the desire of knowledge, is able to engage us to undertake long and fatiguing journeys; and he who should at this time engage in travelling, will usually be

one of the exceptions, by constitutional adaptation or through accident, which it has been above stated, are to be found in the several climates which we observe in the world. And the traveller of this class, though he might have no object that should be paramount to his own accommodation, and though he should receive less gratification, than a traveller of the first of the classes above mentioned, or acquire less knowledge than one of the other class, he should be, at least, able to exercise freeer thoughts, concerning what should seem to him to be erroneous or detestable, in actions or habits, of which every corner of the world affords sufficient examples, or concerning what should be the more worthy of approval, of all that may fall under his observation.

The object of these introductory remarks, it will be perceived, is, to prefer a claim to that degree of consideration, which may be in several instances required, and to excuse that want of completeness, amounting to the appearance of omission, which is incident to the tenor of the matter contained in these volumes. And it is

believed, without claiming the full consideration, sometimes due to travellers of that class, from one among whom, it will quickly be apparent these pages emanate, that what has been substituted for a better motive, for so changeful a journey, though it have no other advantage, will assist in maintaining some slight degree of union, throughout the varied subjects which the second and proper title of this book would seem to indicate it should contain, until the sequel may more clearly develope the proper aim, of some apparently unconnected remarks and inquiries.

One more observation should yet be added. It is to the effect, to eschew equally, all pretensions, to the merit of giving exact descriptions of objects, the review of which is no more than incidental to the main design, and to the use of any means of accomplishing the end in view, superior to that of a faithful record of such impressions, and opinions, as it is believed, might have been those of the greater part of our countrymen, who should have accomplished the same journey, under the like circumstances, and during the same period of time.

Some mere tourists, have even disputed the learned and exact observations of more accomplished travellers, whose impressions and remarks, have been founded upon longer and more accurate observation, with better sources of information, than those from which they should be reduced to acquire their knowledge, and be enabled to draw any just conclusions. But it is believed, that every respect may be yielded to the opinions of others, without changing our impressions of what is obvious, or compromising, in any way, the most important of all things to be maintained—the truth.

To those whose critical judgment, every publication should more or less depend for its proportion of consideration with the general reader, a great deal might be said, in extenuation of the demerits of this book, concerning the abundant disadvantages under which it has been composed, and the still greater through which it has been corrected, did not the recollection of former indulgence, encourage the hope, that the rudeness and seeming negligence of the style, as

well as such errors as the frequent inability even to read, during the operations of the press, might alone excuse, with the incompleteness incident to the matter which it contains, may not be thought wholly to extinguish the little merit to which the reality and genuineness of its contents might seem otherwise to entitle it.

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THE TIARA

AND

THE TURBAN.

CHAPTER I.

PARIS TO STRASBURG.

It was on the very day, that equal light and darkness at the autumnal equinox, warns us of the approach of the severer season, that I left Paris, by diligence, for Strasburg.

In youth, there are perhaps few sensations more agreeable than the anticipations of a journey. The further we purpose travelling, and the greater the variations which we expect to observe, in the laws, customs and institutions of the countries which we are about to visit, the better. But in riper years, when the appetite for change has been sated, and the love of novelty superseded by some steadier object of pursuit, our more delightful anticipations are qualified by the assurance of the inconveniences we must suffer, in the mere transport from city to city and from province to

province, in whatsoever direction we may turn. But the certain course of this journey was towards the sun; and the knowledge of this, was sufficient to supply the place of former more sensible impressions.

I was alone in the interior, as we dashed through the crowded streets of the French capital; but we were scarcely a mile beyond the barrier, before we pulled up in the centre of the broad road, near some houses, in the front of which stood a group of some six or seven persons, apparently awaiting our approach. The party seemed to consist of individuals of every grade in the social ranks; and as they advanced towards us, it was natural to be occupied with conjectures, concerning which of them might be my companions, perhaps, for the next three nights and days. A gentleman, or well-dressed Parisian, led a lady, who appeared to be about thirty years of age, and held by the hand, at the same time, a peasant girl, of figure and face decidedly the finest I had seen during a residence of some time in France; and these were accompanied by some eight or ten men and women of all ages, and every one of them apparently Parisians.

When the party reached the carriage, the guard, who had already alighted, was taking leave of some friends on the opposite side of the way; and

there seemed no hurry on the part of any to mount the steps of the diligence; but after a few moments, the worthy functionary returned, and it was soon evident that the peasant girl, alone, of the group, was to accompany us.

There was no room in the "*Rotonde,*" but it was of no consequence. There was but one in the "*Interieur*"—a tranquil foreigner on his way home. They might place the young woman under his charge with the utmost confidence.

Some of the party now took leave of the maiden with the continental hearty double kiss, and several who embraced her, wiped their eyes as they bid her farewell.

During this ordinary leave-taking, the lady before mentioned, came to the door of the diligence and enquired of me, how far I was going: and when I replied, "to Strasburg," she said, "she trusted it would not be taking too great a liberty to place a peasant girl under my charge." To which I replied: "that I would endeavour to supply the place of her parent, and see her to the end of her journey, wherever she might happen to be travelling."

Time permitted the lady to say no more, than, "Monsieur is too kind;" and she turned to rejoin the group.

The two last of the party that embraced the

maiden were the Parisian gentleman, and the lady who had put the girl under my charge. I did not observe much, or any emotion, on the part of the gentleman; but, when the lady embraced the departing child, the feelings of mother and daughter seemed too apparent to be mistaken for less holy ties. The mother wept outwardly; but the grief of the daughter was of another character. She tore herself with difficulty from her mother's arms; and, with the assistance of the guard, who had held the door open, for several minutes, with patience rarely wanting in a Frenchman where mere politeness is concerned, she mounted the steps of the interior of the diligence, and covering her head and face with a handkerchief, threw herself back in one of the three unoccupied corners, and sobbed and wept bitterly, unheard and unseen, save by myself alone.

The guard had now mounted, and as the postillion recommenced the truly national crack, crack, crack, of his whip, the great vehicle dashed over the stony roads as if it had been a small affair for the united power of the fine quadrupeds that drew it.

The attire and appearance of the poor girl, which I had now an opportunity of observing, were well in accord with the perfect image which

she presented of the simplicity and neatness of the better class of the French peasantry, with the natural confidence of her sex, at her age, which I did not believe to exceed sixteen. And as she sat veiled in the corner of the diligence, it was not possible for foreigner or native, or any one who had not taken leave of every human feeling, sitting at the same time in the opposite corner, to occupy his thoughts with anything belonging to the world without—with anything save the perfect specimen of human beauty in tears before his eyes.

But we were fairly now on our journey; and the French metropolis with its gaudy palaces, its works of the fine arts, its public gardens and its promenades, were at once forgotten in the first incident of interest which occurred without its gates; and as the poor peasant girl indulged her grief, it had been natural for any to fall into reflections concerning his own first departure from the fire-side of parents, and from the society of, and daily intercourse with, those to whom often nature even binds us with a stronger tie than that of her first and more sacred bond.

Every separation in our infant days, is like a departure into perpetual exile; and there are few of us, who, before the age of the first conceptions of ambition, might quit the paternal roof

without the same violent pangs that now tore the breast of this simple girl. Where, and how far, was the poor child going? Perhaps a hundred miles from her home. At about the same age, at least in mind, myself had quitted the hearth of infant affections, it might be for years. At least, before again embracing those whom I regretted, the ocean should be as my home, the tempest familiar to me. Where were those feelings now? Was there nothing left of what nature could not have designed to fail us even in age? Was there no string of the heart's earlier emotion unbroken?—ties of blood—friendship—love of country, with the pride of its first obligations. Had an acquaintance with the "cities' usuries" and the "proud man's contumely," with years of homeless wanderings or exile, or want of the ties which should bind us to the generations, that replace us as we disappear from the scene in which we have accomplished our part—had even all these causes united, so entirely erased from the memory the better feelings of the heart, as to render those of the poor peasant girl incomprehensible? It was far otherwise. We never change our nature. And if we cannot at all seasons of life, recall in their full force, the affections that might once have inhabited our bosoms, we may yet find plea-

sure in reflecting, that time can have no power over the first natural obligations which those above all who form none of another kind, must acknowledge to be the great solace of life, and among the better gifts of the Creator to imperfect man. The charities of life, and the obligations and attendant pleasures which spring from their exercise, though they may change in character cannot be ever destroyed. But these thoughts were but the momentary effects of association and irresistible sympathy with the distress of the poor peasant girl, and they passed quickly away.

The postillion had now put his horses at full speed, and we rattled along the stony road at the good pace of, it might be, eight miles an hour; and as I was now willing to be as far from the presence of such grief as no sympathy could appease, as it was in my power to remove, I turned to the window and passed a full half hour in viewing the uniform, tiresome, and tame scenery of the vicinity of the French capital, and contrasting it with the rich and varied landscapes which surround the metropolis of Britain. For our arable lands, hilly or plain, and our rich pastures, with the noble elm and beautiful hedges that divide and ornament them, you have here a tame plain of corn fields or the plantations of stunted vine, and nothing

that in any sort supplies the place of the fresh and green scenery to which an English eye is accustomed.

But we were now well out of Paris; and as we removed yet further and further from the site of the fair peasant girl's deepest distress, I began to conjecture, whether it were not time to offer her such consolation as her situation suggested; but I had scarce turned my head from the window and my thoughts from the different occupation in which they had been engaged, when the maiden put an end to my difficulties, by herself breaking the long silence we had maintained. The question she first put, has escaped my memory; but her words were accompanied with a smile of perfect confidence, and led to a conversation which soon induced me to elicit her history, at least as far as regarded her appearance in the metropolis, to which it was evident she did not belong. The artless girl, without the slighest hesitation or want of confidence in herself, such as in Britain we are accustomed to find where there might seem less disparity in worldly condition, began to tell her story; and before the daylight disappeared, for the sun was now near its setting, she had related all that my curiosity had thirsted to obtain; and her brief tale may be repeated in a few words.

She was an orphan, and had been left at a very tender age to the care of the lady I had supposed to be her mother, but who was only an aunt. This lady, about two years since, in consequence of having formed a connexion with a Parisian of some estate, which was similar only to that of marriage, had consigned the fair child who had hitherto called her mother to the care of another relation, a worthy burgess of her native town; but her new protector having died about six months before this period, she had since that event dwelt with a farmer of the neighbourhood, from whom she had first learned the true condition of her whom she had loved as her sole parent, and from whom she had received up to the time of the irregular alliance all the tenderness and care of a mother. The tidings concerning her aunt's real situation, had been communicated to her by some of her equals in age of her own sex, and when confirmed by the honest man with whom she dwelt, she had taken the resolution to embrace the life of the convent, to atone for the errors of her protector, as soon as she might be permitted so to do, and had made the journey on foot to Paris to take a farewell leave of her whom it was plain she still regarded with the affection that should be a just mother's due. I

gave her the usual advice that suggests itself to superior age on such occasion, accompanied with a strong protest against her resolution.

Our conversation occupied but a short watch of the night, after which the peasant girl fell into a sound sleep; and it was not long, before I was overcome by the same welcome state of forgetfulness, and we had few or no disturbances during the remaining hours of the night.

About sun rise I awoke, and was as much refreshed as if I had been sleeping upon a bed of the softest down. The peasant girl still slept. She sat or reclined directly opposite to me; but while my eyes were fixed upon those features which might only be described, by confessing, that I could not bring to recollection any parallel face or figure, save in one whom, indeed, she resembled, that was transported to a better world about the same age that the artless girl now before me had attained, she suddenly awoke; and before there was time for more than the accustomed morning greetings in all lands, the diligence drew up in front of a "Café," and the guard announced that coffee awaited all those that should choose to take it.

In France, this announcement generally signifies also a length of time sufficient to partake what awaits your acceptance. The doors of the diligence, therefore, were no sooner open, than I alighted,

and after assisting the peasant girl to do the same, I was preparing to conduct her to the room within, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! I am at home!" as, at the same time, she jumped into the road to embrace a fine-looking old fellow of the ancient French school, of apparently well mingled feelings, native politeness, and simple attire; and as I did not wish by any ceremonious leave-taking to disturb the intercourse between the fair peasant and her present protector, I entered the "Café." But I was not doomed to experience quite so abrupt a separation; and I was scarcely seated, before the good man came to thank me, both for the care I had taken of the young maiden during the passed night, and, as he expressed himself, for the discourse with which I had honoured her.

There was not time for much conversation; but all that passed, was well calculated to give the most favourable impression of the provincials of this district of the kingdom. There was that mixture of simplicity and intelligence in this honest man's speech, with perfect ease in his manner, which could not fail to remind the stranger of the better age of the French—of that period in their social history, before manhood had "melted into courtesies," but to give place in their turn to the boorishness and love of change

and excitement without a generous object, which are characteristics of the present generation of this volatile people.

The good man remained to see the diligence off, and after expressing many regrets that the occasion did not permit of my partaking of his hospitalities, he gave me his address, and then lifted his hat with as much elegance as any count might have performed that nice salutation; and, as his beautiful "protégée" bowed with a grace that many a lady of the court of Louis Phillippe might, doubtless, have copied with advantage, I jumped into the diligence, which, at the crack of the whip, again proceeded on its steady way.

We now trotted on at the average pace of about six miles an hour. I was alone; but I was glad of it; for I did not wish to lose the impressions which my companion of the passed night had left upon my mind. They were of a kind which lead to reflections that should afford pleasure or pain according to the time or place, and to the age of those who entertain them, or to the claim of those they may rest upon, to our respect or regard. At an earlier age, and under most circumstances, perhaps the majority of the rational world would have rejected them; but when the better wine of life is full drawn, and we want that which should accompany old age—"love, obedience, troops of friends"—we

are not so ready to deny a free entrance to the thoughts which make us seem a second time actors even in those scenes which have been the most painful passages of our passed lives.

But we trotted on; and it was not long before new incidents and new thoughts and reflections took the place of those which were yet not of a nature to be easily obliterated from the memory.

As you proceed in this direction, the country generally assumes a more agreeable aspect; yet it is very rarely undulated; nor did we during all this day, see a single view that should merit particular notice.

All the villages and towns we passed through during the second day's journey, were, without exception, uninteresting and dirty; and they afforded nothing that might give occasion for any notice, that should come within the scope of these enquiries. And here the opportunity occurs of remarking, that no more deviation from the general rule which should restrain these observations will be found throughout the following pages than such as the nature of the matter out of which they proceed may seem to render unavoidable.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS TO STRASBURG.

On the morning of the third day of our journey we breakfasted at Saverne, where two gentlemen, one of them of middle age, the other young, came into the interior. This was a welcome change to me, after being so long alone. We exchanged the accustomed greetings on those occasions in France; but this did not, for some hours at least, lead to any discovery on my part of the nation to which my fellow-travellers belonged. They were certainly not of the class of travellers more common in our own country; but as I was too much fatigued to keep pace with them in conversation, I became rather a listener to what passed, than a sharer in their discourse. The one spoke with the

confidence of experience, if not with the wisdom which should accompany a true knowledge of the world, and the other seemed to me to betray by his questions rather a disposition to arm himself for the varied species of combat which a young man, sent to make his way among a foreign people is usually warned to prepare. It was soon evident that they had but just met, and that they had been previously unknown to each other; yet the first question which came from the elder bore, in manner as in matter, the appearance of being the first essay of a future friendly intercourse between them.

"You are from Paris?" said he, familiarly, to the young man.

"I left Paris the day before yesterday," answered the other.

"It is a gay city, full of attractions, especially for the young."

"There seemed to be no scarcity of anything adapted to satisfy the appetite for knowledge, whatever the age or the taste."

"Or to gratify the senses," quickly rejoined the elder traveller.

"True," continued the young man. "I was most indeed struck with the luxury, the wealth and the gaiety of the Parisians when I first came to the capital; but had I had any knowledge of the French character, of which I cannot indeed say I

have now much, I think Paris is just what I should have expected to find it."

"That is," said the elder, "the centre, doubtless, of the extremes of very contrary things."

"I have hardly thought sufficiently of these matters," said the youth, "to have formed any decisive opinions upon the subject. That may be a just description of the French capital; but my impressions were—first, admiration of the gaiety which seems every where to surround you, and of the appearance, which is perhaps beyond the reality, of the universal pursuit of pleasure. This was exciting and agreeable for a time; but I found, following day after day the same course, whether from habit or necessity, in the end rather depressed my spirits than increased my enjoyments."

"Why you must certainly be an Englishman," said the elder traveller, laughing.

"Oh no," replied the young man, "I have never seen the misty country of that gloomy people. I am of very different origin."

But before the young man might have indicated the country of his birth, the elder traveller somewhat abruptly rejoined:

"But, by the bye, it is not all of that peculiar people to whom pleasure is new, and in whom its

pursuit for so short a time, at least, is found wearisome. In England, though there may not be enjoyments among all classes, yet there are such, at least among the more numerous; but they are such as foreigners in that country do not perceive nor cannot understand. To enter into the pleasures of another people, we must not only discover that certain something upon which this, as other attributes, is based, but we must also plant the same principle, before we can reap the same effects. In that strange Island, at least, in London, all that goes under the name of pleasure is based in the vain display of riches: at least all that a foreigner may observe. The amusements of the Parisians are the mere excitement which the native spirit requires, or the commendable emulation of excelling in conversation. The one leads to the apparent gaiety which you every where observe, and the other to truly social pleasures which if not peculiar to the French, at least, abound in Paris, while they are almost entirely unknown in the capital of England."

The elder traveller now paused; and as no observation was made, he seemed willing to arrest his course of criticism; and addressing himself as before, said, somewhat abruptly, "Pray what is the end of your travel?"

"Perhaps I may, most correctly, in one word, reply," answered the youth, "general useful information."

"And where going?"

"Into Italy."

"Using, again then, the privilege of years," said the elder, "let me give you the advantage of the observations of a traveller of at least great experience? If a few casual remarks in a diligence do not make a great impression, on the other hand, they cost little; and they will not weary the gentleman opposite, for he has fallen into a state of forgetfulness that we may trust will make up for his loss of sleep during two successive nights.

"I have travelled," continued he, "in every country in Europe, but especially in France, England, Germany, Italy; and I will most willingly give you my advice as to which you will find afford the earliest means to attain your ends, and my reasons for my opinions."

"You do me great honor," said the young man, speaking in a manner that a third person might have thought rather indicated a desire in himself to please, than of satisfaction at the offer; and the elder continued:—

"I am familiar," said he, "as I have already hinted, with the fairest countries of Europe. I

have seen them under some advantages. The court has not been above, nor the cottage below my observation."

The young man looked upon his fellow traveller with more interest or curiosity than before.

"I have been the guest of princes for the pleasure of others; and I have been the companion of the cottager, for my own gratification and enjoyment. But I have travelled enough, seen enough, and I am now on my last return to my native province, where I mean to repose for the rest of my mortal life; and if you are wise, you will come to a like resolution at an earlier period.

"But we come to what I have more definitely promised. My conclusions may differ from your anticipations; but I shall have reasons to give, without which such advice as I would offer were not worth an infant's acceptance. My positive conclusions might be given in one word; but my negative should lead us to some protracted observations: but I will not try your patience too long."

"Fear it not," said the young man.

"Then," continued the elder, "that which we are approaching, is the country of all others which is at once the most agreeable and the most profitable for a young man to travel in—I mean Germany, generally."

The young man had given his full attention to what had latterly dropped from the elder, and his confidence in his fellow traveller evidently increased; for, before the elder had time to proceed, he observed, and with a more serious air and tone than his previous remarks had exhibited.

"I confess I have not found in France, that thorough freedom from prejudice which I had been taught to believe reigned exclusively here; nor that universal light which I supposed shone, and reflected the truth, in this country alone."

"Your conclusions are correct," said the elder; "and there is, therefore, little left to say of France, and that little should be of a tendency to confirm rather than change your opinions. In France, then, it may be repeated, we find the extremes in all things; and it's in moral relations as in physics—opposite qualities produce the electric spark in the one and cause mental ebullition in the other. Yet there is a material difference between these principles or sources of knowledge. In physics, we may be said to approach the centre from the opposite points of negative and positive aids, and by slow degrees to discover the truth; but in morals, we find that most essential and first of all things to be desired, confined within the strong walls of ignorance, behind batteries, armed on the one side with every weapon of prejudice,

and on the other with the worst of human passions; and when the spirit begat in misconception of the true principles of liberty, and that of a too tenacious desire to conserve what owes its sanctity to nothing but time—when these two opinions contend for empire, like contrary qualities in physics, they ignite, and the systems which have been erected on a base of contending elements, are blown into vapour, or overthrown with a violence that has shaken the surrounding kingdoms to their very foundations. When France is morally on fire, the world must feel the effect of her intestine strife—the shock of the final issue."

After the young man had listened for some time, impatiently, to a discourse of which little more than the argument has been here reported, he observed:—"But these striking peculiarities which are characteristic of the French, should not apply to the English."

"By no means," replied the elder traveller. "The English, on the contrary, are a people as opposite to the French as can be conceived. They are like the inhabitants of another planet; perhaps more opposed still. No comparison can be made between these two people. But we have only to do with some objections to that even yet

more peculiar people, upon the same score on which I have made so free with the French.

"As to visiting England or rambling among the English for the purpose of acquiring useful instruction; this I advise no man. In this relation, the English are still worse than the French. Fortified by their ocean rampart as they have stood from age to age, unshaken amidst the tempests of foreign war, and free from the civil confusion that has divided — that has overthrown—other empires, so they have seen none of those degrees of national wretchedness, which tyranny in the one case, or the thirst of false glory in the other, has brought upon all the nations of the Continent, every one in its turn. But these advantages, whatever may be their effects upon the happiness of the English, have at least been accompanied with consequences which have rendered the people which possess them both tiresome and unprofitable to travel among. We must then look upon the English as quite a peculiar people. They travel themselves, and have usually the means of procuring a good welcome. But they themselves welcome nobody. Perhaps more truly valuable knowledge is to be found in England than in any country, but there is less facility of acquiring it. You can view no work of art, nay not even enter

a cathedral, without paying for it; and this, indeed, has a most vicious effect upon their own social condition; for it is one of the causes of the drunkenness and brutality of the working classes among them. These see and experience nothing to refine their taste or lead them into the pursuit of more rational pleasures. The classes of society in this country are the most distinct and have the least sympathy, of those of any people upon earth. The condition of society generally indeed in England, is lamentable.

Some think the English foremost in every species of improvement which lessens labour, or tends to illustrate science, or conduces to order in society; but this is a mistake. Their inventions are, generally, those which produce great and immediate profits. All that have not this advantage, this people are not only slow in suggesting themselves, but even in adopting after the inventions and discoveries of others. Take, for instance, the system of weighing and measuring, the better arrangement of the coins or management of the currency, and the superior method of keeping accounts so long ago introduced into the schools in France, so steadily and firmly pursued, and now become so general. Under this system there wants nothing more than the application of a French school-boy's knowledge, to effect in every

affair of exchange of every kind, and every labour of profit in the arts or in science, a saving of at least ten per cent. in time, and consequently in expense, and yet this admirable arrangement, for which the French people are wholly indebted to science, has not yet been heard of in England. The very people whom you would have thought had been the first to have originated so important an improvement in practical science, have not even dreamed of adopting it. Nay, a member of parliament would sooner spend the whole session in attacks and protracted battles against a minister, than be heard make a motion for the introduction of any such real improvement. In a word, the English, with all their wealth, their arrogance, and their truly national greatness, are, in general, individually the most uninformed of any European people."

"The most uninformed!" exclaimed the intent youth.

"Mark me," said the other; "I said individually, and I might have said also, in a certain sense only. I do not mean then, that there is less knowledge in England than on the continent of Europe: far from it; but it is the peculiar distribution of knowledge that I rather allude to, which is the cause of the objectionable effects of which I speak. Every man perhaps understands

better, has more knowledge of whatever appertains to his particular calling, in England than elsewhere; but beyond these bounds, he usually does not extend his researches. Nothing we see on the continent could serve to give an example of English professional individuality, which, if it be nationally beneficial, is at least a cause of rendering those who possess it, ill-adapted to every society save that in which vanity and the parade of riches are the moving springs, indeed, the sole life and end: there cannot be sympathy in any other. A lawyer, doctor, merchant, priest; all these excel, and are complete and admirable in their kind—I had nearly said, in their species. Every one has his mind, whether it be shallow or whether it be capacious, full, sometimes even to the weakening of its powers generally, with all knowledge peculiarly appertaining to his profession, while the soul is ever in active pursuit of its determined or proper object; but few men of these professions, among the English, acquire any scientific, or much general knowledge.

As to their seamen and their troops; we need but consult history to discover, that they, at least, have excelled in practical science as well as national virtue; yet the first, scarce know anything of what we deem on shore the social virtues, and the last are a mere piece of mechanism, that, out of

action, is full of rust and incapable of uniting with the multiform elements of social life. But not unduly to extend these strictures upon the proud Islanders, it is enough upon this head to remark, that, the adoption of that one improvement above named, in the introduction of decimal accounts into all the transactions of life which require them, and the application of the ten per cent. gained in time to the acquisition of general knowledge, would make the English as agreeable individually as they are great in a national point of view.

It was once "Merry England," as it is still "Merry France;" though that age which is past with the one, is fast passing away with the other. The most contrary opinions prevail among this peculiar people. They raise the cry of liberty from pole to pole, while they retain their wives at home in entire bondage. An English wife, Sir, dares not stir abroad without her husband. She is obliged to nurse her own infant, while such license is allowed to a spinster, that, even if consistent with delicacy, must unqualify her for the slavery of the married state. Do not the continentals, in all these things do better?"

"I have heard an Englishman explain, or endeavour to explain, this last objection to the state of society which I have found the French

invariably believing to prevail in England," said the younger traveller.

"Do not believe anything any man says in apology for the manners of his own country," replied the elder.

"But to make an end," he continued, "of what I would say of the English, I will but add; that, morally and politically, they are great, they are the first people; but, seen at home, and individually, they are the most vain, the most bigoted to their institutions, and the most indifferent to the good opinion of foreigners, of any of the inhabitants of all the nations that compose the great human family; and I recommend no continental to travel among them, whether information, speculative or useful, or mere pleasure, be the object of his journey; and least of all, the traveller who has not an exhaustless purse and has not acquired their harsh and disagreeable tongue."

I had not thought it necessary, to interrupt the discourse of my fellow travellers, by reminding them, that not always when the eyes are assuredly shut, does this indicate that the ears are as certainly closed also. But although I did not feel disposed to oppose any of the philosopher's opinions, and do not think it here necessary to make any observation upon his impressions concerning our social character generally, it is impossible to

avoid remarking, that such opinions as he expressed are often found among the general impressions of our country, that obtain abroad.

The conversation continued.

"I have but a word to say, concerning the Italians," said the elder traveller, "before we come to the Germans, of whom I shall at least give as free an opinion."

"Italy, then, is, in some of the states in the second, and in others in the third period of national existence, in all, in the middle age of European civilization generally. In some portions of this beautiful land, such as the Roman State, ignorance and its companion attribute, bigotry, are decidedly on the increase, and the people are falling into a state of primitive brutality; while in others, such as Tuscany, the bounty of Providence is acknowledged in the labours of man, and the people are on the advance in all that is essential to a nation's independence and happiness. The rest of the states are the slaves of native or foreign tyrants. What, then, can we learn there but the melancholy fact of the instability of human affairs. Where is the Roman Senate, where the power of the Pope, where Tasso, where Raffaello? The land once inhabited by the first people of the Earth, has become a vast temple of superstition and effeminacy—Rome, once the mistress of the world,

a poor show of ruins—of the ruins of her past glory, mixed with the useless temples upon which the labour and riches of those who flourished in the second stage of her existence were so lavishly expended. What then shall we gain by travelling in Italy? "

"And now," continued he, after a short pause, "you shall hear my free opinion of the Germans, and why it is that I believe you will profit more by travelling in Germany, than in any other of the countries I have named."

"The Germans, then, Sir, are the most reasonable people in the world. Whatever be their institutions, they are well adapted, and in harmony with the character of the people; and justice, the test of good government, if not the very end of the social obligation, is here impartially administered. The Germans, in general, are the best instructed people in Europe. Their religion, therefore, as might be expected, is without the childish superstitions of the Italians or the severity of the English; nor is it confined, like that of the French, to old women and children and simple peasants."

But here the passengers in the coupé of the diligence, knocked to inform us that the steeple of the great Strasburg Cathedral was in view; and we now by turns stretched out our necks to obtain

a view of it; and as this announcement and the sight of the famous Cathedral turned the conversation to other subjects in which the third party in the interior took a part, the speculations of the travelling philosopher were pursued no further.

CHAPTER III.

STRASBURG—STRASBURG TO BASLE.

My stay at Strasburgh was no longer than common respect to its fame and its antiquities demanded. But I may make such allusion to two principal objects of interest as should suit the design of these sketches, without intrenching upon the province of the learned or curious traveller, whose remarks concerning every object of curiosity or historical interest have been sufficiently exact.

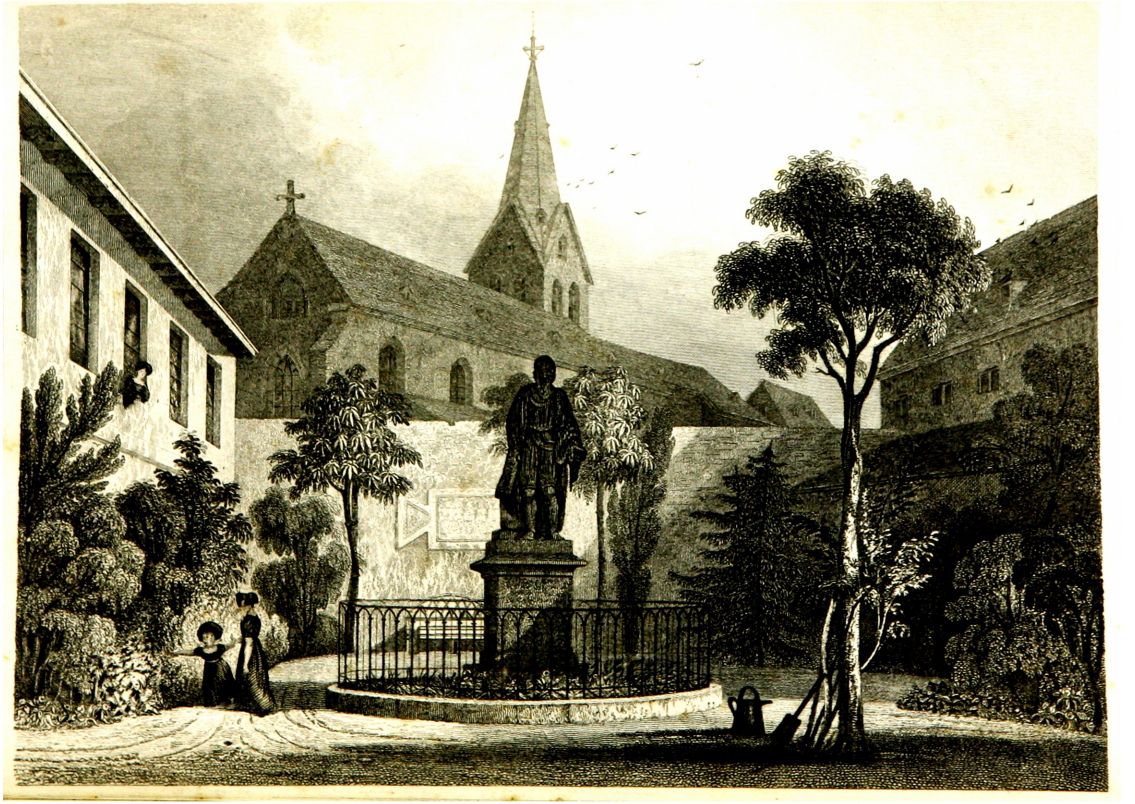
The monument of the Comte de Saxe in the church of St. Thomas, was the first object visited. I was accompanied by a French gentleman. The door was opened to us by an intelligent-looking woman, undoubtedly of German extraction; and as we removed our hats she remarked, that we might cover ourselves, as we were in a Protestant

church* where there was no altar or communion with the real presence to pay that respect to: and it may be remarked in passing, that many colds would be escaped, and perchance some lives annually saved, were the visitors to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, who inspect those noble edifices merely as national monuments, and do not enter them to worship, permitted to view them covered.

Immediately on entering the church, at the bottom of one of three grand aisles of which the building consists, is placed the celebrated monument to the Count de Saxe.

The monument of the "Count" has been designed with much praiseworthy enthusiasm. It consists of a number of allegorical figures, ingenious in design and master-pieces in execution. The Frenchman and myself were equally struck on the first view of it, and we sat down to inspect it more narrowly. The prominent figure of the piece, which is perhaps consistent with the best style of composition, is the marshal himself, in full armour, and crowned with laurels. But the praise of excellence lavished on this monument can scarcely apply to that figure. The marshal

* In the Protestant Churches of Germany, at least in some parts, it is common for the men to remain covered, even during Divine service.



however stands amidst a perfect allegorical assembly, which appeared to us, generally, better executed, and of which it will not be difficult to give some idea. They consist of three distinct kinds of emblematic signs. That which is the first in rank and interest, is composed of the geniuses which under human or demi-human form, represent the passions, or denote the destinies, of men; the second, of the brute creatures, typical of the nations; and the third of the ensigns of France and the ensigns of her enemies: England, Holland, and Austria.

The Count, though habited as described, and in the attitude of command, is nevertheless descending the way which conducts to the tomb; for at the bottom of some steps there is placed a sarcophagus, the lid of which is held open by the squalid figure of Death, the most prominent of the demi-human characters in the allegory, who, with the spent clepsydra in hand, is pressing his victim to enter, while the marshal's attitude and demean seem ill befitting that of the hour of death, when evident, in bed or elsewhere. The next figure, the genius of France, is represented with one hand restraining the Count in his seemingly willing strides towards the tomb, and with the other, preventing the approach of the destroyer. This figure is gracefully

executed; but the expression, like that of the Marshal's is suited to the feeling which should belong to the hour of battle, and the contempt of danger of a hero in the field. Opposite to our common enemy or friend, and at the foot of the sarcophagus, stands a figure of Hercules, leaning upon his club and expressing more lively grief than I ever saw that worthy demi-god appear afflicted with before; and by his side, there is another genius in tears, beside whom the French colours are raised amid the broken ensigns of her enemies. Of the third allegorical signs, the British lion is the most prominent. The noble brute is represented as retreating from the presence of the Count, yet regarding the hero askance, with a contemptuous scowl, rather than as struck with the terror to which we may suppose the artist intended he should be subjected, at the sight of the broken ensigns of his Island sons, and those of Austria and Holland.

From the church of St. Thomas, we proceeded to the famous Cathedral of Strasburg. Here we met several travellers, examining the works of art which the noble edifice contains, and pronouncing judgment, with the variety of tastes which the difference of age, study, and experience beget. But this mighty fabric has been the theme of too many pens, to need any apology for sub-

stituting a remark upon those we saw within it for a notice of the church.

Upon the terrace of the great tower, where it is necessary to take some rest, before mounting to the last gallery of the steeple, we found an assemblage of the curious engaged in examining the works of the enormous clock of the Cathedral. Among the rest, was a school-mistress, with more than a dozen grown-up girls; but as the good dame and her fair charge were not to be approached, but by the eyes, we contented ourselves with making the best of the excellent opportunity it afforded us, of comparing the beauty of the fair of that part of France with that of the Parisian women; and, after all due allowance for the impression caused by so many holiday faces, and figures in the first bloom of youth, we could not but give greatly the preference to the fair sex of the province. The ladies of Strasburg, indeed, if an opinion may be formed from this choice example, are fairer and more regular in feature than the French women generally; and as we might naturally expect, would seem to partake of a part German and a part French character. But supposing Paris to be France, in this as we find it in some other relations, the ladies of this province should resemble more the Germans than they do the French.

From the terrace we mounted to the highest gallery of the grand tower of the church, from which you look over an extensive plain country, where the Rhine is seen above and below Strasburg, winding its peaceful way between the Kingdom of France and the grand duchy of Bade. The atmosphere was clear, and it was near the set of the sun, so that the opportunity was advantageous; but by reason of the generally level face of the country, the prospect is not of the first order.

After visiting these two churches of Strasburg and a few other objects of the traveller's curiosity, I took a passage by the steamer for Basle, and embarked on the following morning. The weather was unfavourable during the passage; and never was there more reserve on board an English packet than my fellow-passengers maintained towards each other. Among the members of one or two groups, an occasional few words, however, seemed to be exchanged; but as the parties were evidently made up of relations or previous acquaintances, I did not violate their just immunity from the intrusion of a stranger. There was, however, one passenger, who, from his frequent change of place, from the cabin to the deck and from the deck to the cabin, unaccompanied by any one, had, it was evident, come alone on board,

and it was as certain, was as uneasy and as tired of the packet as myself; and this was a Romish, and as it was apparent, from his habit, French priest. He read his breviary standing, said a paternoster kneeling upon the seat, and sat and contemplated, by turns; so that I for some time doubted the success of any attempt to make his acquaintance. I took, however, a favourable opportunity to address him, as he stood, alone, in the midst of a score of persons engaged in admiring the scenery from the deck of the vessel.

The Romish priest, once an object of superstitious veneration throughout the entire Christian world, is now perhaps, in France, sunk to the meanest condition of any of the appointed students and especial expounders of the Christian system and its rites that have been any where acknowledged since the establishment of the churches. With the French nobility, or as it is more proper to say in distinguishing the classes of the people in France, that order which take the lead in society, whether by their fortunes or by place, the priest is almost unknown. Banished at the revolution, subservient to the will of a tyrant during the dynasty that succeeded, received with suspicion after the restoration, and more effectually than ever proscribed as they were at the revolution of 1830, the remnant of this

ancient order neither possess the knowledge, generally, of those who preceded them, nor receive the respect which was once paid to the sacred office. Among the middle degrees, where the republican spirit is more strongly cherished, the priest is ever suspected of intrigue, often deemed a dissembler, and is almost universally neglected or contemned. In every class of the people, however, most mothers still take the girls to mass, while their boys follow the opinions of their fathers, which, when they have any, are usually those of the pure theist.

These opinions, however, among that class which we may call the people, are by no means universal. Some that have read the scriptures, deny only the divine authority of the church, which they have only seen in its abuses; but as the scriptures are always kept out of sight, or forbidden, to the laity, at least, until the age of the easiest impressions are gone by, the church, and Christianity itself, are in most instances rejected before the scriptures are even taken in hand. They cannot, therefore, be extensively spread or much respected among any class in France. But it is chiefly to the church herself that all the blame should attach. She has committed moral suicide in the corruption of the elements, and the annihilation of the principle

of her existence, in withholding, even the history of the very author of Christianity and that of his immediate followers. With her absurd claim to infallibility, she has prevented all reform in the rites of worship, such as we have adapted to the progress of society; and she has originated, and encouraged, the adoption of accumulated abuses for political purposes or for worldly aggrandizement and riches.

Yet among the above-named orders or classes of the French, there are found thinking people, well acquainted with the scriptures, who strongly desire to see any system adopted that might promulgate or enforce the morals of the gospel. These, while they esteem the Christian system as mere abstract philosophy in relation to themselves, know the weak and uncertain hold that problematic doctrine is able to obtain over the affections and passions of men, and are guided in their wishes by this principle alone; but they are not numerous enough to avail themselves of any opportunity to introduce a reformed religion, such as might have been embraced by a larger body of the people.

But there is yet another and more numerous class in France, with whom, it may be, the absence of sensible religion or the visible church, is the absence of all religion and principle whatsoever.

Thus, among the working classes, from the watchmaker's most ingenious assistant, to the labourer who carries the hod, at least, in all the larger towns, and the same is fast spreading to the lesser, in spite of a better education than the same classes upon the whole, receive in England, the church has not only been virtually set aside, but Christianity has not even survived as a philosophical system; and it is among this class, that murder, treason, suicide, and all the monstrous crimes of an irreligious population, are the most common, especially in Paris.

If what is here stated be really the value of religion in France, the respect felt for the Romish priests cannot be supposed to be any where great. With the highest order of the people, the holy fraternity are generally regarded with indifference, and with the middle class they are treated with distrust or contempt, while with the order that has been last named, they are regarded as tyrants by nature or what is the same thing, by inevitable necessity, and as enemies to their freedom or their licentiousness. Thus when a Romish priest makes his appearance abroad in Paris, he is usually seen hurrying through the streets, with his hat drawn over his forehead and his eyes fixed upon the ground, or he is discovered gloomily promenading

alone in some obscure alley of a public garden; or he is concealed in the deepest recess of a closed vehicle. He has separated himself alike from the world and its affections, which, to assert might be regained, were to deny that the moral and political history of mankind had contributed any thing to the stock of human knowledge, or afforded any light concerning our future destinies.

In this condition of the Romish French church and of the religious order, a priest himself would hardly be offended, that a traveller from a land where Christianity stands upon its own merits, naked and undisguised, and where those who are appointed to make the Scriptures their peculiar study, officiate by the authority of a representative government and are subject to laws instituted by common consent, and are respected without superstitious veneration, and kindly regarded instead of being feared—a Romish priest, it is thought, with a knowledge of these facts, might pardon any one that should feel a degree of compassion which might incline him, sometimes, to take an opportunity to seek his company, even to sympathize with and pity his condition.

A conversation which I chanced to have with the priest, the mention of whom has given rise to these observations, was brief, and such of our dis-

course as remains the strongest engraven upon my memory will not cause much delay in reporting.

The commencement was much like the first essays to intercourse used by strangers of all classes or nations, and made no impression; but as some village spire came in view it gave the occasion of a remark, from which, by a very easy transit from the ornament of the building, we came to the purpose to which the holy edifice was dedicated.

To take up our conversation from this point: When I had discovered, that the priest was not of those bigoted opinions so frequent among the fraternity, but, without reason, attributed to the whole order, I observed to him, that if a foreigner might judge from what meets the eye in passing through the country, that his compatriots should be more religious in the provinces than in the metropolis.

The priest expressed no surprise at the remark, but replied:—

"The mere peasantry are so."

"That, however, is something."

"But it is not durable. It is not with us as with the Protestants. You mix religion with education; and as the one advances, the other increases in strength. This is not effectually so

with any class of the people in France. To this end the government must act, not, to assent merely, but to superintend, direct. Before that, the nation, the instructed classes, must once more receive religion, and this will never be."

This opinion was new to me. At least, I had never heard the expression of despair, and above all in matters of religion, issue from the mouth of a Christian priest before. The word *never*, indeed, was uttered with such strong emphasis and even emotion, by the priest, that with the matter that preceded it, I found enough to engage my thoughts, until he inquired of me, after a short time had elapsed, whether I had been in Paris, and in reply to the answer he received, demanded, whether I knew any thing of an university education there.

To the last question of the priest, I was able to reply that I had even lived a short time in the family of a professor who had the charge of the education of fourteen or fifteen, or more, boys and young men.

"Then," said the priest, "if you observed any thing of their instruction, and will now suppose them, with their contemporaries, scattered through the provinces of the kingdom, you may foretel what fruits the moral seeds sown in their bosoms should produce throughout France, as certainly as the

husbandman relies upon the increase of its kind, of the natural seeds which he commits to the ground."

"But do you not think," I here observed, "that these effects are in some measure owing to the character of the religious institutions which have any credit or enjoy any influence in France? Or, is it conceived that the apostolic institutions are here in their primitive purity?"

"I know," said the priest, "that a variety of opinions exist upon that subject, and I am not a solitary instance among those in holy orders who would gladly see another general council take place; and I believe that this boon will indeed be shortly given to the Christian world, and that the Protestants will be invited to attend."

Here the conversation was suddenly put a stop to by our arrival at the quay at Basle, where I separated from the priest, whom I did not meet again; but I shall take this opportunity of saying a few words upon what came to my knowledge concerning education while in France, and recurred to my memory upon the remark made by the priest on the subject of the education of the youth of his country.

I resided for a short time, as I told the priest, with a professor, who, himself, exactly informed me, of both the manner and the amount or cha-

racter, of the religious instruction which his pupils received. But it should be premised, that we are considering the faults of the system, and the state of prevailing opinions generally, and not of the peculiar errors of the professor, who was a man of very regular family habits, and a strong advocate, and I had no reason to believe an insincere one, for at least the conservation of the present better political institutions established in his country. And it should be remembered, that we are speaking of the institutions of a country, in which a member of its legislative assembly has been listened to, who, in opposing a grant of money for the church, proposed, upon the grounds of economy, that a column should be erected in the centre of France upon which a priest should celebrate mass, or in other words perform all the essential Christian rites, or at least the most important, at particular hours daily, as a substitute for all the performances of that great mystery in all the churches throughout the country.

The French professor, then, informed me: that, as by the still extant laws, or customs, of the university, his pupils were obliged, like good Christians, to go to mass on every Sunday, he of course conducted them to the church; that as soon as he had entered, he placed them within one of the

recesses, of which there were several railed in from the side aisle, and after locking them up, that they might the better amuse themselves as they thought proper, returned home, where he remained till the usual time of the termination of the mystery, at which hour he returned to liberate them; and what he told me he was accustomed to do, I once, at least, saw him perform.

The professor further informed me, that the boys who came directly from their mothers, had usually some impressions of the ancient superstition; but that there were none in his school past the age of twelve years, that had not entirely conquered or forgotten all they had learned from their mothers, or from the provincial professors, who were usually priests. In short, that the whole matter of the Christian system, was to them, as to himself, a mere idle farce, that might have had, indeed, a beneficial influence in the government of the people, and a still greater and more legitimate, over morals properly so denominated, during the middle ages, but was too absurd for the more enlightened state of men's minds in the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASS OF THE SPLÜGEN.

As we had mounted the Rhine the temperature of the air had become gradually colder; and at two o'clock, by which time we had accomplished about half our voyage, the rain began to fall in showers, and hourly increased, with augmented cold, until our arrival at Basle, when, in spite of the close vicinity of the hotel to the quay at which the vessel moored, we had great difficulty in getting our persons and effects under cover, without a drenching almost equal to a plunge in the Rhine.

After two days detention and confinement within doors at Basle by the incessant rain, I took a place in the diligence or public carriage for Zurich, where I arrived the same evening, without having seen any thing of the country, by reason of the continuance of the rain.

Zurich is situated at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. It is a clean town, and seen from the water in fine weather, should present an agreeable appearance. But the rain, which had ceased after our arrival in the evening, began to pour down again in fresh torrents on the following morning; and as the cold still increased, I determined to proceed without delay towards the pass of the mountains; before we should reach which, we were every where assured we should experience no change for the better. Accordingly, I embarked in the morning by a steamer which passed daily from Zurich to Rapperswiel at the southern extremity of the lake, where we arrived in the afternoon; and here, if ever, we had to endure all the inconvenience of these drowning mountain showers. The passengers, who were for the most part, people of the country, dispersed at once, or found accommodations: while three Suisse of another canton, a Frenchman, and myself, which appeared to be all the strangers that landed, proceeded on our journey towards the pass of the mountains.

The carriage that was provided for us was of the very worst description; covered, without being waterproof, and by no means, in dimension, sufficient to accommodate the five passengers that were crammed within it. Yet such was the

wretched appearance of the only habitation at which we might have rested for the night, that it had been worse than any thing we could have anticipated in continuing our route. The Frenchman who was of the party, as he stepped into the carriage, consoled us, by drily observing, that drowning was the least painful of all manners and modes of death, and as we had the choice of the means to that inevitable fate, we had done right to prefer making our exit in a carriage whimsical enough in its construction to keep up our spirits to the last, in the contemplation of the ludicrous, to being washed into the gloomy lake with nothing to assist the heaviness of the reflection that we were about to be served up for a grand feast for the fishes. We, however, escaped any inconvenience akin to a fate such as at one time, did indeed, seem almost inevitable; and on arriving at Chur, about an hour after dark, we found a dry ample room with a good blazing wood fire, a hot supper, and dry and warm beds awaiting us; which combination of luxuries soon put out of our minds all the pains we had suffered from the excessive cold and unceasing rain.

We had determined on our arrival at Chur, that we would not attempt the passage of the mountains until the violence of the rain should, at least, partially abate; but while we were at

supper, an Italian arrived from the opposite side of the pass, who informed us that the rains, which had been excessive for about ten days, had already ceased in Italy, and that the weather had become fine with a prospect of its continuance; and the same herald of good intelligence counselled us very strongly, to proceed on our journey, and we determined to follow his advice.

The morning was like the evening, with increased cold, and if possible heavier rain; so that, when we arose, we began to doubt of the prudence of following the advice we had received, and to waver in our determination. But when we enquired of the honest Suisse master of the mountain hotel, he gave it as his opinion without reserve, that the rain would continue on this side the mountains for yet many days, without there being any doubt of the augmentation of the cold; and this now fully determined us upon following the advice of the Italian, and to proceed without an hour's delay.

The rapidity with which I had passed across Switzerland, and the state of the weather during the journey, had precluded every opportunity of such observations as a traveller is accustomed to make concerning what he deems peculiar or appertinent to a race or class, rather than to the individuals with whom he should become the most

familiar. But with this slight acquaintance with the Suisse, though it were presumption to say more, it would be unjust to say less, than, that I found more honesty, more kindness rather than civility, than I ever experienced elsewhere among that class of persons with whom alone a traveller is thrown in the course of a journey through any country, accomplished with the rapidity of that which it fell to my lot to make through the Suisse cantons of Bard, Argan, Zurich, St. Galen and Grisons.

But few things that are good, are found to be without something tending to moderate our satisfaction or enjoyment; and two things during a passage through Switzerland excite in the traveller's breast, such feelings, as in the one case should be far from pleasing, and in the other beget unqualified offence.

There exists in all this mountain country, the well-known disorder certainly, called the goître, whether hereditary or indigenous, or as some say, produced by the practice which prevails among the peasantry of carrying every thing upon the head. It appears, however, to be so general, that we observed but one or two persons above the age of five-and-twenty, that did not exhibit symptoms of its commencement; while such was every where the condition of the aged, that it was at first

painful to look upon the passengers as we passed them by.

The effect of the disorder, is to produce, or the disorder itself, consists of, a frightful excrescence hanging from the neck, which could not be better described, whether it only fell under our great author's observation in his passage across the Alps, or is to be found in the higher countries of Britain, than was done by Gonzalo in the Tempest, who, to calm the terror of his companion Alonzo at the wonders with which they were surrounded in the enchanted island, reminds him of the incredulity of the age at the time of their boyhood in Italy.

> "Who would believe that there were mountaineers
> Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
> Wallets of flesh?"

The frightful excrescence is usually of greater or less dimensions in proportion to the age of the women; and the deformity is increased by the protuberance being left to hang loose, and its offensiveness exaggerated by its being exposed, generally, perfectly uncovered. In some cases that we saw, in the women, the excrescence could not have been less than eighteen inches in length and nearly as much in circumference.

But that which is most offensive of all that may perhaps come under the traveller's observation

during a rapid passage across Switzerland, is a practice about to be condemned, but which I would willingly believe is not universal among the honest mountaineers.

A legislator known among us for his humane endeavours to refine the feelings of the people and purge the native heart of a portion of its original barbarity, has triumphed over that false sense of shame, which, at least in our country, leads us to despise every thing that upon the first view seems adapted to render us too susceptible of feelings that might tend to unfit us for some scenes of after-life, where "the smallest part and least portion of humanity" might be troublesome to possess. But that which it occurs here to censure, might not perhaps have needed this apology, had the argument been to urge the claims upon our kindness, of the noble animal which labours its whole life in our service, and contributes so much to our enjoyment, or of any other irrational creature about our dwellings or within our doors; but to descend to the bottom of a lake to discover an object of human pity, might seem to infer so new and strange a sympathy, that the authority of the British Parliament has been thought necessary to justify the full censure of the shocking practice; and, in truth, it involves no greater horrors than the torture of mere amphibious creatures that

must necessarily be killed, in order to be eaten. But be this as it may, the feelings of that man should not surely be envied, who could stand unmoved watching one of the opposite sex occupied in skinning the familiar animal that wakes the morning with his high sounding and shrill notes when the day is propitious and the elements are at rest.

I stood, then, by the side, to be exact, of one of twenty women of the mountains, all occupied in tearing the skins off the living frogs, that the purchasers might fry them alive. They had each a bag at hand, that might have contained two bushels of frogs; and ever and anon, as the purchasers stood and held the plate to receive them, and were occupied in keeping them from crawling away, the vendor thrust her hand into the bag, and took out one at a time, and after cutting off the point of the nose, by a dexterous twitch left the animal in an instant entirely without his skin; and in this manner, plates after plates were filled with the flayn living creatures, ready to be placed over the red-hot coals, that Christians might the better relish their hateful meal.

It was necessary to leave Chur, which is the last proper village on this side of the Alps, at an early hour, in order to ensure our arrival at the

first hamlet in our descent into Italy before the close of the day. The rain was still falling as we commenced the grand ascent of the mountains, and continued to pour down heavily for the first two hours; but after this, as we proceeded, it gradually changed to a mizzling rain, and finally to a cold raw mist.

We now came to the small hamlet of Splügen, situated at a short distance from the proper defiles of the mountain pass of the same name. Here we found the mists broken into light floating rack, illuminated by the sun's oblique rays, which sometimes fell upon our path with a soft and hopeful beam.

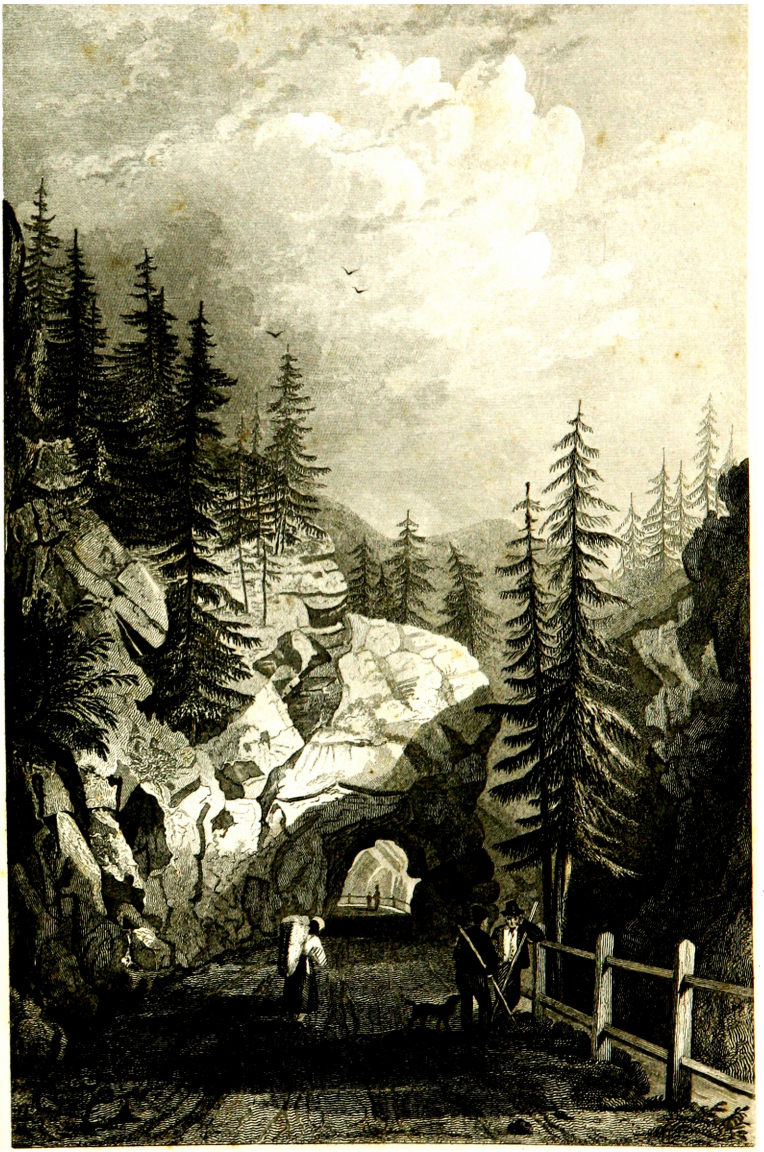
We dined sumptuously, and changed horses at a good hotel at Splügen; and as we soon afterwards attained a superior elevation, we seemed to soar above the reach of the mists; and the sun, when not obscured by the peaks of the mountains, now shone upon us with his full and brightest beams; and we looked down upon the clouds that still poured their contents upon the lower country, while we were subjected to no further inconvenience, save the excessive, and as we continued to ascend, the still increasing cold.

At this point of our ascent, we found the deep ravines on all sides of us crowded with pine and spruce groves. Among these the snow was still

lying; but there was not a sufficient quantity upon the road to obstruct our passage or cause us any inconvenience.

Near the summit of the pass, our conductors pointed out to us some mountain torrents, which are considered to be the more remarkable of the sources of the Rhine; after which, we attained a broad and steril plain or platform of the mountain, where there is a building of stone, in which a large bell had been placed for the purpose of being rung at given hours during the bad weather, for the benefit of travellers benighted or bewildered by the falling or fallen snow at the inclement seasons. But now, in the early part of September, there was not a flake to be seen above the pine country which we had fully left, before we attained the highest altitude of the pass. There were also poles erected at equal intervals along the side of the route, the tops of which might appear above the snow at almost the greatest height that it could by possibility lie upon the unsheltered way.

Just seven hours after we commenced the proper ascent of the Alps we attained the highest elevation; and before we began to descend, the postillion drew up beside a sign which had been erected to mark the limits of the two dissimilar



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VIEW OF THE TUNNEL OF THE ROFFLEN.

ANSICHT DER FELSEN-GALLERIE DURCH DIE ROFFLEN.

VUE DE LA GALERIE CREUSEE DANS LES ROFFLEN

countries of Switzerland and Austrian Italy, which the Alps here divide.

While the postillion rested his horses, we all descended from the carriage, in order to see if we could find any spot from which we might obtain a view of any portion of the fruitful plains of Italy; but although the atmosphere was clear on every side, the tops and peaks of the mountains around, and the floating mists below us, entirely precluded or intercepted any considerable view; and we were informed by our conductor, that the prospect, under the most favourable circumstances, would not have comprehended any portion of the lower country on either side.

We now again entered the vehicle, and very soon commenced descending on the Italian side of the Alps. About half a mile below the bleak summit, we came to the Austrian pass, where we were subjected to the usual scrutiny of the customs, after which we continued the descent.

As the traveller descends by this pass into Italy, the first worthy object to which his attention will be drawn, is the grand and laborious work which has been performed by the Austrians to facilitate the ascent and descent of the mountains, and called the Galleries. These consist of a zig-zag parapet way, artificially constructed, to enable the

traveller to descend through the great difficulties that nature has placed in his way. Sometimes they overlook a deep and frightful abyss, and at others, pass through cold tunnels which have been cut in the solid granite rock, while the opposite sides of the grander ravines into which you are descending, present such stern and wild scenes as we might suppose the first surface of the earth to have exhibited before its adaptation to the uses and enjoyment, at least, of the rational inhabitants which were commanded to replenish and subdue it. And this grand work, which it is difficult to suppose a century of labour might have accomplished, seems to have been begun and terminated within the short period of five years.

We descended, very rapidly, whenever the inclination of the ways was not too great to leave us at liberty so to do; and as the sun still shone upon us, whenever the defiles were broad, with little diminution of his rays, every abyss, every ravine, presented a new climate and new vegetation, from the first deep green of the stunted mountain firs which clung to precipitous rocks that were white with the foam of the falling waters, till the presence of the soft and delicate olive among luxuriant vines, seemed to transport us, in a few short hours, from the regions of eternal winter and irreclaimable sterility, into the bosom of a land

of perpetual spring. It appeared as if a transit of some thousand miles across the earth's smooth surface, from the limits of the frigid towards the centre of the torrid zone, had scarcely exhibited the same degree of change in the weather, or all the varieties of vegetation which we observed at the different elevations, more or less to abound.

Nor was the difference in our appearance, from the time we left the bleak heights of the Alps to the time we reached the climate of the olive and the vine, scarce less than that exhibited by the inhabitants of the several climates of the globe, of which we had experienced the effects in the course of a single day. The English winter travelling attire, which had been augmented by that of the Russian as we ascended, had, before we reached the first village in Italy, been all thrown aside, and nothing but the mere habiliments of summer were retained.

There was perhaps never any aphorism more true, than that which associates in our minds the indolence of man, and the fruits of his inertness, with the greatest bounty of heaven, in soil and climate, and quick and luxurious vegetation; and here we are presented with the crowning instance of this universal fact. You no sooner enter the fruitful country of Lombardy, than for the neat and clean cottage, with the smart maiden at the

wheel, and the well appointed appertinents to field labour with their visible effects in the replenished plantations,—than for these grateful scenes of man's industry and virtue, you are presented with hovels, at the doors of one in every three of which sit dirty women shamelessly occupied in picking the disgusting vermine with which their homes abound from their half-naked children's heads, while the fields present everywhere abundance of extraneous and wild vegetation, or contain half cultivated, half wild samples, of the most precious fruits of the fertile earth.

We saw no beggars in Switzerland; but from the first habitation in Italy to the first village, we were beset, or followed, by mendicants of every age, and whenever the vehicle stopped we were surrounded by the unfortunate and the wretched. But if the traveller enter a market or commercial street in any of the villages in this part of Italy, for the clean and business air of the Swiss markets he is presented with every dirty and disgusting sight that may be imagined, except the skinning of frogs; while for the steady demeanor and honest character of the trader of the upper country, he will encounter squalling women, and as a foreigner, be cheated by every dealer of the inferior ranks to the utmost of the knave's craft. But as we are but a single stage in Italy, it

would be at this time unfair to pursue the contrast further.

Chiavenna, at which we first stopped, is a miserable village, and presents nothing that is worthy to be remembered, beyond the contrast which it forms, as the first of the towns which we attain on entering Italy by the pass of the Splügen, with those of Switzerland, and which has given rise to the above few remarks.

It had been my intention to make a few days stay at the very first village we should attain in Italy, of what character soever it might chance to be; but I was easily dissuaded from so doing, by the description which the guide books, as well as our conductors, gave us of Varenna, and with the same fellow-travellers, continued the journey upon the morning after passing the mountains, as far as Renà, at the head of the Lake Como upon which two of our party embarked, while the rest proceeded towards Varenna, where we arrived soon after mid-day. The climate, scenery, accommodation, tranquillity, every thing here seemed to accord precisely with the most favourable report; I therefore took up my quarters at an hotel upon the banks of this beautiful lake, with the delightful anticipation of enjoying a few days of perfect repose.

The travellers with whom I had continued the

journey thus far did not remain for more than a day at Varenna; and I was left to contemplate, in solitude, that combination of all the sources and objects of enjoyment which this beautiful spot of the fair land affords, and was not disappointed in their restorative effects upon the spirits and the disposition to persist in the object of these travels.

The Lake Como, as you float upon its still bosom, exhibits some of the more picturesque scenes of that district of Italy, combining within the same compass of view, the grand heights of the mountains on every side, with some of the lesser rich plats and fertile valleys of a country teeming with the vine, the citron, and the olive, and presenting villages distinguished by the spire of some Christian edifice, with here and there, the retreats of the wealthy, seated in the midst of abundance, or the fisherman's humbler shelter upon the narrow strand; while the dark surface of the lake, indicating a greater depth than that which is usually found in inland waters, forms an agreeable contrast with the scenery produced by the several lights and shades which the infinite variety of natural objects at one view presents.

Lake Como is formed by, or receives its principal waters from, the Adda, a tributary river of the Po, which takes its rise in the mountains, fifty or sixty miles further towards the north-east.

Several mountain torrents also on either side the lake, pour their foaming waters down deep ravines, or over precipices, directly into the lake. Among these, the most remarkable, is that of the Milk river, which receives its name from the whiteness which the surface of its foaming waters exhibits.

From the northern end of the lakes where the Adda falls from the mountain region in which it takes its rise, to its southern extremity, the distance is about sixty miles, while the breadth of the waters rarely exceeds a mile and a half. But the lake near the centre, divides into two branches, which extend in the direction of the south-west and south-east, the former terminating at Como and the latter at Lecco the ancient Leucum, from which there is a canal which communicates with Milan. From this, the same Adda continues its course until it falls into the great river of Italy.

CHAPTER V.

COMO TO VERONA—MANTUA.

I LEFT the banks of the beautiful Lake Como, in company with two Italians, in the first week of October, to continue my journey by the direct route towards Venice, where it was my intention to make some stay. We arrived at Lecco which is situated as above stated at the southern extremity of the lake, on the first night; and the following day, we took places together in the diligence or government carriage for Bergamo.

The country between Lake Como and Bergamo is too far removed from the Alps, and the withering effect of the winds which rush down from those inconceivably grand masses of shapeless rocks covered with eternal vapour or snow, to exhibit, in the beginning of October, any diminution of the deep tints of summer vegetation. Bergamo, the ancient Bergamono, is the first

considerable town of Italy that the traveller by this route will attain; and if a description of that country were the object of these pages it would claim a chapter to itself: but it will here suffice to make a very cursory reference to what may yet hardly come within the limits prescribed to these observations.

Bergamo has been placed in the midst of a fruitful country between the inferior streams of Brembo and Serio. It has been formerly well defended, and is still surrounded by a wall and ditch and commanded by a citadel; and it contains a population of 10,000 inhabitants.

The principal attraction of Bergamo or that for which it is the better known among the towns of this part of Italy in the present day, is an annual fair, which is held here, and continues for eight days. We were a few days too late to see, if a judgment may be formed from the accommodations provided for the visitors, an exhibition of the most uncommon kind. The more open and embellished part of the town has been chosen for the purpose, and suitable permanent buildings of stone erected, which cover a larger space of ground, and contain good accommodations for the sellers who come from the vicinity, and the most sumptously decorated pavillions for the accommodation of the visitors.

In the midst of these buildings stands a noble fountain, which has canals or conduits that carry away the dirt and extend the comforts of fresh water from the heights above the town through between 600 and 700 shops or stalls. Nothing can exceed the description that the people give of the brilliancy of the coffee houses under the numerous tents erected for the time, or of the elegance of the company that attend.

Before I left Bergamo a little misadventure occurred, which, though of too trivial a character to particularize, gives occasion to notice the inconvenient method of reckoning or dividing the time which prevails in Italy.

After listening to a reproach of the English for their inaptitude in adopting the improvements, the most important that originate with others, without the power of wholly exonerating my countrymen from a charge of wilful neglect, in one instance at least, of what may perhaps be among those means which lead to that national superiority which one people enjoys above another, there is a kind of satisfaction in finding more than a parallel instance in the nation from which we extract so copious a knowledge of the arts which embellish and refine, if they do not enrich, its inhabitants, or produce that national greatness which should depend in a great measure upon posi-

tion and the practical application of political science.

A just method of reckoning time should tend above all, to preserve a respect to punctuality, which it will be acknowledged, is not a matter of slight importance in the economy of men's affairs in general, nor to be regarded with indifference in the formation of national manners and character. It almost surpasses belief, that in a country—not to go back to the great Syracusian of antiquity—in a country, that names Galileo among its philosophers, the people should not have arrived at the knowledge of a correct method of measuring time; or what is worse, or reflects more upon their rulers, that they have adopted the just method which we employ, so partially as to contribute to make the effect, if possible, worse than matters would be did the people remain entirely in their former ignorance.

The popular method of keeping time in Italy even in the nineteenth century, is, in commencing the day at sun-set, at which time the twenty-four hours begin. Thus, one hour after sun-set is one o'clock, two hours after the setting two o'clock, and so on: from which it is evident, that in order to a clock giving the correct time, it must be altered daily, seeing, if we go to mathematical nicety, that two revolutions of the sun, or more

properly, of the earth on its axis, within six months of each other, are never precisely equal in length. The alteration must generally too be made at a rough guess, unless we suppose the great orb is absolutely seen to drop into the sea, and that every one has moreover an acquaintance with the laws which govern the refraction of the rays of light, or at least their particular effects at that time, as well as the means of making a calculation of the height at which he may happen to stand above the sea at the time of the setting; and these suppositions it would be absurd to apply to the great body of the people.

The difficulty to foreigners which results from this neglect, is augmented by the inconsistency practised in the very marking the dial, and the report of the hour. In speaking of the time of the day, they do not reckon twelve hours and twelve hours, as we do, although their dial exhibits but twelve hours, and the hour-hand makes two revolutions similar to ours; but they carry the number of hours to twenty-four; so that in this part of Italy, where the sun rises at the summer solstice, by this measurement of time, at half past eight o'clock, or eight hours and a half after its setting, it will not rise at the winter solstice before fifteen o'clock. It would seem much more reasonable to separate the day and the night, that is, the terms of light and darkness, and begin the

one at the rising and the other at the setting of the sun. It is true, that at the principal hotels, indeed, in the direct route between the larger towns, and at the post office in some of the capitals, and by most persons engaged in the transport of travellers, what is called French time, by which is meant the method of measuring the time which we use, has been adopted. The traveller, therefore, not out of the ordinary track of the tourist, may not experience any inconvenience from this relic of barbarism in Italy; although the uncertainty which it begets is sometimes, as above stated, productive of confusion and considerable inconvenience.

Of all that should be seen in Bergamo, it will suffice to mention two objects, which are not among those that are common to the arts or antiquarian interest, in every town in Italy.

In a chapel by the side of the Basilica di Santa Maria Maggiore a mausoleum preserves the ashes of Colleoni, the famous captain who is said to have been the first who joined artillery to the destructive equipage of any army. The monument is in marble, with sculpture in basso relievo, appropriate to the fame which the general acquired; but the execution marks the age when the later adepts in the art had not wholly eclipsed the less refined taste of their Gothic predecessors.

In the Church of St. Augustine is to be seen

the tomb of Ambroise Calepan, a monk of the order of St. Augustine, who, as early as 1503, published a dictionary in seven languages.

From Bergamo we proceeded the next morning by diligence direct to Bresica, where we arrived the same day.

Bresica is a town of about the same class in population and riches as that which has been last named. But, as Bergamo is known in this part of Italy for its remarkable fair, so Bresica is famous for its manufacture of arms. But the water-power which it possesses has also produced other manufactories, which have given rise to a profitable commerce in silk, iron, and woollen clothes, which give to some portions of Bresica the appearance of an English manufacturing town.

After spending but a few hours at Bresica, we set out for Verona, the name of which is so familiar to a British ear, and some of the objects of curiosity within which, we shall not be compelled by their want of relation to the main tending of these remarks to pass so quickly over.

Upon leaving Bresica, the country which lies towards the Alps presents all the signs of abundance and the most delightful mixture of everything that conduces to the beauty and cheerful aspect of an inhabited country. The vast "palaces of nature," which divide Italy from

the bleak or less favored country of the north, are here seen, with their faint blue peaks, like the first steps "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," descending in degrees from their snow-topped summits to the plain upon which you stand; while the lower and the nearer hills are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation of a country highly cultivated and naturally abundant. To this scene are added many villas, and also villages, presenting their fronts to the soft and beautiful lawn country, which is all around covered with vines intermixed with the varied productions of the richest arable lands.

About mid-distance between Bresica and Verona you coast the southern shores of the lake Garda, the ancient Benace. The lake is described to be about thirty-five miles in length, but not above twelve in breadth: but seen from this point, it seems to extend, although its full surface is not open to the eye, to the very foot of the mountains.

Between the lake Garda and Verona the face of the country varies, and the soil is in some places sandy and steril. We did not arrive at Verona until the first hour of the night.

CHAPTER VI.

VERONA.

VERONA is situated upon the Adige, a second-class river which takes its rise in the mountains due north of the city and falls into the Adriatic between Venice and the mouth of the Po. The town lies in a plain in the midst of a productive country, and is mentioned by historian and antiquarian writers, as one of the more ancient of the cities of Italy, and is among the larger and finer of those which flourish in this part of the Peninsula at the present day. It has at this time a population of 55,000 or 56,000 inhabitants, and to the stranger, wears an air of more life and gaiety than either of the towns which have yet been mentioned.

But Verona, as above said, has a homely interest with the British traveller, especially, as the scene of the celebrated loves and the catastrophe,

so familiar to us from the nursery, as the subject of the drama which alone of our great author's works, has been made to rest wholly upon the passion which we deem the strongest that appertains to our nature; and it is the first of the Italian towns that the traveller will enter by this route, that possesses, with us, a domestic classic interest, apart from its common associations connected with the rest of the towns of Italy.

My first inquiries, on the morning of our arrival at Verona, were for the tomb of the Capulets, of which, I learned from the guide books, there were still to be seen some remains. The cicerone was already in waiting. He seemed to have heard the question I had put to the landlord; and he immediately snatched up my cane, and presented it to me, and we were in a moment in the street; but it was not until we had got some distance from the hotel that I succeeded in explaining my wishes, which were to proceed in the first instance, to view all that might remain in connexion with the families that the poet has so memorably immortalized. My good purpose was however overruled, and I was forced to submit to the cicerone's own method of performing his duties, and we came in a few minutes to the old Roman amphitheatre of Verona; and although antiquarian researches are not the proper subject

of these pages, the first, so grand remains, might not be consistently left unnoticed. We will therefore look for an instant upon this noble remains, which may justly be placed first, among the objects of proper curiosity in this ancient town. After this we may follow the order in which we saw whatever it might not be possible to pass by unobserved.

The Amphitheatre of Verona, but it does not appear upon what authority, is said to have been built in the first century, during the reign of Domitian or that of Trajan. Its ruins, however, must be placed among the choice morsels of the grander remains, which Italy, every where, more or less exhibits of the ancient world.

The great edifice is of an oval form, and measures from the exterior of the walls about 460 feet in length and 370 in breadth, while the arena does not exceed 226 feet in length and 135 in breadth, which leaves a space between the exterior and the sides of the arena of about 117 feet in the whole round of the building. The base of this immense wall, save the passages, and the archway of about 25 feet in width, which extends around the edifice 8 or 9 feet from the exterior wall, is one solid mass. From the arena 45 seats rise, by steps, one above another, till they reach the outer wall about 100 feet from the ground;

and these, some nicer observers have calculated should have accommodated 22,000 spectators. The edifice has two grand gateways, one of which is at each extremity, besides numerous other exits and entrances, the thresholds of which, as well as the whole base of the building and the floor of the arena, now lie some eight or ten feet below the surface of the ground, which has however been cleared away to expose the foundations of the exterior walls.

From the Amphitheatre we proceeded to the Domo or cathedral of Verona, which is said to be one of the more ancient gothic edifices of Italy. The most admired of its decorations within, is a painting of "the Assumption" by Titian: but the library of the chapter, according to the custodia, who was our guide, conserves within its gloomy walls a grand collection of manuscripts of great value.

We next visited the picture galleries of several of the private palaces of Verona, without any difficulties or ceremonies which caused more delay than would attend the entrance into any public edifice entirely open and hourly frequented in England.

The palace of Bevilaqua, attributed to St. Micheli, the patron saint of Verona, possesses several choice specimens of ancient sculpture; and

several of the other palaces contain paintings of the first order: while in that of Canossa may be seen a most important collection of fossils with many perfect specimens of petrified fish-bones and shells, with the bones of animals of species extinct or not known in the latitudes they should once have inhabited, and the leaves of exotic plants. The greater part of these interesting curiosities, are found embedded in stone of calcareous formation, discovered upon the volcanic mountain of Bolea and its vicinity.

The day was fast wearing away in researches such as these; but my desire to visit the site of whatever there might remain of the palace or the tomb of the Capulets or the Montagues, a portion of whose history has been so indelibly engraven in our memories, did not cool during this survey of the works of art, and the interesting specimens of natural productions above-mentioned: yet, as I had determined upon taking the course the most familiar to the guide, and did not perceive any deficiency on his part to perform the duty he had undertaken, I made no inquiries, until he informed me that I had seen everything usually visited by tourists who only remained a single day at Verona, adding, at least, with the exception of the tomb of Juliet.

It was now, however, too late to set out for that

purpose this day. The tomb of the fair Capulet, or of whomsoever it might be, was at some distance from where we stood to discuss the points at issue concerning our movements; and a Frenchman whom I had joined in one of the galleries, and whose company I was desirous of securing, seemed to be making great efforts to accommodate his taste, or to subdue his incredulity, in order to participate in the pleasures of the harmless research. Our dinners too, which we had by accident ordered at the same hour, at the same hotel, should be ready; it was, therefore, by consent of all parties, that we postponed our further researches until the following day.

On the next morning, then, we proceeded, together, to view whatever there should remain, or be supposed to remain, in any way connected with either of the two renowned families of Verona.

We were now brought to the extremity of the most ancient quarter of the city; and close to where the last street which we threaded, terminated, and was butted by a paling which enclosed the fields that are fast encroaching upon the crumbling remains of what should once have been a populous quarter of the town, we were shown an ancient edifice, still inhabited, which the cicerone informed us was the very dwelling of the

family of the Capulets. There is a large garden behind the house, which, if we are in reality where we suppose ourselves, should be the place of the first private interview between the daughter of old Capulet and the youthful Montague, any doubts concerning whose history it would be mere wantonness to entertain.

The garden walls which form one side of a lane along which you pass, are still on all sides "high and hard to climb," for those, at least, who have not "love's light wings," and his object within, "to o'erperch their stony limits." But we could see sufficient of what grew within the walls, to mark the great age of the trees which they enclose. At the end wall, as it should once have been, of the garden, there is a door which was opened to us as soon as we knocked, but it leads only to a square apartment, at one time probably a family chapel, but which has not now any opening to pass into the garden. And in this obscure chamber, we were shown a sarcophagus, which we were informed was that which once contained, but there is now nothing within it, the mortal remains of the unhappy Juliet.

We loitered about the purlieus of the garden or orchard for some time; and I came away with more satisfaction, after a remark of my incredulous companion of the day before, indicative of greater

faith in common report concerning these remains, than he had had before he visited the spot. The good Frenchman had his guide book in his hand; and after some appropriate observations, he ended by saying: "The very place is sufficient to excite inquiry concerning its former inhabitants; and I do not see less reason for believing this to be the actual residence of the Capulets, than, that this city is the ancient Verona. Your poet could not have passed by without inquiring, and hearing every impression in his time, which was not so remote from the events, nor the date of the romance from which he borrowed his legend, that a so famous family abode should have become unknown."

Before finally leaving Verona, I rode over to the birth-place of the great Roman poet, accompanied by my new French companion. The road from Verona to Mantua is uninteresting, by reason of the flatness of the country through which it passes; but what is here wanting in variety of scenery, is atoned for by the incalculable riches of the soil and the uncommon equality of the cultivation.

Mantua is, however, unfavourably situated in the midst of a lake or morass, and can only be approached by means of causeways, which conduct from its gates to the firm land. The water between the solid earth and the walls by which the

town is surrounded is, in some places, four hundred yards wide, and is rarely less than about half that distance across: but it forms a great natural moat, and with the ramparts within, serves for a defence which makes Mantua a place of considerable strength.

On entering the town of Mantua, you are struck with the great breadth of the streets and the regularity of the buildings; but everything wears the gloom and desert character of a city, decreased and still decreasing in population, and possessing but little communication or commerce with the country beyond its immediate vicinity. We first walked round the fortifications, all of which, including the Citadel, are in a good state of repair; and within the Citadel there were no indications that a foreign troop, by right of violence, possessed the land. We next inquired for any memorial that might exist of the great poet of the Augustan age, and we were conducted to the Town hall, where there is to be seen a statue of modern construction, which has been erected to his memory, and afterwards, to see a bust which has been placed for the same purpose over one of the gates of the city.

We were shown in our rambles a more common object of Mantuan pride, which is a house said to have been occupied by Giulio Romano, who de-

signed the chief Palace of Mantua, the Cathedral, and several other edifices, and also embellished them with the choicest productions of his prolific pencil. The house is remarkable as a piece of rustic architecture, which looks as if it was designed to show, from what rudeness the lofty or refined conceptions that design palaces and copy nature, may nevertheless emanate. Over the door, there is a statue of Mercury; which is perfectly consistent with the greater works of the painter which adorn the chief palace of Mantua, the subjects of which are for the most part chosen from fabulous history. The fall of Phaéton—the marriage of Psyché. The Father of the gods' victory over the giants; with many others of similar character. But the very good people of Mantua generally, not having it should seem in all cases the clearest perceptions, have mistaken the messenger of the gods, as correctly observed by the guide books, for the first messenger and forerunner of the Christian covenant.

Mantua has a much more modern aspect than any of the towns of Italy yet mentioned; and as the author of its greater works in architecture and painting, died here as late as 1546, it is plain that the chief embellishments of the city are not of greater antiquity. The people, however, speak with the same lively regret, of the loss of a pre-

cious collection of curiosities, destroyed or removed after the taking and sack of the city in 1630, that we should feel for a national calamity of but yesterday's occurrence.

After this hasty review of modern Mantua, during which we were regarded with an eye of curiosity sufficient to show that the people were not so familiar with the presence of travellers as the inhabitants of the larger cities upon the great high roads of Italy, we returned to Verona.

CHAPTER VII.

VERONA—PADUA—VENICE.

On leaving Verona upon the direct route towards Padua the face of the country is found less level, but exhibits the same fertility, which, with little intermission, presents itself from the borders of the lake Como to the eastern coasts of Italy. On the one hand, as you proceed, the lower hills which skirt the southern line of the Alps, display wild vegetation or cultivated fields, while on the other, the vast plain which stretches towards the south, is bounded on either side by the Adriatic sea, and by the Appenines, which stretching from north to south nearly divide the peninsula into two equal parts. On either side the road, the fields are generally planted with the sombre mulberry, in rows which do not obstruct the cultivation of the cerealious crops, while the vines which are trained to entwine them, mix the lighter green of their

foliage with the darker hues, and hanging in festoons from tree to tree, give a character to the scenery, wholly new to the traveller from beyond the mountains which separate Italy from the rigorous climates of the more northern latitudes.

But while the fair face of this beautiful province engages our interest, and excites our admiration, our moral sympathies, and other and less grateful feelings are powerfully awakened. We look upon the barrier, which arrests the bleak storm in its course, and which establishes and regulates the climate of all the lands in its vicinity, and remember, that its cloud capt summits have no power to stop the course of the "hostile hordes of many nation'd spoilers," one of which even now usurps the soil and foison of this the fairest of all the provinces of Italy; and it is not until we turn from these reflections, that we are able to pursue the proper inquiries which should arrest the chief attention of a mere tourist in this or any other land.

The next town of any consideration that the traveller attains, is Vicenza—where we arrived soon after noon. Vicenza, is supposed to have been built by the Gauls four centuries before the Christian era. It is surrounded by a double wall, and at this time contains about 30,000 inhabitants. Two torrents from the mountain rush

through the town; and after, uniting, fall into the Adriatic between Venice and the mouths of the Po. We made no stay here, to examine any of its curiosities or its antiquities, which the guide books did not give us reason to believe were abundant; so that we arrived at Padua the same evening.

Padua, is the largest of all the towns that lie within that populous and fruitful part of the country over which the traveller passes between Milan and Venice, and is said to contain about 55,000 inhabitants. The works of art, and the curiosities, as well as the objects of natural production collected within the walls of Padua, merit the minute examination of the antiquary or scientific traveller. But the remarks which may be here admitted, must be confined to short notices of what was the more striking to one with less important objects at present in view than the acquirement or illustration of any branch of science. They will not exceed a few observations concerning some works of art, or relics or monuments that the people of Padua believe they possess, of such character, as history, poetry, or romance, has brought us acquainted with, or given us an interest or property in, in common with all the nations and people in the world.

In the great cathedral, said to have been com-

menced near the beginning of the twelfth century, and not completed until the middle of the eighteenth, among a collection of fine paintings, is shown one of the Virgin by Giotto, which is said to have been presented by Petrarch, by whom it was considered a fine specimen of the art; and in the sacristy of the cathedral there are several other paintings of the Virgin, one of which is by Titian, and another by St. Jerome; and there is also a portrait of Petrarch.

In the church of the Eremitain is shown a monument erected to the memory of Prince Frederic of Orange, the work of the great Canova. But in relics, such as idolatrous fancy has so often sanctified to the most hateful uses in Italy, Padua boasts of those, of names still more illustrious of our common acquaintance among the departed.

In digging for the foundation of a hospital for foundlings in the thirteenth century, the people of this city discovered a leaden coffin, which enclosed another of cedar, containing bones, a sword of ancient workmanship, and coins of silver and gold, which at once identified the precious relics to be those of Antenor, the companion of Æneas and the founder of Padua. About a century after this, in a garden of the church of San Giustina, were found similarly preserved, the supposed remains of Titus Livius, whom it is at least known was

born at Padua. These relics were first placed in the church of San Giustina; but they were afterwards deposited in the Hall of Justice, where a monument has been erected to record the event, and over which is placed a head of ancient sculpture, presented by a celebrated antiquary, and supposed to represent that of the Roman historian.

Besides the relics which recall these memorable characters, the good people of Padua name the familiar name of Laura among the beneficed sisters of their cathedral, and that of Galileo among the lecturers in their university.

The university of Padua is justly celebrated throughout Italy. It has been the school of many literary and scientific men, less known among us than the great genius above named; and it is for this institution that Padua is even now best known in Italy, and it is by the aid of this establishment that it has maintained its rank among the cities of modern Italy. We visited the lecture room, and the public schools which are attached to the university, and were received in every instance both by professors and pupils with the greatest attention: and we were gratified by the just curiosity of the professors, by whom we were asked many questions respecting the condition of the like institutions in England and France: and in the free conversation which arose

out of these inquiries, among other things we learned, that a complete university education at Padua might be obtained for about fifty pounds a year with personal and every other expense included.

We did not stay any more than a day at Padua, and then continued our journey towards Venice. The face of the country from Padua to Fusina, the place of embarcation upon the Venician waters, presents the same incomparable fertility, which we had hitherto observed: but it is plain, and the scenery is only varied by the village spires and pleasant villas which abound in this part of the country. Several of these abodes of the rich are of the first order, with wide courts, decorated with appropriate statues, while the chief edifice and its appurtenances display great architectural beauty. Others have gardens replete with the rarer shrubs and flowers, and ornamented with statues and pieces of sculpture which harmonize with the scene. The principal of the villas which we observed upon this road we learned, was inhabited by the Austrian, in chief authority here.

The scenery of this vicinity, was the first on the journey, that fully realized, either with my companion or myself, those conceptions of Italy which belong to a northern imagination, but which, like the expectations of youth after full

age, are seldom confirmed by a sojourn in this fair land. We did not enter palace, or cottage, or garden; and were glad that we had no opportunity of so doing, lest we should break the enchantment, by the perception of any variation from the general harmony between the works of art, and the trained exuberance of nature which seemed everywhere to abound.

At Fusina we embarked in one of the gondolas that navigate the Brenta, and the waters that divide the Isles of Venice from the main-land.

It is scarce necessary to make any particular mention of the gondola, with which we are so familiar; but it may be remarked in passing, that we found ourselves on board a most commodious and convenient passage-boat, of good length, sharp at the head and stern, with a fixed covering to protect the passengers from the rays of the sun or from the cold wind. Those which pass among the Islands, or from the Islands to the main-land, are of full breadth and appropriate dimensions to encounter a sea, but those which ply upon the canals or proper streets of Venice, of which a further notice may be necessary, are much narrower, and more resemble canoes than any other kind of boats that are commonly known.

We passed several of these passage boats, which

were rowing up the river as we descended, before we entered the broader waters. Here the beauty of the scene surpassed our highest expectations. Gondolas were moving in every direction; and the Isles, covered with palaces and domes and forts, which rise above the nearer edifices, seem like fairy cities floating upon the bosom of an enchanted lake. Travellers who were in the gondola, that were acquainted with half the world's surface, declared the scene before them, if some mountain-views might not be an exception, the most gratifying they had ever beheld.

An Englishman during his travels in Italy, may seldom be more forcibly reminded of the images which the poetry of his country has engraven upon his imagination, than at the moment that the once "ruler of the waters" is beheld with the senses, as we have before seen her in mind, like

> —"a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
> Rising with her tiara of proud towers."

And with every stroke of the oar, new domes, new towers and new parapets appear; and other islands seem to rise out of the water like that of the queen city, studded with the edifices of Christian worship and of defensive war.

As you proceed, the city continues gradually to

discover its varied details, until the eye compasses its full extent, without diminishing the interest which its novel and romantic position must produce in the minds of all who behold it.

But we now enter the Grand Canal, or proper highway of the city; and it is not until we are within the great liquid thoroughfare, that we find that our admiration must have a limit, and our poetic exultation descend to a more sober view of the waking realities of a common world; yet like the body from which the spirit but yesterday departed, the remains still show the outline of the form which life so lately animated, and though in their decay, present a great and noble monument of the durability of works of human art, while they teach us a moral lesson concerning the comparative instability of the firmest established institutions—the mortality of kingdoms.

But if the enchantment is here broken, the novel scene which Venice must present to the mind of every traveller, is not perhaps inferior in interest to any in the world. Description is not the present object; yet, what we observed among the more remarkable peculiarities of so curious a city might not be conveniently omitted.

The whole town is built upon piles set upon a shallow bank, a portion only of which appears above the water, in the midst of a spacious bay, which is

defended from the sea by a series of sand banks, and lesser islands. Thus, its foundations are actually below the level of the water which intersects it and forms its proper streets in every direction, dividing it into 150 isles or blocks of houses, with no better land-channel of intercourse than narrow passages which admit neither horse nor vehicle, of which however there is no need in Venice. These streets or allies communicate by no less than 300 bridges, which cross the canals or channels which are as above observed the proper substitutes for highways.

For the chief street which usually divides towns into nearly two equal parts, and is the centre of commerce and the channel of intercourse by which the inhabitants of the two extremities of the town communicate with each other, in this marine city, we have its Grand Canal, which, passing through the town by a serpentine course, is easily accessible from every quarter, and is thus the great highway of communication and proper channel of internal commerce. The principal entrance of this canal faces the sea ; but as we came from the opposite side, we entered it by the passage which opens into the waters between the island and the main-land.

There is nothing striking in entering Venice by the canal on the land side, save the novelty for

which you are prepared. The fronts of the houses face you on either side, and you at once perceive that you are in reality in a street; and as you proceed edifices appear of improved structure, and the whole surface of the river is covered with various descriptions of gondolas, and of the smaller sea barks, laden with merchandize, and moored at the wharfs or at the doors of the private dwellings, or in motion by the use of the oar.

We first stopped at the Custom House, where we were immediately boarded by half a dozen of those often officious though sometimes useful persons who attend the arrival of passengers everywhere by land or by water, to secure their custom to the master of the hotel to which themselves belong; and finding among them, several of the servants who represented the hotel to which we had been recommended, we placed our luggage in their charge, and as the day had not yet closed, took a smaller gondola and proceeded to navigate the channel to its opposite termination, in order to take a general view of the city while the novelty of its aspect was quickest in our excited minds.

There is but one bridge across the grand channel of the city, which is the bridge of the Rialto, the name of which recalls impressions that we have received both from history and romance,

which may give rise to a few further thoughts as we proceed with such details as may follow these remarks.

From the bridge of the Rialto as you proceed towards the entrance of the channel upon the side which fronts the sea, everything as it presents itself on either hand, exhibits some object of novelty or increased interest. Upon the surface of the waters float the glad evidences that a foreign commerce still survives; while, here a palace, and there a temple of Christian worship, the marble steps of which are washed by the rippling swell, rise in their pristine beauty before you until you gradually enter upon the broad expanse of the outer waters within full view of the lesser islands of the bay covered with fortifications and magnificent domes; at the same time, that in the distance, beyond these is seen the long low sands which form the outer barrier of the basin and port of Venice.

Here we stopped the oars, to look more leisurely around us. The scene from this happy site perhaps exceeds in magnificence every gaudy show, as chiefly the work of human art, that the earth anywhere exhibits. If we turn towards the bay, we are presented with the islands, studded with their splendid edifices, but if we turn on the other hand, we look upon the Piazzetta San Marco, or lesser place of St. Mark, on one side of which stands the ancient palace of the Doge in the age of Venician

independence, and on the other, appropriate buildings with noble arcades; while at the end of the piazzetta, on the right hand is seen the dome of the Basilica of San Marco, with the façade which fronts the yet only partially seen grand piazza, which is perhaps the noblest public place in Europe.

It would be more painful to contemplate these quick evidences of passed glory, did not the scene upon the water drown every melancholy thought with which the name of Venice is associated. Here the ancient spirit seems as if it still survived; and as we look upon the vessels in motion, we see, or think we see still, the great marine city which once played so proud a part on the world's wide stage—that Venice which was once the emporium and centre of the riches and commerce of the east—that was once the focus in which European trade centred. In a word, we seem still to behold the living signs of her vigour and her unrivalled magnificence of former years; and it is not until we step upon the quay, now guarded by a foreign mercenary, alike strange to the natives in manners and in tongue, or till we enter the courts of the tenantless palaces, that the imagination, wrought to the highest by the splendor of the view of Venice which we have just taken, permits our thoughts to descend to an equality with the character of what we are after-

wards with so different feelings to behold. We have indeed seen but a gilded show, a false Venice. The genius of commerce which we have seemed to see, has no longer her throne in Venice. She has removed her seat of empire to the cold island from which we came, but where she has yet erected but few lasting trophies of her reign beyond the historical record of her influence over the destinies of nations, over the happiness of mankind. The spirit of Venice has indeed departed; but the beautiful shade still stalks through the wide halls and about the courts of the deserted palaces and temples of the city, which in "monumental mockery," indicate the sepulchre of her material and perishable portion, as they remind us of the uncertainty of human grandeur—of the mortality of nations.

We now landed upon the quay; and proceeding to the upper extremity of the broad way between the outer chambers of the palace of the Doge and the appropriate line of building which forms the opposite side of this open place, we came directly in front of the great Basilica of San Marco, which forms the north end of the grand piazza of the same name. To those who have visited Paris, it would suffice to compare the Piazza San Marco to the great temple there, wherein are concentrated the very essence of the three too often associated

appurtenances of great cities, luxury or the misuse of wealth, pleasure, and vice, the Palais Royal: but for those who have not visited the metropolis of France, it is necessary to be in a slight degree more particular in this notice.

The grand public promenade, the Piazza San Marco, is a large long square, surrounded with handsome stone edifices, uniform in their construction, and having arcades the whole round of the place, except at the end formed by the façade of the cathedral, and the upper part of the side which opens upon the lesser place before mentioned, and faces the sea. Beneath the arcades, on the three sides, shops of small dimensions exhibit wares and merchandize of every description in retail, while the upper chambers, like those of the building to which the grand Venician edifice has been compared, are let out, but are more commonly appropriated to the use of private families than to public exhibitions, or to other purposes. In the arcades, are several coffee houses, but they are not of a superior class; and we look in vain for the welcome signs after a day's fatigue, which, placed above the arcades of the Palais Royal, indicate the way to a dozen chambers, where every appetite may be accommodated, every taste gratified.

When we had walked several times round the great public place of San Marco, we retired to our hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

VENICE.

THE morning after my arrival at Venice, I left the hotel, still in company with the same gentleman with whom I had travelled from Padua; and we proceeded under the guidance of an accomplished cicerone, to view some of the rarer or greater objects of interest in the city; and of all that we inspected upon this, and several subsequent days, I shall endeavour to select such as may lead the least astray from the course laid down for the principal matter of these sketches, the character of which it has not been left to this time to explain.

We first returned to the Piazza San Marco, in order to make a narrower inspection of this great public place, and the grand Basilica which forms its eastern extremity. As you walk up the centre of the square, the noble Christian edifice presents a front not more indebted for the admi-

ration which it excites, to the grandeur and beauty of the structure, than to the situation it occupies, and to the novel character of its embellishments, of which, that which is the most rare as the ornament of a Christian temple, is also the most conspicuous.

The most spiritual Christian of the coldest region, and the most offended with the showy worship of the Romanists, and their pretensions to hourly miracles without presenting us with any sensible proofs of their performance, or in other words, to the conversion of one thing into another without its exhibiting any change in its appearance, its taste, or its feeling, might even yet be surprised to discover among the idols of the conservators of the practices of the dark ages, that noble animal that proudly paws the ground beneath his feet, as if he contemned everything save the rein and curb of his rider. In this city of the sea, however, it must be premised, that as the gondola upon the canals here substitutes the carriage upon the highways of every other town in the world, so are men in proportion the less familiar with the quadruped here presented to us in a position so novel. In Venice, in truth, this amiable as useful animal, is only known to the untravelled by his portraits, or the stone or bronze copies of the artist; and if art have produced any

other form than that which in the Roman countries is given, even to the first person of the Trinity, that might be worthy of worship, then the four perfect statues which surmount the frontispiece of the Basilica of San Marco, should needs be this worthy example of human ingenuity.

Standing in face of this Christian temple, among the details of ornament which first strike the eye, are the Horses above alluded to, of which it will suffice to make a short notice.

The four fine bronze copies of the noble animal, have been once, as the observer may still discover, washed with gold; but their history is perhaps the most remarkable, not excepting any Egyptian obelisk, of any work of art of any great celebrity in the world. They appear to have been originally Chian, and to have been first transported to Constantinople by the Emperor Theodosius, and thence transferred to Venice in the triumphant days of the renowned queen of the seas, where they remained until their better-known journey to the Tuilleries, whence they returned, after its habitant, so long the "arbiter of others" fates, became "a suppliant for his own," again to adorn, it should be rather said, the Piazza San Marco than the Christian edifice, of the embellishments of the gaudy façade of which, they nevertheless form the most conspicuous feature.

The other and more appropriate ornaments of a Christian temple, which we observe in the frontispiece of the grand Basilica of San Marco, consist of several mosaics. These appear beneath pointed roofs, supported by the most precious marble. That in the centre, represents the Last Judgment, and that on the right, standing in face of the church, represents the carrying away the body of the patron saint of Venice from the tombs at Alexandria, in 1617, and that on the left, the magistrates of Venice in the act of adoration of the body of their patron saint on its arrival upon their shores.

To carry any further, this far from ample notice of but a portion of the details of the church without, or to proceed to any description of the interior of the gorgeous edifice, would lead too far beyond the limits prescribed for these remarks. It will suffice, therefore, to observe, that this choice Basilica in the very presence of the magnificent palaces of Venice, is, according to our associations with a Christian temple, more fitted to assist the pomp of political government than for the purpose to which it has been dedicated. The rich edifice appears as one great mass of the precious and variegated marbles of the east and the west. Five hundred columns of green marble and porphyry within support a noble roof; while

the walls on every side are replete with monuments in mosaic, basso relievo, and other styles of sculpture, executed at every period of the progress and of the decay of the arts from the tenth, to the middle of the last, century. Such is the Basilica of San Marco at Venice.

When we had seen every thing within and without the church of St. Mark, except the relics of the Evangelist, which are with good taste kept shut up out of sight within a chapel, we left the church, and proceeded into the lesser public place, which it has been observed leads from the grand piazza to the open quay which fronts the bay, and the one side of which is formed by the outer chambers of the ancient palace of the Doges.

We now proceeded to inspect this princely residence more nearly. The great edifice, is in the form of a square, one side of which fronts the water, between which and its base intervenes a broad quay, another side looks upon the inferior place of St. Mark, while the third approaches within a short distance of the church, and the fourth which is properly the back of the building, looks upon one of the smaller canals which it has been observed, in Venice supply the place of the streets of other towns; and it is connected with the buildings of so great prison celebrity, by the famous Bridge of Sighs, which passes from

the chambers of the first story to the dark walls which form the opposite side of the canal way.

Two gates conduct to the great court of the palace, one of which opens upon each side of the double front which the edifice presents, or, one upon the quay, and the other upon the piazza or lesser public place. We passed the gate which leads from the latter, and entered the great court directly opposite the grand flight of marble steps, called the Giant's Stairs, which lead from the court to the interior of the palace. The two sides of the court which are formed by the outer chambers of the great edifice are ornamented with arcades, and exhibit architectural beauty; while in the middle of the space there are two bronze cisterns of the workmanship of the sixteenth century. We did not dwell long here; but desired to be conducted to the interior of the noble structure.

We mounted the grand flight of marble steps, the broad landing upon which, before you enter the palace, was the site where the Doges were accustomed to be invested with the ensigns of their monarchal power. It was a fit place for putting the external symbols of authority upon the head of such bloody-sceptred tyrants, as were many of the rulers in the state of Venice both in the time of her national prosperity and her decline. None could dissent or rend the air with their sweet

voices of approbation save the military, or chosen few, that might find a place within the gloomy walls of the courts of the palace.

In few words, the chief ornaments of the ancient Doge's Palace, are at this day, its galleries of paintings, and the library of St. Mark which was removed to the chambers of this palace in 1812. The paintings are of the more choice of all the galleries of those exhibitions of the fine arts so peculiarly Italian; and the great library is as remarkable for the beauty of the chamber itself as for the rarity and value of its contents. The walls and the ceiling are replete with representations of the more remarkable events in the history of Venice, and of the transactions of the world in which the state had any share or influence; while the shelves exhibit sixty thousand volumes, among which, five or six thousand are in manuscript. We opened several of the manuscripts, which we found beautifully copied: but we saw nothing during a short quarter of an hour which we allowed ourselves, that was not of religious character. But perhaps the most interesting object within the walls of the library, is the famous map of the world here preserved of Fra Mauro, which is dated, in the year 1460, or thirty-two years before the first discoveries of Columbus.

We had yet seen but a very small portion of

the great or rare works of art in which Venice abounds; but we had wearied ourselves by an entire day's application to the cicerone's explanations and those of the guide books; and, to avoid as much as might be, the vice of confounding the pieces of sculpture or painting one with another, we determined on the next day to vary the scene by a leisure walk through the streets, or a tour by gondola; and the course which we took, and the impressions which we continued to receive in our further inspection of the city, will be noticed in the same manner in which those have been set down which preceded them.

My gallic friend respected the little inclinations which direct the inquiries of the British tourist, under the influence of those indelible impressions which our Island poetry has so strongly stamped upon our fancies in association with the city of Venice; and on the morning of the third day we directed that we might be led immediately to the Bridge of the Rialto, which passes, as before said, over the grand canal, and is situated near the centre of the city. We had not yet been a hundred yards beyond the great public place, or seen enough to give us any general idea of Venice, apart from the magnificent palaces, the imposing views, and the stirring scenery which the grand canal and the bay present. But we entered the

piazza San Marco once more, by the west end; and after arriving again in front of the church, we turned into a narrow passage paved with flag stones, immediately opposite the lesser place so often already referred to. Here we found several shops resembling those of the arcades; but inferior in their decorations and the quality of their wares. The passage, which could scarce measure twenty feet at its greatest breadth, soon branched into narrow and miserable alleys, resembling those in which our Hebrew fellow-subjects are wont to retreat, as if the day-light did not become the character of their avocations. As we entered one of these wretched ways, our guide informed us that we had seen every thing in Venice that was worthy the name of a street; but we trusted we should find a compensation for the want of a like promenade, so desirable every where for strangers, in the gondola of which our experience had hitherto been so much in favour.

We soon arrived at the Bridge of the Rialto. In the approaches thereto, on either side, for a short space, the way is more open. That by which we come to the bridge, has a few miserable shops, and that on the opposite side has a market on one side of the way; besides which, there are stalls upon the bridge which help to relieve the dulness, if they do not ornament the ways, of this

part of Venice. There appeared to be no public place at present that bore the appellation of The Rialto; but our guide informed us, that the chief trading people of the city, and some connected with the craft upon the canal, came upon the bridge at certain hours daily to buy, sell, or order affairs; and that this had been the custom of their fathers from time immemorial; and as the term may apply to any eminence, this very bridge was doubtless *the* Rialto, when the grand canal bore upon its bosom the merchant's proud "argosies," that "overpeer'd the petty traffickers" of Venice in her palmy days. But in several visits that we made to the Bridge of the Rialto, we saw nothing that indicated any remnant of the race of the "royal merchant" that used to come "so smug upon the mart," nor any of old Shylock's tribe.

After crossing the bridge, we wandered through many streets, comprehending the greater part of the superficies of the city; but we saw nothing that indicated ease or comfort among any of the people who inhabit it. All in Venice, save the glaring shows within the churches, presents the appearance of poverty and wretchedness. Narrow passages, often between windowless, and sometimes, deserted houses, show every where the greatest contrasts that can be imagined between the private houses and the public buildings and

churches. Between the splendor and luxury, indeed, of the holy edifices especially, and the abodes of poverty around them, there scarcely seems to be discovered the connecting link which should be apparent throughout societies composed of members of the same original family and of the same rank in nature.

Many of the palaces are no longer inhabited, or they are possessed by the stranger, while others have become the conservatories of the precious remains of the works of art, of a former age. Thus it is plain there is little to be seen among the inhabitants of Venice, that reminds the tourist of the wealth and condition of the ancient race of the Venicians. All is gloom and decay, even upon the water, by comparison with the wealth that once there floated. Independence being lost, nationality is gone also, or lies fretting like the doubts of the timid in the secret bosoms of a generous few; while, the population, which, little more than a century ago, amounted to near two hundred thousand souls, has now dwindled down to scarce one hundred thousand, and is yearly diminishing.

On the day after this walk through Venice, we made nearly the same tour by gondola; for there is scarce a house that has not one side, or its proper front, upon one of the canals which it has been

observed here represent the streets of other towns. We were more pleased with our tour of this day; but as the canals are narrow, and the houses often high, and have seldom any terrace or quay; and as the water, though it is of the sea, is often full of rubbish and offensive impurities, the highways of Venice by no means impress the traveller with any prejudices in favor of building a city in the midst of the sea. We passed under numerous bridges which connect the Islands or blocks of houses formed by the canals; and we passed and repassed the grand canal or great highway of the marine city.

After this, we pursued our examination of the precious works of art preserved in Venice, and of such other objects as we heard were curious or rare; and with a short reference to which, and such as may suit the occasion, these general remarks upon this once famous city may be closed.

From the piazza or lesser public place on the side of the arcade we entered a second library called the ancient library, the great chamber of which is ornamented with the paintings of Titian; but its contents are not so highly prized as those of the library of San Marco in the Doge's Palace. From this we proceeded to the "academy of the fine arts" of Venice.

The academy is favourably situated upon the

grand canal. We approached it in a gondola; and finding every accommodation for the reception of visitors we passed nearly a day in inspecting its valued contents.

The gallery of paintings of the academy is replete with the works of the first masters of the Venician school, all or nearly all sacred subjects, and the more choice works of Titian; while the sculpture rooms are filled with models for study, of all the choice works preserved, not only throughout Italy, but even to those Athenian specimens in our own Museum which we call the Elgin marbles.

Such is the general outline of the principal features of the city which will engage the attention of the traveller on his arrival in Venice. To be more minute would not only suppose a superior degree of knowledge of the noble arts which once flourished in the queen city; but would be too great a deviation from the plan of this writing and the objects which will better develope themselves as we proceed. Of the lesser objects of curiosity, it will suffice but to say, that we visited every thing remarkable within and without doors, of all that remain of the noble monuments of the nation's past glory. Of ten other palaces to which our guide books made special reference, we entered four. They are worthy of their former

inhabitants. Of more than forty churches specially indicated by the guide books, we entered and inspected about twenty; and it may be said, that the magnificence or beauty of their structure generally, and the riches they contain in the choice and precious marbles of the country, and of the east, and the unvalued pieces of sculpture and painting, without taking any account of the bones and relics of the Saints which repose beneath many of the altars of their spendid chapels, exceeded every conception, myself at least, had formed of the effects of the enthusiasm of the Italians, and their perfection in the arts by which these edifices were formed and embellished, or of the riches of the churches which abound in the works of the great masters when in the fulness of their glory, and when the institutions of their country were at the climax of superstitious zeal.

Towards the end of October, I quitted the gloomy remains of this once rich city, whose noble palaces, still beautiful in their decay, now stand in "monumental mockery" of all that belongs to human pride, and of our vain trust in the stability of national institutions founded upon commerce instead of the natural riches which every portion of the earth possesses. But human institutions as they are imperfect, so they could not be eternal; and if we do not fall by conquest, we

plant the seeds of decline by our very prosperity, in its tendency to increase population and riches, and luxury, and finally degeneracy and decay.

These thoughts may not seem affected, within a city whose stained history is the best essay upon the corrupting effects of riches, upon the moral as well as political institutions of every state.

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE TO FERRARA.

THE French gentleman who had been my companion from the time we had met at Verona, left Venice before the further course of the travels which are the subject of these pages was determined upon, I returned therefore alone by gondola to Fustina, and thence to Padua, where I arrived late the same evening; and from Padua I took a place in the diligence to Ferrara.

Upon entering the diligence, I found myself in company with four Italians. Among them were, a priest, and a middle-aged gentleman whose acquaintance I had previously made in the gondola. The latter was accompanied by his son, who was a student in the University of Padua, and attended by a servant. The son was in the cabriolet, which takes the place of the coupé in the French vehicle of that name, while the servant

sat with the rest of the party in the interior, completing the complement of the vehicle of Lombardy, which has neither the French cabriolet, nor rotonde.

Leaving Padua, you enter upon the rich plain which is watered by the Po and its numerous tributary streams, and does not terminate until you arrive at the foot of the Apennines.

But before we arrived at Ferrara, I experienced one of those mishaps that a lone traveller in Italy may expect; and as the little adventure was one which, from the circumstances that attended it, should be rather pleasing than painful to recollect after the temporary inconvenience is forgotten, and may be, moreover, a wholesome lesson to some future traveller, a somewhat particular notice of it will be the more readily pardoned: and, as I was indebted to one of my fellow-travellers for an act of great kindness, considering the character of our intercourse, and our knowledge of each other at the time, I should previously mention what passed in the interior of the diligence before the misadventure occurred.

It is perhaps wise in a traveller to respect all opinions given upon religious subjects, at least, until any circumstance arise to throw a doubt upon the sincerity of the party from whom they proceed. Our conversation upon this occasion

turned upon the churches. The observations of the priest, who was at first a principal in the discourse, were modest, simple, and as it appeared to me, sincere; but he ceased to speak when he found that a discussion that had commenced between the gentleman above alluded to, and whom I afterwards found to be the Marquis of R———, and the Protestant, was not conducted with the same degree of charity or good humour which had previously prevailed: for, in spite of my respect for the sincerity with which I am convinced the Italian spoke, our conversation ended in the marquis's reply to severer observations on my part than would have suggested themselves in a cooler moment. I had gone so far as to express contempt for the institutions of any country where the clergy were in possession of all or even any political power.

"My dear sir," said he, "we met friends, let us part friends. We shall presently cross the Po, and the distance thence to Ferrara is short. If we continue this discussion, we shall not have time to regain our equanimity and separate in charity."

Upon this, I felt that I had exceeded the moderation that truth should maintain when opposed even to the most palpable error, and I only observed—"That, at least, I could not but acknow-

ledge, that he possessed the great essential in Christianity in a superior degree;" adding, that "I trusted there would yet be time before we entered the dominions of the Pope, sufficient to enable me to re-acquire that respect due from a traveller to the existing institutions of every country in which he may sojourn, a foreigner, which I did not think my countrymen were usually in the habit of forgetting."

The conversation, after this, turned upon the delay we should in the ordinary course of things experience about our passports on the Roman side of the Po.

The marquis asked me whether I had been very careful about the endorsements upon my passport before leaving Venice, and begged to see it; and, at the first sight of the troublesome instrument, he discovered an important informality.

"You will most assuredly be detained," said he, as he announced the ill tidings with unaffected concern. "They are very strict here—there are but two signatures where there should be three."

We soon now came to the banks of the Po. The river is here about a mile in breadth, and is crossed by the passengers in a manner which is somewhat remarkable. No mechanical power is used to effect the crossing, except the force of the

current and the very chain by which the boat is moored, which are made available in the following manner:—A boat is anchored in the middle of the river, about a mile above the ferry, and to her stern are attached other boats at intervals of about one hundred yards, and last of all the ferry boat, in which passengers, horses and vehicles and all embark. This boat is now loosed from its hold on the shore, and by the operation of the two above named powers, the one, forcing her in the one direction, and the other in that immediately opposed to it, with a little management of the rudder, and the placing of the chain, she quickly finds her way into the middle of the stream, and almost as rapidly thence to the opposite shore. Her way, however, through the water, is made very slowly, in consequence of the necessity of the intermediate boats between that at anchor and the ferry boat having to pass a great part of the stream, forced sidelong through the water, for want of the necessary steerage similar to that by which the passage boat is managed. The plan seems to have nothing but its cheapness to recommend it; and would not do upon any river where there is any considerable traffic.

But, in fine, we landed at Francolino, a small hamlet on the right bank of the Po; and we were now in the Papal State. Our passports were

taken from us on landing; and we remounted the vehicle which had crossed with us, and drove to the passport or police office of the station. Here about half an hour elapsed before we received any communication from the authorities; but, at the expiration of that time, two of the Pope's good subjects in official uniform, accompanied by two soldiers, armed cap-à-pie, brought all the Italians their passports, and as they delivered them, expressed their regret that they were obliged to detain the Englishman of the party; and I was immediately conducted into the presence of the civil chief of the station.

On entering the office, I was received with politeness by this officer, who was nevertheless inflexible in his decision that I should remain a prisoner until I recrossed the Po. I now began to regret that the conversation with my fellow-passengers in the diligence had not taken a more fortunate turn; for I felt assured, from the influence of the clergy, who are the proper nobles in the Roman State, that the priest in the interior might have obtained my release by the mere form of a pledge that my business in the dominion of the Pope was not to open the eyes of the blind, or to sow the seeds of discord among the patient subjects of His Holiness; but as matters stood, had the holy man, free from all anger, had the inclination so to do, it was doubtful whether he could

have served me with a conscience void of offence.

After what had passed, I did not of course think of descending to ask any favour at the hands of any of my fellow-passengers; and I contented myself, after the manner of the country, in entering into arguments against the measure; which, as they seemed to cause no surprise and certainly no reproof, were continued until the marquis made his appearance, a volunteer in my cause. My noble fellow-traveller, with much able discourse, first pointed out to the officer, that there was evidence enough upon the face of the passport, to prove that no fraud had been contemplated, or could be practised; but finding this of no avail, he declared, rather than that an English gentleman should be obliged to return to Venice, which would be necessary after crossing the Po, as we have no consul nearer, that he would give his own security for at least my good behaviour for six hours in the Papal State, before the expiration of which there would be time to procure a pass from Ferrara. But difficulties still appearing, the marquis proposed that the room in which we stood should be my prison; adding, that if necessary, nothing could be easier than to double the guard, and it was not probable that one man unarmed would venture to set four bayonets at defiance; and he concluded, by a proposition, that on the non-

arrival of a proper permit in six hours, I should be sent across the Po without any further delay. These very reasonable terms were soon agreed to; and the marquis now informed me that he was well acquainted with Cardinal Uglino, the Pope's legate at Ferrara; and that long before the expiration of the term of the agreed armistice, I might depend upon being at liberty to enter that city. I thanked my fellow-passenger for his politeness, and he remounted, and the diligence, with the rest of the passengers, proceeded on its proper way.

Two armed soldiers now stood, one near the window and one near the door, with all the form and circumstance that they might have guarded a state-prisoner, whose escape it was of the utmost importance to prevent.

The prospect of the inconvenience of having to return to Venice, had at first caused me great vexation; but after the diligence had departed, when I came to reflect upon my situation as the Pope's prisoner, there appeared enough of the ludicrous in the affair, to entertain the time until the arrival of the expected permit.

But things did not long wear these state inconveniences; and permission, even without asking it, was given me to walk wherever the will listed, in company, however, of the armed guard, which I as

soon took advantage of, and set out to take a walk in the hamlet.

As soon as I had seen all the streets of the little hamlet, it was time to think of dining. There were but two places with signs attached, and they did not present a tempting exterior. However, I approached the best. Here large gates opened into a broad court, replete with occupants, that presented a sort of brute commonwealth. Oxen, hogs, sheep, horses, fowls, donkies, goats, were all dwelling together in the utmost harmony; and yet, not through necessity; for the way was open, and they all walked in and out without seeming more to regard the majestic figure of their superior in the scale of creation whom they met, than they did that of any of their brute equals. The Millennium should scarcely exhibit a more peaceful scene.

I now entered the apartment appropriated for human entertainment, which I found of great dimensions, with a table reaching from end to end, with forms occupying the whole length on both sides. The floor of the ample hall was of hewn, and the walls of unhewn stone, and the roof, which was high, was constructed of timber; but there was an uniformity about the whole interior that was picturesque and pleasing. The form was a long square, perfect, with the door in the middle on one side; and the large fire-place

decorated with all the appertenents to cooking, was placed in the middle of the other.

My reception in this apartment was of the most agreeable kind. As I entered, two or three women literally raced round the end of the table to be the first in attendance; and they were no sooner beside me, than one seized my stick, and another replaced my hat, which I had taken off; while a third, in one breath, asked whether I would take refreshment, and what, and where sit?—and, without waiting for a reply, took me by the arm, and led me round the table to the fire-side, where messes were shown me that had been quite an antidote to appetite, had I not cast my eyes upon some clear bright fresh fish, which I immediately demanded might be cooked for my dinner.

A half a dozen, at least, of men and women, were now in a moment in full occupation, and with the promptitude of good will, a dinner was soon served, that in the main, the most fastidious taste could not have disapproved. It consisted, however, of what is considered in Italy or France, but one dish; no account whatever being made in these plentiful or sensual lands, of accompaniments, upon half of which an Englishman might well dine. To descend to a few particulars; the thing first placed before me was a basin of beef-soup with pats, the second, the meat from which the soup had been made, the third, spinage fried with

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oil, the fourth, potatoes, the fifth, the proper dish, which consisted of four fish, well fried, a single one of which, a glutton after a day's fasting had been ashamed to have eaten to the bone; and to conclude, a dessert was served, consisting of oranges, grapes, figs, apples, boiled chestnuts, raw ham and eggs. And besides these good viands, I had an excellent bottle of wine of the country, and the attendance, conversation and good company of all the house and their guests of both sexes, in numbers about ten, during the whole of the repast.

How much of these luxuries was eaten or how many were tasted, is of little importance to remember; but it would be unjust to omit to mention, that the whole charge for this luxurious repast, was one carlin only, or in English money, four pence and some decimal parts. A hotel-keeper at Venice would have charged an Italian gentleman six carlins for this dinner, and probably an Englishman twelve.

I had scarce made an end of this feast, when one of the guards who had kept the door of the great hall during all this time, entered to inform me that the officer had sent to say that the permit of the Cardinal and Governor of Ferrara had arrived, and that I was at liberty to proceed. I now, therefore, took leave of this good specimen of the Romans, and in a few minutes I was once more on the way to Ferrara, where I arrived soon after dark.

CHAPTER X.

FERRARA TO FLORENCE.

I MADE no stay at Ferrara, as I did not wish to miss the opportunity of travelling with the party that had made me so largely their debtor; and as the diligence started at 12 o'clock at night we all supped together, and all except the priest left at that hour for Bologna, where we arrived very early the next morning.

It was scarce day when we arrived at the family hotel which was patronized by the marquis and his family. The bell was now rung; and after we had waited a few minutes, the bolt was drawn by means of a string which led, as I afterwards observed, from the top of a long straight flight of stairs to the door; and we entered. By the indistinct light however when we were within, we could only perceive that some one stood *en chemise* at the head of the stairs; but nobody spoke.

The marquis now demanded permission to mount; to which a male voice replied: "Who is it?" upon which the marquis's servant taking up the word answered: "the Marquis of R———."

The reply to this announcement was in actions; and in a moment, appeared, rushing down the stairs, a droll figure in trowsers, shirt, and a cook's cap, with his sleeves tucked up above his elbows: and ere the marquis had set his foot upon the first step of the stairs, the good, cook apparently, seized his right hand with both his own; and mutual salutations followed between our patrician guide and the droll who admitted us, that were as warm and familiar as those which ancient friends among us might exchange upon meeting after a long separation.

We now mounted the stairs together, and entered a large dining hall, where, before we had time to talk of business, two fairly dressed young men made their appearance, and fresh salutations were exchanged; and before these were over, two smart young women joined the party: but it was not until business commenced concerning myself, who had determined to remain in Bologna for a few days, and at that house if the apartments should suit me, that it was possible to discover all the relations of the company to each other. The honest man who had received us upon our en-

trance was the master of the family hotel, and cook also, and was engaged in his inferior avocation when we arrived, and the rest of the party, to whom I was soon familiarly introduced, were his sons and his daughters.

This was the first fair specimen which I witnessed of the amiable sociality of the Italians, and the kindness of the different classes of society for each other; and when the father, sons and daughters, all took me by the hand, quite unconcious of those feelings which habit or necessity has implanted in our bosoms, it was impossible to help thinking, that whatever may be our national and moral greatness, we might find a great deal on this side the Alps that should at least instruct us in our proper duties and conduct towards each other, in some of the more important relations of social life.

Our busiuess caused but little delay. Rooms were shewn me that suited very well; and all the travellers of the party, with the exception of the servant, who disappeared, sat down to a breakfast consisting of every luxury of the country. We were waited upon by the master of the house, and the mistress who had now made her appearance, and both the girls; while the young men brought bottle after bottle of the various better wines that the fruitful country afforded,

until every taste was accommodated, and every appetite satisfied.

As soon as breakfast was over, my fellow travellers took leave of their Bologna friends and myself, and proceeded by a private conveyance on their journey to the marquis's seat; and I was left alone, as yet undetermined, whether my stay might be for a few days or for many weeks, depending upon the results of a little further experience of the advantages which the place might seem to afford.

After this parting, I retired to my room, unpacked a few things, and sat down to see what the guide books should point out as most worthy of the stranger's curiosity in Bologna. But I was scarcely seated, when my studies were interrupted by the entry of all the younger part of the family at once, with their hands full of books and maps which they kindly brought for my amusement or profit; and these were scarcely spread on the table before the two elder of the family led in a young man to introduce to me, who had been banished from the state of ——— for the too free expression of his political opinions: and we passed the morning, the whole family altogether, in the most agreeable interchange of useful or entertaining information.

The next day, I went alone to make a short

tour through the principal streets of the town. The appearance of Bologna to a stranger, is almost as novel in its kind as that of Venice. The streets, the houses of which have at least their exterior of stone, are almost entirely built with broad heavy arched arcades, on both sides, the bases of which are raised from two to four feet above the level of the street, with usually a low parapet between the buttresses that support the arches of the arcades. This style of building has certain advantages. The town should be cooler during the height of summer, and admit of more business out of doors. In the rainy season the arcades permit foot passengers to pass from one end of the street to the other with very little exposure to the wet; while it must at the same season contribute to the dryness of the houses within. The style of building, however, is heavy and ungraceful to the eye, and gives a decidedly gloomy appearance to the whole town.

Bologna is surrounded with high walls and fortifications, and contains a population of eighty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the richer towns of Italy in the more precious works of the Italian painters especially, and is inferior to few, in the structure and ornament of the magnificent churches which conserve them. This ancient town is also remarkable for the antiquity of its

university, which was founded by Theodosius in the beginning of the fifth century; and also for that of its public cemetery, which contains innumerable monuments of the finest specimens of sculpture produced during the seventeenth and eighteenth, as well as the present century.

There are several noble palaces in Bologna, the most striking of which, is upon the great public place, and contains the court of justice and the chief municipal public offices. Over the entrance of this edifice have been placed the statues of Boniface VII. and Gregory XII. and in the front of the building there is a fountain called "The Giant's Fountain," which is remarkable in its details. The work is in bronze; and is considered by some, to be one of the finer specimens of the kind in Italy. The god of the Ocean, armed with the trident, here stands in proud defiance of every invader of his watery empire; while the pedestal which supports the haughty deity, rests upon four dolphins, by the side of which recline syrens or mermaids, not, occupied as of old, in alluring the mariner by the harmony of their voices towards the fatal rocks on which they sat, but full of the "milk of human kindness," in pressing that part of their fair persons which distinguishes the sex in the human portion of their figures, from out of which flows a continual stream of that fluid

which is more precious and necessary to man, than even that which nourishes us in the beginning of our lives. Besides these figures, at each of the angles of the cistern of the fountain, a statue of an infant purely human, embraces a dolphin which pours from its mouth the same necessary and precious fluid.

Bologna, though so often mentioned in history, from the early times of the Roman republic to the establishment of the modern states of Italy, has few of those nobler ruins of ancient edifices which should establish its claim to be one of the more ancient of the cities of Europe. All that is shown the traveller, that has any title to be considered of great antiquity, are, the remains of an old Roman aqueduct said to be of the time of Marius, and some fragments of the Temple of Isis, found in the walls of the church of San Stefano, which has been erected near the spot where that temple appears to have stood. But within a church dedicated to the Virgin, erected upon Mount Guardia about three miles from Bologna, is preserved an ancient picture of the mother of Christ, which is attributed to the Evangelist Saint Luke.

Notwithstanding the agreeable company in which I found myself in Bologna, my stay in that city did not exceed a week; after which, I took leave of the good landlord and his happy family;

but not before they had exacted a promise that I would not, at any period, however distant, pass through Bologna without stopping to spend at least a day with them, and that promise will not be broken.

You have hardly passed the gate of Bologna taking the road towards Florence, before you commence the ascent of the famous Apennines. The views as you ascend extend in every direction over the rich, but ill-cultivated plains of the Pope's domain from the foot of these mountains even to the banks of the Po.

The unequal and undulating country is at intervals steep; and although the roads are good, you have for several stages to engage the aid of oxen; and we added to our four horses sometimes one, and sometimes two pair of the immaculate white oxen of the country, as free from blemish now, as when the poet of the Augustan age sang the praises of their unmixed and spotless beauty, their strength and their docility.

The ascent was long and labourious; but the views which continually present themselves at different distances, and in varied lights, as you ascend, relieved the tediousness of the journey. Unlike the Alps, where you attain no great elevation before you lose sight of the earth, save the snow-topped eminences, and the fir groves, and

the bare rocks broken into gigantic masses which on all sides surround you, till the same fleeting mists that at one point obscured the heavens, now seem to cover and fill the vallies and the ravines, here the ever fresh prospect increases in interest and extent until you arrive at the steril summit of the mountains, where the eye ranges on either side over the vast undulating low country of tilled lands, abounding in every variety of scenery from that of the natural forest intermingled with cultivation, to the softer exhibition of the trained olive and the vine, which surround the distant villages and often conceal every thing but their church towers or spires entirely from the view.

Having passed the summit of the Apennines, the fruitful territory of Tuscany now presents to the eye all the riches, scenery, and varied productions of Lombardy, spread over a more undulated country teeming with villages as far as the beautiful capital of the state, beyond which appear the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

I was on this occasion in the good company of five Italians, one of whom was a Tuscan. A very little conversation occurred as we ascended the mountains; but as soon as we looked upon the scene of fertility and high cultivation now before us, the Tuscan broke out into expres-

sions of rapture which excited the curiosity, not of myself only, but, of all the rest of the company, none of whom had been before in Tuscany.

We now passed the remaining time we were together in conversing upon such subjects as the good Tuscan's enthusiasm had suggested, or the five strangers in this country, in listening to the enraptured gentleman's encomiums upon the administration of the government of the present Grand Duke, and his exaltation at the good fortune of his compatriots above all the rest of the Italians, in the encouragement here given to industry, and in the effects of more enlightened policy, upon the improvement and happiness of the people. But it will be sufficient, here to observe, that this was the first instance of nationality in the form of loyalty, as we are accustomed to see that high conservative of order, good government and morals, among ourselves, that I met with from the hour of taking leave of the British shores.

But while the Florentine was still in the midst of his more instructive than methodical discourse, we suddenly came upon the side of a hill which commands a more distinct view of the rich country immediately around Florence, and in the midst of which you may distinguish the towering

spires and white edifices of the Tuscan capital, which seems like an ideal city set in the midst of a fairy land.

Descending from these heights you now pass through the most luxuriant plantations of the vine and the olive, at once the beauty and the source of the riches of this fortunate portion of Italy.

The immediate approaches to Florence differ from those of most other continental cities, and bear some resemblance to those of many of our larger towns, where, it would seem as if the surplus riches of the inhabitants have been employed in building villas and planting gardens beyond the influence of the noise of the city and the impurity of its air. The villas of Tuscany, however, are not usually near the road, and commonly stand in the midst of eight or ten acres of land replete with all the ordinary productions of the country, including the bread-corns. Some of them have gardens; but these, from their formal arrangement and careless cultivation, often diminish, rather than add to, the interest and beauty of the rural scenes.

But if, when you enter the capital of Tuscany, you find not the full realizations of your high conceptions upon the first view of the city from

the mountains, you have the pleasing consciousness of knowing, that at least, you are among a well-governed and contented people, and should be in the better humour to bear the first disappointment which most strangers must in some degree experience on arriving in Florence.

CHAPTER XI.

FLORENCE.

HAVING passed the gates of Florence, you drive up a clear and somewhat neat street, entirely paved with flag stones without any foot-path distinguished from the rest of the street; and the town is paved in the same manner throughout. It was late in the evening when we arrived; but early on the following day I made a tour through the principal streets of the city, in order to obtain a first general idea of the whole, and which will engage us for a moment, before proceeding to consider any of the objects of greater interest or curiosity.

The first prominent feature which distinguishes the Tuscan capital is the broad stream of the Arno, which runs through the heart of the city, measuring from 200 to 250 paces in breadth. It is passed by four stone bridges; besides, two suspension bridges, one of which is at each extremity of the town. From all these except one only,

which has houses on both sides of it, the town is seen to great advantage, as the fronts of the houses face the river, along a considerable portion of its banks. There is sometimes a broad quay also, which forms a street, defended from the river by a low stone-wall; and when this is not the case, more attention than is usual upon the banks of rivers, as they flow through a populous city, has been paid to the appearance of the fronts or backs of the houses that look upon the water.

We walked along the quay from the lower of the stone bridges, till we arrived between the two upper, at the end of the great edifice of the Ufizi, which contains the royal or great public gallery, the library of Magliabechiana, and the courts of justice of Florence.

The exterior of the building is of oblong form, with an open space in the middle, three sides of which are formed with columns which support an arcade, while the fourth opens upon the Piazza del Gran Duca, to which we proceeded as soon as we had walked round the arcades.

The Piazza del Gran Duca is the centre of the civil and commercial affairs of Florence. On one hand stands the ancient palace of the Grand Duke, which now contains the offices of the police and of several other public departments. This edifice is considered remarkable from the great height of

its tower, but it exhibits little beauty in its external structure. On the opposite side stands the post-office; while in a space on one side of the palace forming a piazza which is usually full of bales of merchandize, are the offices of the customs. The grand piazza is not without statues and pieces of sculpture, the very dimensions of which render them sufficiently remarkable.

At the entrance of the old palace stand two colossal statues in marble, which represent the two great heroes of sacred and of fabulous history. The great warrior of the Jews, in the act of killing the Philistine giant; and the worthy Hercules killing Cacus.

Near the corner of the palace is a noble fountain. The principal figure represents Neptune standing upon a broad and high car, which is drawn by four horses, done in bronze, while the cistern and corners of the pedestal are ornamented with curious figures in the same.

In the centre of the Piazza is an equestrian statue of Cosmo the First, also in bronze. Besides these, the lodge of the palace which forms one side of the Grand Piazza, is ornamented with groups in marble and bronze, by several sculptors of celebrity.

From the Piazza del Gran Duca we passed through some narrow streets, leading northwards, till we came upon the great open place, in the

midst of which stands the Grand Cathedral of Florence. We did not, at present, enter the great edifice; but we stood by a marble slab under the walls of the houses on the south side of the church, upon which is found written: "Seggia di Dante," (the seat of Dante), and upon which it is said the poet was accustomed to sit and to muse in full view of this magnificent work of men's hands. The entire of the external surface of the great edifice, including its immense tower, which is unattached, is overlaid with polished black and white marble; but although the style of architecture is the gothic, the building is in the main heavy.

After passing Ponte Vecchio, or the old bridge, upon the way which conducts to the Roman gate, you come to the Palazzo Pitti, which is the present residence of the Grand Duke. The palace is a plain building; and to the eye of the ordinary observer, has no other merit than solidity. It exhibits a front and two wings, without portico or column; while the material of which it is constructed, consists of the rough, but not less laboriously hewn stone, which not more from custom perhaps than from propriety, are associated in our minds with the offensive ideas of a prison, and which might be very well considered a new or sixth order in the art of building.

From the palace of the Grand Duke we entered the gardens of Boboli, which are situated behind the palace, and properly belong to it. They are laid out and planted with great good taste and elegance; and they are embellished with fountains, and with statues too numerous to particularize in this place; and they form a delightful promenade for the inhabitants of Florence, to whom they are thrown open on Sundays, and on one other day in the week.

From the gardens we returned to the opposite side of the river, and now entered the grand gallery of the Ufizi. The external form of the building has already been noticed; but the interior of this vast conservatory of the more precious of all works of the fine arts that the world has in every age produced, who shall describe? More than to give a faint idea of the whole, could not with propriety be so much as attempted here.

You ascend by a broad staircase to the chambers above the arcades before mentioned, and having attained the landing, you enter a first and second vestibule, both of them replete with beautiful specimens of sculpture; and from the second you enter the long gallery, which makes nearly the entire round of the three sides of the building. Passing up this first corridor between the paint-

ings, with which the walls are hung, and the sculpture set on pedestals on either side, at about half way from the entrance, a door opens into a suite of rooms, the first of which, called the Tribuna, is an apartment of octagon form, and one and twenty feet in diameter, and in the construction of which, great pains has been employed to distribute the light with advantage. In this chamber have been placed the more choice works contained in the whole collection. As you open the door, upon a pedestal, about four feet and a half high, directly in front of you stands the celebrated work of Medici, the beautiful statue, of the goddess of love, or, more properly, of the form of perfect beauty in the human figure of the gentler sex. The name of the Venus de Medici, recalls all the admiration we have heard bestowed upon that well-known work of art, and it is sufficient here, to express the belief, that the most extravagant fancy could paint nothing superior, and that the most sanguine expectations, whether our taste have been cultivated or neglected, could not be disappointed in contemplating this astonishing production of human art. It should at least be one of the few works of sculpture extant, of any age or any country, representing the human form, upon which even a novice in the study might gaze, without fear of the attention being diverted

from the contemplation of the whole, and the impression weakened, by the study of some one point of separate or more special excellence, such as almost every work is found to exhibit. One of the more admirable of our great poet's dramas might not be read in more utter forgetfulness of the art and the artist by which it was designed and perfected. The height of the statue is four feet eleven inches, and four-twelfths.

Among the paintings which hang round the walls of the Tribuna, are three of Titian, one of Michael Angelo, four of Raffaello, and four of Correggio; but, concerning everything that here engages the attention of the traveller, there are books enough in every tongue.

After we had spent several days in the inspection of the precious contents of the royal galleries of the Ufizi, we proceeded to view the private galleries of the Grand Duke in the Palazzo Pitti already mentioned.

Within these rude walls, that surprise us as the residence of an Italian sovereign, are conserved a great number of the nobler works of art of the Italian age, which are the private property of the grand duke. We ascended to the principal gallery of the palace, which is open to every one who should choose to enter; but even here, to name the works of the great masters severally would

not be possible. It must suffice to mention, that the visitor is admitted into seven or eight spacious apartments, the walls of which are covered with the noblest productions of the first Italian masters, among which is, the Madonna Seggiola of Raffaello, which is that picture of the Virgin with the child Jesus and John the Baptist of which we see copies in every part of the world; and there is also the same artist's famous historical painting, with the portrait of Leo the Tenth.

It may seem strange presumption, to attempt to find a fault in that which all mankind deem the absolute *chef d'œuvre* of the fine arts in the whole compass of the precious works now extant in the world. And, certainly, if any one should not see within the frame which encloses the painting, even under the disadvantage of being beneath glass, a perfect copy of a beautiful woman and tender mother, and of two children, it would be reasonable to conclude, that he were bereaved of the faculty of distinguishing colour, or of a large portion of the common feelings of humanity. But if no mere human performance should be perfect, it might be asked, wherefore the painter should have put the cross in the hand of the child John the Baptist, represented an infant, and in company with the infant Jesus, the sight of which cannot but divert the thoughts from contemplat-

ing the speaking images of life to confound them with a kind of solecism in the language of the pencil, or a blot on the more eloquent pages of a choice composition of the admired Muse.

The day after our visit to the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti we made a second visit to the Grand Piazza del Duomo, and entered the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Duomo or Great Cathedral of Florence.

After having seen enough of Italian churches to have learned by habit to associate the excess of ornament, and the magnificence displayed in the precious metals and marbles in which they abound, with the character of the holy edifice, there appears great poverty in the interior decorations of the Duomo at Florence.

The superb exterior of Santa Maria del Fiore, has been already noticed; but upon entering the grand fabric we are struck with the contrast, which is perhaps greater, between what is within and what without, than with any other church whatever in Italy. The massy buttresses which divide the aisles, exhibit but the plain stone surface; and we look around in vain for the numerous altars and countless works of sculpture and painting: and if the lack of ornament be relieved by the painted windows which appear, this is more than counterbalanced by the gloom which

is the consequence of the great obstruction of light they occasion. Such indeed is the simplicity in the style of this cathedral, that we may advance up the middle aisle, wrapt in a pleasing dream of pending reform, even to the substitution of the simpler rites of what we deem a purer system of Christianity, disturbed only by a few male and female porters of wares and merchandize, and a few passengers, making their highway and thoroughfare through the church, until we arrive beneath the great dome.

But here we fairly awake. Here, at least, we find we are still in that dark age, when absurd pomp was substituted for a religion addressed to the understanding and the heart. Here we still witness what should be the vehicle of instruction actually made the means for obstructing every kind of knowledge.

Beneath the mighty dome of the church, there is a circular balustrade of precious marble, which is occupied by the *élite* of the Florentines on occasions when the church is crowded; and from this are seen the three grand altars of the church, in one or other of which, mass is almost hourly performed, and on Holy-days and Sundays, in all three at the same time.

It will suffice to mention one more of the numerous churches of Florence, the rich or gaudy in-

terior of which, forms a striking contrast to the poverty or simplicity which is the characteristic of the cathedral.

But the interest attached to Santa Croce, which we are about first to enter, is not confined to its relics in silver and gold, nor to the specimens of sculpture and painting with which the holy structure is replete. Here, our weary study of the everlasting representation of the same persons of religious history, which by the varieties of light and imaginative portraits under which they are exhibited, are become in many instances mere figurative beings, is for once relieved by the presentment of several of the greater characters apart from what is sacred, which adorn the annals of Italian history, and should render Italy respected, even partitioned and subject to native despots or a foreign yoke, sunk in superstition, expunged from the family of independent nations.

The exterior of the church of Santa Croce, which was never finished, exhibits little beauty of design; and, with marks of neglect from the beginning, it has the appearance of a temple fast approaching its age of ruin, rather than the fit depository of the sacred ashes, and the many numerous specimens of the arts which it conserves. But we have no sooner passed the portal than we look upon the accustomed show of an Italian church;

and when we turn into the aisle upon our right hand, we experience a new pleasure in the contemplation, in several instances, of a more definite application of the arts, if not a more appropriate, at least, of that of sculpture.

The first of the monuments, is that of Michel Angelo, whose ashes hallow the edifice where they repose. It is by several artists. Three full length figures represent each the genius of one of the three divine arts, of, sculpture, painting, and architecture, in all of which the immortal Tuscan excelled. They are seen sitting in the attitude of mourning, beneath a sarcophagus surmounted by the bust of the artist, and a small painting by himself.

The next, is that of the great epic poet of the Italians, with whose name we associate whatever is terrible, elevating, sublime, in the yet diviner art. The noble monument is by Stefano Ricci. It represents the immortal Dante seated upon a tomb, in the attitude of meditation, yet robed and crowned with the wreath, like an emperor, with the genius of poetry hanging over a book, and in the act of weeping, and the genius of Italy, holding a staff in one hand and pointing with the other to the simple inscription "Onorate l'altissimo Poeta." But the ashes of Dante repose at Ravenna.

In the same aisle of Santa Croce stands the

monument of Alfieri, by Canova. There is here a bust of the poet in basso relievo, and the genius of Italy weeping over a funeral urn.

Before the end of the aisle appears the monument of Machiavelli. We observe here, an appropriate figure seated, representing political wisdom, holding in the right hand the portrait of Machiavelli, and in the left a pair of scales, upon one side of which rests a paper-emblem of constitutional government, and upon the other a sword.

In the aisle opposite, there is a monument of Galileo. The famous optician is represented with a telescope in his hand. There are monuments also of several others of names of great celebrity in Italy, but of less interest with a foreign traveller.

CHAPTER XII.

FLORENCE—*continued.*

THOUGH the paintings which adorn the walls of Santa Croce are less estimable than the pieces of sculpture which have been especially noticed, there are several, by such master hands as the Italians seldom name without expressions akin to those which bespeak the superstitious veneration with which a patron Saint is regarded by every naturally grateful heart. But before making the special reference, which is intended to follow, concerning one of the choicer works of the great painters of Italy, it may be proper to notice the character of the veneration seemingly paid by all Italy, to one or other of the visible signs of things in heaven, whether it appear in those essays of art in which this ingenious people have gone before every other in the representation of what is unseen, or towards those remains of the departed

which sanctify or pollute almost every edifice in the land.

But the devout or superstitious sentiments of the nation, might not be confounded in one sweeping expression of disapprobation, without putting a scandal upon the more enlightened portion of the people, which, were as unmerited on their part, as it would be unjustifiable on the side of him who should pronounce the inequitable censure. It could proceed only from one that might be incapable of distinguishing, or negligent in observing, the important difference which obtains between the grossest of our feelings and the most refined of our impressions.

And before we stand in front of this notable painting, and beside the good Florentines, whose devotion, or the manner thereof, gave occasion for these remarks, it will be better to clearly distinguish the characters of the two parties which we are to observe in the act of adoration and prayer—that, which was of the more simple of the people whose coarser apprehensions of the truth are more open to observations, from that of our fellow-Christians of the more refined classes, whom, at least, we may safely exonerate from the reproaches of idolatry, though the means through which they receive, and the manner in which they interpret revelation, have been productive of con-

clusions which differ so widely from the results at which we have arrived.

The simple peasant of Italy, instructed from the cradle, that the priest through whose sacred agency he sees the daily miracles of the mass accomplished, is the very appointed of heaven; and that, according to the conception and positive assent of good Christians to all he shall declare, as well as their obedience to his desires, will be their condition hereafter, doubts nothing, examines nothing; while the simular representative or apostle of Christ, careful only that his authority should endure, studies and practices, only such means of impressing the peasant's imagination as experience has discovered to be the most effectual towards attaining his false end. Candles, high and grand, burn before every altar. The representation of his Saviour upon the cross, every instant presents the devotee with the horrible image of the most frightful death, while beneath the adorned slab of the altar, he sees through a glass the relics of some saint, who should now be his intercessor or his condemning witness in the presence of his Creator. There is no exertion of the understanding demanded, nay, even allowed, in the assent required of him—no employment of the higher powers of the mind. It is enough, that he has human passions, and can feel fear, awe,

reverence; for by these, he may comprehend all that it is intended he should know and practice. Or where he should make his appeal in correspondence with any suggestions of nature in his calmer hour, in the hope of relieving himself from any doubts which should oppress him, reason fails altogether to remove one atom of the burden which is only to be lightened by, or only tolerable in, the credulous acceptation of the pardon which he thinks he receives in the priest's pronunciation of his perfect absolution. In a word, the devout peasant believes he receives the judgment, or enjoys the indulgence or protection of heaven which the canonized immortal at whose shrine he bows down, may deign to afford, in proportion to the number of the prostrations which he performs, and the supplications which he offers, even to the relics and impure remains of the grosser elements from which the thinking principle has departed—that spirit fled, which, if it be conscious of the actions of men, and retain any portion of its former elements, should feel only disgust, and if the understanding still possess any human cast, conceive only offence, mingled with compassion for the infirmities of our imperfect nature.

But there are, however, more rational Christians than these in Italy. There are a class, which, at least, save in the mysteries of religion alone, do

exercise their understandings, if not freely, ingeniously and temperately; and though we should presently see one or more of these, also engaged in their worship, it belongs not, at least, to the present, to speak with the same confidence, of the character of the certainly less determined and confiding creed which they profess. It is sufficient that we do not confound the more intelligent, though still submissive class of the Italians, with the simple peasantry of their country.

Passing then by the more degrading of the exhibitions which present themselves in every church in Italy, we will now stand in the presence of several devotees of both sexes to whom my attention had been drawn, kneeling, and apparently engaged in adoration and prayer, before the striking and singular painting of Cigoli, representing the holy Trinity, which adorns the north chapel of the venerable edifice.

It was not the unintelligent and unreflecting, the blindly and wholly confiding in the decrees of the church, that stood before the astounding painting which it is proposed to criticise without an appeal to any one rule of art, which we will not suppose to have been violated by the mind that conceived, and the able hand that brought into existence, a form of what is formless, a semblance, of what no combination of the powers of nature

and art might imagine, or without presumption and irreverence pretend to represent.

As we gaze upon the smooth surface of the canvass in this admirable work, we seem to look through a glass which exhibits to our senses the tender scene in reality of a father, in the act of receiving the lifeless body of his son in his aged arms. Struck with the truth of the painting, we look more intently, and we discover, in recognizing the Son, that we see before us the image of the Eternal Father receiving the dead body of Him whom we slew, when He came to teach us all the knowledge that should be necessary to enable us to atone for our multitude of sins. We see the Almighty Father in human form, with a countenance expressive of natural sorrow, made yet more impressive by the lineaments of age. Grey locks from his head and from his beard, flow in apparent neglect and natural disorder; whilst he is seen in the act of receiving at the hands of two angels, the dead body of his Son, as a mortal father might lift his slain child from the ground, that was stained by the blood of the victim which he could not resuscitate, nor do more than accomplish the last mournful office for the perishable portion that remained. The countenance of the Son is justly painted, representing the human features dispossessed of every human feeling, passion, affection,

the perfect image of natural death; while the Holy Spirit appears in the form in which we are accustomed to see the third person of the Trinity, amongst rays of glory proceeding from the bosom of the Father; making together the three persons whom we worship in one, and so touched with human kindness and truth as almost to engage us to pardon the incongruities of the painting for the emotions which the natural forms and the true image of human passions inspire.

Before this "counterfeit presentment" of what is in heaven, and of Him who has been on earth, knelt six or eight pious men and women, chiefly of the instructed classes among the Florentines. All crossed themselves, and some wiped their eyes as they finished and began again their pater-nosters, and such longer petitions as they seemed to offer to this wonderful representation of the Father and Son and the Holy Spirit. And such, amidst the awful stillness of the great cathedral, could not but be the effect upon every one who should look upon his equals, bowed down before a visible representation of Him whom we equally worship, and represented in the act of all others the most interesting to men, though not at the happiest moment, that even emotion scarce less lively than that of those who knelt, might be pardoned in one whose cooler nature at another

moment might condemn the dangerous feeling to which he had unconsciously given way.

As the pious Florentines raised their eyes to look—to look—upon God! and let them fall again upon the unblemished marble upon which they knelt, it was difficult to believe, that what we gazed upon, and that which they seemed to worship, was not at least the consistent representation of the truth. And this is the means by which the more refined of the Italians have their feelings affected to the exclusion of rational inquiry, and every effort of the understanding to examine the scriptures that exist, that they might judge whether the forms and rites of religion established in a dark age, should be worthy to be maintained in the present day.

In place of following the course of our further rambles through Florence, and its eight or nine palaces, its gardens, its markets, its churches, and above all, its galleries and museums, we may recur to the enthusiastic feelings of the Tuscan, in favour of his country and its institutions as we entered it; and it is gratifying to be able to express the belief, that it must be the most fastidious observer, at least, as a stranger, that should see, or hear, or experience anything in Florence that might contradict the good gentleman's report concerning the happy condition of his country. The

palaces of the capital of Tuscany are not magnificent; but the streets are in general gay, and have shops well supplied with the works of art, and manufacture from all parts of the globe, indicating that prosperity and content which the traveller indeed is in a manner prepared to expect, from the very aspect of the inhabitants, from the moment he enters the territory of the better governed of the states of Italy. The public gardens seem more tastefully planned, and are more delightful, than those either of Paris or Versailles, and its royal gardens are not closed to the public. The churches, though not usually finished without, want nothing that adorns those of other parts of Italy, but the excess of riches and false ornament with which so many edifices are decorated, that were designed for, and should be held sacred, to the worship of Him who listens to the prayers of the pure in heart, without respect for the vain parade of silver and gold, and the work of men's hands, the waste of which, indeed, is one cause of the extreme wretchedness of the people in other parts of Italy, and especially in the Roman state.

And as to the works of the Italian masters generally, the mere names of those of Florence, at the head of which would stand the Venus of Medici, might not be admitted into any book not composed with the especial design of illustrating the fine

arts, without filling a space that would bear an undue proportion to the rest of its contents. One rarity, however, which has probably been thought by tourists in general, and the writers of guide-books, as beneath their notice, is not so foreign to the purpose of these remarks.

In one of our rounds, in the course of viewing the capital of Tuscany, we were accompanied by a Florentine gentleman, who, as we passed through the Piazza del Gran Duca, stopped us in the middle of it, and placing himself in the attitude, and assuming the expression, suited to one about to communicate something mysterious or sacred, proceeded to ask several questions, the immediate tendency of which, appeared to be to ascertain the nature of our impressions or the extent of our admiration of the works of those, whom in the honest enthusiasm of his style, he termed the select band of the immortal dead. We were not inattentive to what he said; and we endeavoured to catch, as much as possible of his enthusiasm, and his object was soon apparent.

"And now," said he, "after what you have seen, you would, I think, regret leaving Florence, while there should remain unseen, a mark of the chisel, however small, of the great, the immortal Tuscan, at whose tomb in Santa Croce you have seen the bereaved sister Geniuses of painting, of sculpture

and of architecture, and to which might have been added that of poetry, mourning and forlorn. You would regret, I think," he continued, with increased emphasis, "leaving a scratch of the finest chisel of all time, unseen."

We assured him, in the quick feeling of expectation, that it would cause us great pain, should such a misfortune be our lot.

"Then follow me," said he, "and it shall not."

We now advanced to the front of the Palazzo Vecchio, and mounted the steps to the terrace, which extends along the front of the palace, and is decorated with the colossals before mentioned.

The Florentine, then turning upon the right hand, led us nearly to the corner of the building, where he pointed out a few strokes of the "immortal chisel," which, if they did not inspire us with an equal degree of admiration to that which he himself possessed, fully accounted to us from the first glance, for the warmth of the good Tuscan's feelings; and if the sight of them did not remove every doubt of the truth of the whole that is related of them, we were at least convinced, even with our less quick sense of excellence in the arts, that they were not the scratches of any ordinary hand. They consist of a few bold strokes, deep enough engraven, and representing a human profile of a remarkable physiognomy. It is like

one of those portraits of which it is common to say: It must be like somebody, and somebody of decisive character, and of uncommon and expressive features; and when I took out my pencil and pocket book to make a hazardous sketch of it, the Tuscan proceeded to admonish us, as he pointed with the fore-finger of his right hand to the pavement beneath our feet, and spoke with emphasis akin to religious awe, that we ought to remove the shoes from off our feet when we stood upon the very stones that were hallowed by the step of the immortal himself, who had stood thereon to accomplish this performance. He informed us, moreover, that the great sculptor, while conversing with a friend, and with his back to the wall, and while he appeared to be engaged in nothing save oral discourse, had, with his hand behind him, accomplished what we now looked upon.

It was the moment for a traveller to essay, if it were even the first time, at least to trace the outline of the remarkable original. But the polite Florentine now added much to the sum of our obligations to him, in taking my book from my hand, and substituting a sketch of the profile for the scrawl I had commenced making.

This little notice concerning the capital of Tuscany, may be closed by a few observations

upon its climate, and upon the climate generally of this part of Italy, including the countries through which we have passed since the first inquiries, which engaged us in descending the Alps. They are founded upon the experience gained, during the journey which has been thus far traced, assisted by the accounts of those better qualified to judge of advantages or disadvantages of which travellers are prone to give the most irreconcilable reports.

From the time of descending the Alps, in the end of September, up to the middle of November while at Florence, I had seen no rain, nor had any cloud in all that time, obscured the sun for an hour. The air was always serene and dry; and till the end of October, at Florence, sufficiently warm within doors to render a fire unnecessary. But with the early days of November, the air gradually became colder, and colder, until the middle of that month, when the variable state of the winds, indicated approaching great change in the weather, which was soon realized in a tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain in a deluge, which continued with short intermissions for several days. The temperature of the atmosphere was now changed to that of the coldest we experience in October; but, though the sky soon recovered its wonted deep azure, and the sun

its accustomed brightness, the winds which now rushed down from the snow-capt mountains in the vicinity of the Tuscan capital, grew daily colder, until the third week in November, when I quitted Florence, then quite as cold as we usually find the weather in the south of England at that season; but the air was ever bracing and clear.

With this slight experience for a key to a just knowledge of the true character of the weather and climate of this part of Italy, I have listened to, and compared the impressions that generally prevail, and believe the following remarks to contain as correct a general account, as may be obtained without long and careful observation of the average of the weather during many seasons.

Florence, Venice, Milan, and Turin, and the vicinity of these four greater of the many populous towns of the north of Italy, are by their geological as well as geographical situation, all subject to great variation of temperature, and may be considered to have extremely variable climates; they are all very cold in winter, and with the exception of Venice, subject to great heat in summer. Turin and Milan, which lie in the more immediate vicinity of the Alps, are colder in winter than Florence or Venice; while Florence, although so far south of Venice, is, at the same season, also colder than that city, by reason of its

vicinity to the Apennines, over which the east winds pass before they touch the plain, near whose bounds on the side of those mountains, the Tuscan capital is seated; at the same time, that Venice is ameliorated by the vicinity of the Adriatic, which tempers the same winds before they touch Italy, with opposite properties to those they receive from the mountains that cover Florence, and by reason also of the salt water which surrounds it. Thus, the cold that prevails in these towns and their vicinity, is plainly much governed by their geological situation; but, as the winds are variable in the Mediterranean Sea, it would be difficult to account for the prevalence of cold in the north of Italy, especially in Florence, which is not so near the higher mountains, as the other two of those towns above-mentioned, while Leghorn and Pisa are so much less cold, though in the near vicinity of the Tuscan capital, were it not observed that the cold winds that rush from the mountains in the north, meet no certain check along the vicinity of the Apennines, until they advance much further south, while the cold air turned from these hills towards the sea, in the latitude of the plain of which we have been speaking, is met by the warm breezes from the south-west; and thus that perpetual struggle kept up between these two sovereign influences, is

usually between Florence and the sea, which makes the vicinity of Pisa a wonderful exception to the bleak character of the country which lies upon the north and east of that favoured portion of the Tuscan plain. In the mean time, the vicinity of Turin and Milan, being yet further removed from the meeting of the sea and the mountain winds, remains so cold, as to bear no comparison with the temperature of the south-western portion of the plain.

The extreme cold, then, felt in the several of the cities of the north of Italy, and their vicinities, is thus easily accounted for; and the great heat which they experience during the summer months, in all except Venice, we must attribute to the contrary action of the same influence after the sun has warmed the earth, melted the snow, without the power of proportionably changing the temperature of the sea, which operates as powerfully against the heat of summer where it prevails, as against the causes of the cold during the months of winter. At the distance, therefore, at which the greater part of these towns lie in the interior of the country, the sea winds are rarely felt; and when they do so far gain the ascendant as to reach the midland towns, it is not before they have passed over the parched or heated soil, that lies between the interior provinces and the coast,

and after their force has been diminished, and their efforts in a great measure overcome. Venice, however, is a great exception to this partial influence of the winds, which is not peculiar to Italy; and that city, it is said, enjoys during three of the four seasons of the year, the temperate and delicious climate which Turin, Florence, and Milan, and the country in their vicinity experience, in the autumn and spring. Thus, after these remarks, it is scarce necessary to add, that Pisa, which is upon the Arno, and within five miles of the sea, is under these influences, considered the most healthy, as well as possessed of the mildest climate of any of the notable towns of Italy, and being in Tuscany, is generally to be preferred to any other part of the whole Peninsula for a winter residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

MODES OF TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

The changes in the weather, already noticed, near the conclusion of the last chapter, induced me to think of quitting Florence earlier than it had been my intention upon arriving in that city; and it became necessary to consider of the most convenient means of continuing the journey.

There are three special ways of travelling upon all, or most of, the public roads in Italy; and as I chose now to change the mode before adopted, it may not be an unfit place for a few observations upon the relative advantages of each. The first, and the most expeditious, is by diligence; the second, and doubtless the most comfortable in the common acceptation of that term, is by your own carriage and post horses; the third, is by the Vetturini, which is not so rapid as the diligence, nor so comfortable as your own carriage

and post horses, yet is attended with advantages which render it sometimes the most desirable method as well for a foreigner as for a native; though this preference, as we shall presently see may arise from wholly different reasons.

When the tourist chooses the first method and travels by diligence, he is almost certain of arriving at his destination within one or two hours of the appointed time. But to counterbalance the advantage of this wonderful approach to punctuality, he will be inconvenienced by the necessity of passing the night in the vehicle instead of his bed, he will frequently be alone, or what is little better, he will meet only travellers that are foreigners like himself, in Italy, and strangers to the Italian character, perhaps speaking no language that he is acquainted with, and whose country and its inhabitants are not now, at least, the object of his interest and his inquiries.

The traveller by his own carriage and post horses, it has been said, will travel with most comfort. But comfort is a relative or dependent attribute, and to estimate its value, we must know both its special quality and its relations; for it is not only sometimes found that what is comfort to one, is discomfort to another, but it is also as certain, that often the same individual is at one time content with what would displease him at another.

If the traveller, then, wish to skim over the face of the country, contemplate in solitude, and live upon the reminiscences of history with which every range of mountains and every ruin is replete, from the descent from the steep Alps to the utmost limits of Italy, let him bring a strong carriage and hire good guides, and from the museum to the prison, none will arrest his steps, none dispute the authority of his warrants, or of his claim to look with as much contempt upon all institutions, and even upon the works of men of genius, as if it were a truth in nature that national and individual greatness have but one field, and that Italian liberty being gone, this fair land now fills up a space only upon the earth's broad surface which feeds its native men as it does the beasts that perish, but should excite no interest, and can possess no attribute that should be worthy the observation or study of any other people.

There is, however, another kind of traveller, to whom this method of making a journey may be with advantage chosen; and towards whom it would be unjust to indulge in the same reflections. Whole families or parties, from the more northern countries, come to pass the winter or to stay a longer time, in Italy; and in this case, the comfortable in the sense in which it is here understood, including entire freedom and privacy, it

were not unreasonable should be allowed to weigh more than all other considerations put together.

But we now come to the traveller who has neither the value for time, considered as the peculiar attribute of the first of the two above mentioned, nor the disposition nor kind of necessity of the other, and for whose purpose it is believed the manner of travelling by Vetturini is preferable to any other. But a short account of this method of performing a journey will obviate the necessity of much reasoning or argument for the establishment of its advantages.

The Vetturini are a sort of private coach-proprietors and coachmen, bound by no absolute law, either as to the direction of their journeys or the time they may take in performing them. They abound in most of the larger Italian towns; and as they are always on the look-out for travellers, the stranger has no difficulty in discovering them.

The manner in which the agreement is made and performed, is peculiar. It is usually agreed between the contracting parties, first on the side of the Vetturino, that he shall carry you to the destination you require, within a certain number of days, and that he provide you upon the journey with dinner and bed, then, on your side, that he shall be entitled to receive a certain sum at the end, and not the beginning of the journey. The

only disadvantage attending this method of travelling, is applicable, alone, to those who are in haste; for as you do not change horses during the journey, you cannot, usually, make above thirty miles a-day. But you have the advantage of sleeping in a bed at night instead of a carriage as by diligence, and of avoiding the imposition of innkeepers to which foreigners, and especially the English are too subject, in Italy, and also, of seeing the country to greater advantage; and add to this, that the expense does not usually much exceed half that by mail post. No manner of travelling, in fact, can be more agreeable, when the passengers happen to be in accord, and I have never experienced any inconvenience through any disagreement on the journey.

The custom of the Vetturini, is to wait until they have one or two applications, after which the drivers or the proprietors exert themselves to make up an ample number, to secure a certain profit, at a price they can safely demand. Sometimes the parties are all brought together by the Vetturini, and they come to an agreement as to what they will offer; and, as custom has here its usual influence, a bargain is easily made. At other times the parties do not know each other till they meet; but every one is certain that he will not be alone. In this case, however, there is this inconvenience,

that every one does not know what the others pay, and where the Vetturini are less civil and honest than it has always been my good fortune to find them, you may discover at the end of the journey, that you have to pay a dollar or two more than any of your fellow travellers. A little trouble therefore, should be taken about the matter; or perhaps, more correctly speaking, the traveller should spend an hour or two in business, that had otherwise been less profitably occupied. The arrangements, are, sometimes, however, as easily made as your place might be taken by a diligence. But a short account of the circumstances which attended my first transaction with the Italian Vetturini, may usefully precede the account of the journey which it is believed will show ample cause for a foreigner's choice of this method of travelling, should he not be of the disposition of one of the class of travellers above mentioned, or restrained like the other.

In Italy every man's business is every man's; and few people are so inconveniently pressed or overcharged with their own affairs as to neglect attending to those of others. In this state of things it is not wonderful that the landlord of the hotel in which you are staying, the commissioner, the porter, and even all the Vetturini in the vicinity

should know, what in different degrees concerns them all, the day you have fixed upon to continue your journey, and the manner in which you propose to travel. None of these, however, made any use of their knowledge of my determination, which they should long before have had, until the day before that on which it was intended it should be put into execution, when, the commissioner of the hotel, came to tell me he had done all but arrange the price with a Vetturino for my journey to Rome, and all things appertaining to my departure in the morning; and that he wished to know whether I desired to have a front or back seat, and whether I had any objection to have as many fellow travellers as should make up the customary number. To which I replied, without expressing any surprise at his marked attention, or his foresight, that I had, on the contrary, the greatest possible objection to travelling in a carriage where there was one single passenger less, especially if an Italian might be obtained, than the full complement of the vehicle, and that I would upon no account go in any one where I was not certain of at least three companions; but adding a request, that he would not trouble himself with the matter, for that I had a particular wish to transact this very business myself.

Soon after this necessary, but often tiresome official in a hotel, was got rid of, I descended to the street, for the purpose of transacting my own affairs; but before I had got six paces from the door, I met the commissioner with the Vetturino, whom he was exhorting to make me a proposal. There was no avoiding this encounter; so we immediately commenced business, but which was, however, not so quickly terminated, as it nevertheless, may be, in the majority of cases.

After about four times more talk, and much more expenditure of time than would have been convenient or justifiable in a tourist to expend, whose object had been chiefly to visit the museums of Italy, or whose engagements had been such as to preclude observation of those little varieties in character of which these sketches more particularly treat, every thing was finally arranged. The chief of the Vetturini agreed on his part, to provide a good place, the next morning, in a close carriage for a sum which was exactly half what he at first proposed, and exactly double what was at first offered him, and that he would send to the hotel to awake me at six in the morning, and send the carriage a half an hour afterwards to take me up; moreover, he assured me, that my fellow passengers, whose acquaintance I had not the time

on this occasion, previously to make, would be of the first order in rank, and gentility, and the most accommodating in disposition.

The Vetturino was punctual; and on the morning after this bargain, we were by the hour of seven, beyond the barriers of Florence; and I found myself in company with a professor of an Italian university, a young monk of the good Capuchin order, two other Italian gentlemen, and a young Frenchman.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE TO SIENA.

We had not long left Florence, before we began to ascend towards the higher lands of Siena and its vicinity; and as we attained the summits of the first hills, the oblique rays of the sun which had already reached the zenith, began to colour the firmament with the faint azure of an unclouded morning, while his more direct beams gilded the peaks of the higher mountains around us, though the great source of light was still hid from our view, by the inequalities in the altitude of the eastern hills.

The scene before us, as we advanced towards the sun, and that behind us, exhibited all the contrast which the full and fainter rays of light could present to the view. Behind us, beneath the darker firmament we looked down upon Florence, seated in the midst of a vast amphitheatre, and upon the

innumerable villas, amid the highly cultivated lands which lie on either side the great vale to the extreme height of natural vegetation, beyond which, the rugged peaks, just receiving the first tints of day, seemed to present a barrier at once to the human spoiler, and to the rude blasts, which, coming from the snow-clad mountains which lie yet beyond the clearer ridge, during the winter months, render all the country within their influence, as bleak and cold as the climate of Britain at the same season. In our front, the scene was of a different description. The deep blue of the heavens was fast vanishing away; but the rays of light, falling partially upon the lower country, left the shade of the hills upon the valleys, which seemed still wrapped in almost the obscurity of night; while the country immediately about us, covered with the light green olive and the vine rising from a dark arable soil, added, in its full beauty, all the show of terrestrial riches, to the magnificent display of the grander objects of nature upon all sides around us, till the bright orb, escaping from behind the peaks of the mountains that obstructed his full glory, burst into view, and at once established the perfect day.

The road now passes through a beautifully undulated country, gradually rising, without any apparent diminution of its fertility; and in the

midst of this varied display of all the softer beauties of an autumnal scene, we arrived at Siena, where we were to pass the first night of our journey.

We alighted two hours before sun-set; and as Siena is the most important of the towns which lie upon this route between Florence and Rome, and this the first night of my experience of the advantages of travelling by the method above described, I shall not omit a notice of the burgh, and of our reception and entertainment under the patronage of our worthy conductor the Vetturino.

We entered the hotel at which we had alighted, but did not at present remain longer than was necessary to agree upon the dinner or supper time, which was fixed at an hour after sun-set. This arrangement afforded us nearly three hours to see the objects of the greatest interest in the town, and we proceeded together to make the best advantage of the time.

Siena is a walled town, and is built upon, and covers the summit and two sides of a long but not broad hill, along the ridge of which runs the principal street, out of which numerous others issue and descend on either side to the adjacent vales. The unequal breadth of the hill, and the several natural terraces which it presents, afford even within the walls, the most commanding situations

and the most beautiful points of view; and these have been judiciously chosen for placing the public buildings and churches, and above all, for the site of the citadel, which almost on every side, overlooks a deep vale.

Delighted with the view from the outer bastions of the Citadel, we determined to mount the highest building of the town, which is a tower upon the Piazza del Campo, to which we now proceeded.

This public place, is in the form of a half circle, the circular portion of which is formed by houses of a superior class, with, usually, shops in the lower story; while on the direct side stands the great town-hall, which contains the summary courts, and courts of law, and other offices. Here also is placed a chapel of the Virgin, to which is adjoined the great tower, rising to 270 feet above its base. The Piazza del Campo is now used for the great market fair, and the public games, and is ornamented with a marble fountain, with basso relievo and sculptures representing the Virtues, and the creation of Adam and Eve with their expulsion out of Paradise.

We now mounted the tower, from which we obtained an extensive view of the whole country on every side around us, even to the grand heights of the Alps, where they divide the rich plains of

Lombardy from the bleak and steril country of the hardy Swiss; while the immediate country for some miles around Siena is seen teeming with the richest foliage of the vine and olive, and every hill and valley covered with the choice productions of the climate in the highest state of cultivation; and the land was at this time preparing for the reception of the seeds of the cerealious crops. Amid this paradisial scene, we counted near a hundred villas, each seated in the midst of a vineyard and an olive grove; and we were informed that the whole country within twelve or thirteen miles of the Siena, was covered with these delightful retreats; and that they were for the most part inhabited by the families of the wealthy tradesmen of the city, who are an intelligent race, and who thus combine rural with commercial industry, and if we were well informed, enjoy all the benefits of these opposite pursuits, without the inconvenience with which their seeming contrary character might be attended in most other parts of the globe.

The Sienese are said not to possess that insatiable thirst for riches, the acquisition of which, if it has made us nationally great, has assuredly not contributed to our social enjoyments. And if the excess of elegance, or luxury, which we are accustomed to see with us, is wanting in Siena, no less so is that bane of true enjoyment, which, whether

we designate it ambition, or vanity, equally corrupts all the natural sources of the most refined pleasures which predominate in a state of society in a more simple or less artificial state.

Beyond the vicinity of Siena the irregular hills, mark the different distances by their deeper or ligher shades, till the eye rests in the direction of the north upon the faint blue peaks and curved grand summits of the Alps, which now resemble those clouds that are sometimes seen upon the horizon of the ocean, and present the appearance of Islands too distant to discover the colour of the soil or the indications of their now being, or of their capability of becoming, the abodes of men.

We now proceeded to the cathedral, which is well situated upon the highest elevation in the town, and is a Gothic monument of the most magnificent description. Issuing from a regular and well-built street, you come upon the court of the noble edifice, which at first presents an appearance too brilliant to impress the truth which is proclaimed upon a more leisure view, and a minute examination of its details. The approaches, as far as they are open to the square, are by flights of steps entirely of white marble. The whole edifice, indeed, is formed of white and black marble, so artfully disposed as to exhibit a

splendour which seems to surpass the power of the precious material to impress; while its dome, and the frontispiece with its three magnificent doors, forbid all attempts at any notice of their details.

We entered the cathedral by one of the front doors; and when my companions had sprinkled themselves with holy water from the font at the door, and knelt and disposed of as much prayer as the time would permit, we walked up the grand aisle, and placing ourselves under the dome made a rapid survey of the magnificent interior. But it will suffice to name, only, such objects as were most striking to a foreigner and a Protestant, of all the choice works in precious marbles, with the paintings and gilded altars by which we were surrounded.

Over one of these gaudy places of offering and of miracles, upon the west side of the dome, is seen another of those peculiarly Italian paintings, representing the holy Trinity, but without the presence of death, which it has been observed shocks our senses and confounds our conceptions of spiritual existence, in the painting at Santa Croce. It is of execution indeed, so artful as to make us forget the sensations with which the representation of the Creator in human form first oppress us. If it were by the work of men's hands—if it were

by perfection in the arts, that the Eternal Father might be conciliated, the Italians should be the favourite Children of Heaven. The Holy Spirit, in the usual form of a bird, is seen upon the wing descending upon, or hovering over a figure, which is a less daring attempt to represent Him whose form and feature were of the earth, and who cannot be faultily represented in our own image. Above the opposite altar there is a basso relievo representation of the Crucifixion, in which appear the principal characters of the holy family. But what is most uncommon of the decorations of the cathedral of Siena, is, the exhibition of the busts of all the Popes from Alexander III. These are placed upon a narrow gallery over the cornice above the columns around the nave of the church.

From the Duomo we returned to our hotel, at the door of which, we were met by the landlord and several of the domestics, by whom we were conducted to the dining-hall. The room was not equal in dimensions with those in the Italian inns generally; but it was not more inconvenient or uncomfortable. The table wanted nothing in neatness and was complete; and, when our worthy Vetturino bade us be seated, and at the same time took his place at our table, there was something so simple and primitive in all our relations to each other, that a traveller might never

feel so disposed to condemn that moroseness or ungenerous pride which so often deprives us of the company of those who may be our equals in all but the means by which we purchase our solitude, and often with it, the ill-will, and, when we least think it, even the contempt, of those whose society and whose conversation, had we exhibited less repulsiveness, would have entertained—perhaps, instructed us.

Our dinner was excellent. We had soup,—we had a choice dish of wild boar,—we had hare,—we had treel, the best fish in the Mediterranean, beef, and several dishes of vegetables, salad, and a dessert composed of seven or eight kinds of stewed and undressed fruits, and as much ordinary wine of good sound quality as we thought proper to drink.

The table conversation was animated, and to myself, at least, instructive. We talked of what we had seen of the town, and what we had read of the Sienese; for my companions, save the monk, were all foreigners in Tuscany. The conversation was begun by our landlord observing, how rarely he had an opportunity of meeting an English gentleman upon the familiar footing upon which we now stood to each other; and was followed by a confession on my part, at least of my opinion, concerning our national manners, of more than need

be repeated here. But from this we jumped to the works of art which we had seen, and thence to the people.

It was the impression of my fellow travellers, that the Sienese are considered a clever people among all the Italians, and affable and obliging; and that their pronunciation of the language, has all the richness and harmony of the Roman accent combined with the more correct and more esteemed diction of the Florentines. Moreover, that the women were extremely handsome, with a fair complexion and generally a high colour; and what we saw and heard while we were here, did not certainly lead to any doubts of the truth of these favourable impressions.

When dinner or supper was over, we went together to the coffee house, where we each paid two gracie, which is equal to about a penny and one fourth, for a cup of coffee and milk, and the same for an ice-cream, in a well-lighted gay room, with gazettes; or, one gracia for black coffee with sugar only.

From the coffee house we returned to the hotel, where we were shewn into our bed rooms; and I never went to bed happier, nor slept better, than on the first night of my experience of the pleasures and advantages of this mode of travelling.

CHAPTER XV.

ROME.

After three days passed in the same agreeable manner, as the twenty-four hours which gave occasion for the remarks comprised in the last chapter, on the morning of the fourth, amidst a conversation which arose out of some observation upon the steril and inferior appearance of the country in the Roman state, compared with the signs of industry and abundance which reign every where throughout Tuscany, one of the passengers in the fore-part of the carriage exclaimed, "Roma!" It was an alarm to new objects of anticipated interest; and every head was now thrust out of the windows of the vehicle, to obtain a first view of the "Eternal City," and all, save Rome, was forgotten. Little was, however, yet to be seen, but the domes and towers of a multitude of temples of Christian worship, issuing from a confused mass of trees, walls, and mounts, while over all peered the unrivalled and mighty

fabric of St. Peter's, resembling at this distance, our grand Christian temple, and great sepulchre of heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, St. Paul's.

We were now within two hours of the gates of the city—a time too short for the traveller to form in one concentrated idea, any distinct image, from the diverse reflections which crowd upon his mind at this exciting moment of his tour. Rome—a village—a city—the mistress of the world. For centuries, history scarce records another name. The shadows of heroes, poets, orators, in their turn flit before us, each apparition more potent than the last, till that appears which "wears upon his brow the round and top of sovereignty," to usurp the ephemeral glory which preceded the crash of the mighty empire.

> "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
> Have stood against the world: now
> Is none so poor to do him reverence."

Then follow the visions of the more insidious race who so long possessed the moral empire over all the civilized world, and whose blind or corrupt agents still taint the social institutions of Christendom with follies and vices which should scarce be inferior to those which prevail among a people, yet unsubjected to civil government and established laws.

What a crowd of reflections press upon the

mind, as we cross the eternal stream, which, presently turning its course, flows through the memorable city, which it has watered through all its vicissitudes in every age, and will flow on, when no trace of either ancient or modern Rome remains—when the very ruins of the mighty city have perished, and its site is known no more.

The tourist of the coldest imagination, could not, at the gates of Rome, want the ready emotions which spring from reflections like these. All the travellers that were now together, could hardly have been of the same temperament, the same disposition; yet, there was not a word uttered, from the time we obtained the first sight of Rome, until we reached the bridge of the unchanged Tyber—the current which witnessed the rule of Romulus, Augustus, the Antonines, and now sees the religious empire fast passing away, to vanish and appear no more.

We now passed by the ancient bridge of Milvius, now called the Molle, from the right to the left bank of the Tyber, about two miles from the point at which the stream enters the city; thence we soon found ourselves threading the street of the suburb without the walls, which leads directly to the Porta del Popolo, or the gate of the people, where we arrived soon after noon.

The very gate of Rome is an object to illustrate,

or impress the truths of history. Here the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, the first works of art that present themselves to the eye of the traveller upon his very entrance into Rome, proclaim the yet existent empire, which, if it was formed to enlighten, has so often employed its moral influence in deluding, mankind.

Having passed the gates of Rome, you find yourself immediately in the midst of the Piazza del Popolo, which is a public place, that had been worthy the queen of the nations, at a happier era of her sovereignty and her glory. On either hand of the Piazza del Popolo, there is a broad semi-circular gradatory ornamented with statues, fountains and shrubs, terminated at either end by uniform buildings, and two fine churches. On the left is seen a colossal statue, representing Rome between the Arno and the Tyber, and on the right, another representing Neptune between Tritons; while the four extremities of the two semi-circular gradatories are ornamented with statues, representing the four seasons of the year. But, in the centre of the noble piazza stands an Egyptian obelisque, a glaring monument, like that in the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris, at once, of national robbery and sacrilege, and of the bad taste that would associate the most incongruous elements to compose one simple design.

Passing through this grand piazza, we entered the Via del Corso, or grand public way, which conducts to the Piazza Colonna, in the very centre of modern Rome. A few steps further, and we arrived at the hotel, which had been recommended to us, where we took leave of our good friend the Vetturino; and, with the exception of the young monk, who entered one of the numerous convents of the city, we all established ourselves for the present at the same hotel.

The thoughts which will pass through the mind of the tourist, during the first moments he may find himself alone in Rome, will remain indelibly engraven upon his memory. Nothing in Italy, until we arrive at the ancient capital of the world, very strongly recalls to our minds the memory of the Romans of the republic or of the empire. At Venice our reflections turn towards the history of the middle ages, and we contemplate the scenes of blood and crime, which, through the space of centuries, defile the annals of the royal merchant state. The noble ruin which we gaze upon, like the corporeal remains of a vigorous bodily frame, from which the spirit has just fled, presents us with all the external proportions and beauty of the original, without the essence of existence—with the lifeless relic, left to see corruption day by day decompose and destroy the material sub-

stance, which was once animated with a living soul. We walk or row through Venice in the melancholy mood in which we approach and stand in the very presence of death; and the causes of her national extinction recur and engage our inquiries, until horror and abhorrence of the scenes which we recall, excite our apprehensions concerning the untimely fate of every society, whose institutions require the prop of such wealth as can only be derived from external sources, as well as attest the vicious and unstable character of oligarchical government. A stranger band, in language, in feeling, in everything, now parades in the courts of the tyrant doge. The traveller who should feel for the oppressed generations that have passed away, will painfully sympathise with the present race; and we leave Venice with few incentives to return.

At Florence our feelings are of a kindlier nature, and the things which regard the present engage our whole or chief interest. No stranger troops, tell a tale of foreign conquest and of woe, no blood-stained oligarchy has left the traces of its fearful career. Even superstition, which still stalks a moral engine of terror through the rest of Italy, is here shorn of its force, and ceases to harrow up our feelings with the frightful examples of its diabolical reign: and thus, we engage with

calmer interest in the examination or study of the fine arts, with which the public edifices and the palaces of Florence so especially abound.

But at Rome—with what feelings we first enter the "Eternal City," the occasion has already occurred to notice, but when within the walls of an ample chamber in our first domicile, carelessly thrown, rather than luxuriously reclining upon a large couch, and reposing rather from the burden of thought than from bodily fatigue, other feelings than those which before possessed us, unexpectedly occupy our minds.

There was nothing within or without doors, that one could say was directly similar with anything with which a Briton might have been familiar elsewhere; and yet, for myself, I experienced that sensation, which few have not in a greater or less degree approved, at some time, and in some circumstances, of their lives. It was that feeling which arises from an impression that we receive, and at the same time we know to be false, that the objects that are around us, and our present situation are not new to us, although we cannot recall any perfectly distinct recollections of any object we see before us, or any disjoined clear revival in the mind, of any definite impression that we should have before experienced. Some, under circumstances very different indeed from

the present, have even thought these sensations to be the faint impressions of a former existence; but perhaps they are too easily accounted for, to drive us to such a forced thought, at least, within the walls of that city, which possesses yet some remains, if not of the soul that once animated an empire, at least of the bodily frame, and the heart from which the life blood circulated, that even attained in the time of its full strength, our once dependent island, our now free and happier Britain. But be the causes of these feelings what they may, their operation upon the spirits, is at least, found to be at all times soothing and grateful. They should be like our impressions, when we awake under the effects of a turbulent dream, and as effective as the first beams of light, in elevating the spirits, depressed below the just mean which it is most desirable to maintain.

To these impressions succeeded others, that should have some kindred to those which we experience in early life, on our return, after long absence, under our paternal roof. There was something essential indeed missing. Where was the greeting which we are wont to receive at that season of life especially, when our more disinterested and purer feelings predominate, and before the earliest natural ties have been loosened by other bonds perhaps not more sacred than they, or

broken asunder by death, and we are taught that which regards our short pilgrimage here, and binds us to this world, if we look not beyond it, is indeed but vanity, and a course of disappointment and pain? But when you reflect upon that Britain from which you have travelled—your country—that was a land of barbarism in the proud days of Rome, the island seems removed to an immeasurable distance, such as Rome never appeared to be, when contemplated at home.

But these fond thoughts, by and by give place to such as are more readily entertained. We now inhabit that very spot upon which the mind has been steadily bent, upon which the fancy has been fixed, from our boyish days. We now stand upon the site of events in the history of the human species, in every sense the most interesting and the most important to the present and the future generations, of all that are found recorded in the annals of mankind in every age. If the world is indebted to the sages of Greece for its systems of philosophy, it should be not less bound to the heroes and legislators who flourished in free Rome, for those laws which still more or less prevail throughout the world, and for those principles of liberty, and those free institutions, in which a Briton above all, has the most reason to rejoice. For the chief and tyrant, in many a land,

he, at least, sees and obeys only the chosen sovereign of his people. The oppressor elsewhere, is the father of his people there. Or, if it sound less familiar, it will not sound the less tender—at this time, the mother of *her* people; a chief, at least, with equal respect for the laws, with those who are subjected to their censure, and with equal interest in their just application, and in the conservation of the liberties, the happiness, of the nation.

Long before our arrival at Rome, it was known to me, that the objects of all my companions, save the young monk, consisted equally in a commendable curiosity to view the antiquities, and examine the works of art of which so many noble specimens are still to be found within the walls of the ancient capital; and as there was nothing in my original motives in quitting Britain, of a nature to forbid society, or excuse passing by anything worthy to be examined, I was glad to avail myself of the agreeable company into which I had been thrown; and I agreed with those of my companions that remained, to engage with them in our common pursuit. The same plan, however, that has hitherto been chosen in these sketches, will still be adhered to, of taking notice only of the leading objects of interest that came under our review during the ramble through Rome, in which we now engaged.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROME.

THE PIAZZA COLONNA—MOUNT CAPITOLINE—THE COLISEUM.

THE day, then, after our arrival at Rome, we we set out together upon our first ramble through the streets and public places of the city.

We had scarce left our hotel, before we came upon the Piazza Colonna already mentioned, which occupies a part of the Forum, which bore the name of Antonius Pius, and upon which stands an ancient doric column, erected by the senate of Rome, to commemorate the victories of Marcus Antonius over the Marcomani in Germany, the particulars of which are represented in basso relievo, upon the shaft of this noble monument of antiquity. And here, it may be remarked, in passing, we have another strange instance of perverted taste in the substitution of the statue of St. Paul for that of Antonius—the apostle, placed upon the summit of a column which perpetuates

the memory and exploits of a Roman soldier. The piazza is ornamented also by a fountain, and is surrounded by the palaces of Chigi, Nicolini, that of the Prince Piombino, and a public building, in which are found the post-establishment, and other government offices.

There had been some difference of opinion among our party, concerning whether we should make our first walk through the more ancient part of Rome, and over the sites of the former city, or whether we should proceed immediately to view the great Christian edifice of modern Rome. The Frenchman and myself were in a mood which engendered more curiosity about such antiquities as recall our impression of the ancient capital, or throw a faint light upon the pages of history; but, as the inclination of the Italians who were with us, lent strongly towards the great Cathedral of St. Peter, and neither party was willing to yield its judgment or fancy, after we had made rather a minute survey of the memorial of the virtuous Antonius, we separated, and the young Frenchman and myself directed our steps in the first place towards the Mount Capitoline.

Our perambulations upon this occasion, were without any other guide than the books; but our inquiries soon brought us to the modern capitol,

which is formed upon the ruins of the ancient, without destroying them: and with the additions, which now contain a museum, forms one of the most interesting objects of the modern city.

The approaches to the capitol are open, but not regular or grand, till you stand near the foot of the great flight of steps, which conducts to the mount upon which the ancient, and on this side, now modernized building stands. The broad steps have an ample balustrade on either side, and are ornamented with statuary of the most precious remains of antiquity. The first in order, as you approach, are two lions in black granite, which spout water from their open mouths. These have been put at the bottom of the steps on each hand, while at the top have been placed colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, which were found among the rubbish of the ancient city, during the pontificate of Pius IV., one on either hand, each standing by the side of his horse. Besides these, there are also the statues of Constantine Augustus, and Constantine Cæsar, which were discovered among the ruins of the termes or baths of the Emperor Constantine.

Arrived at the top of the grand approach, you find a public place called the Piazza del Campidoglio, the front of which is formed by the present senate house, built upon the ruins of the ancient

edifice, and the sides by uniform buildings, erected by Paul III., from designs by Michael Angelo, and now made the conservatories of the precious remains of antiquity, found from time to time in Rome: it is entitled the Museum of the Campidoglia. In the centre of this square, is placed an ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Antonius in bronze.

The approaches to the chambers of the senate-house, are by a double flight of steps, immediately beneath the summit of which, fronting the square, is a grand fountain, constructed by Sextus V. This fountain, also, is ornamented with ancient sculpture, and in the centre of it has been placed the statue of Minerva seated. This statue was found at Cora, and is of white marble, with the drapery of porphyry. Another colossal figure is placed on either hand, representing the Nile and the Tiber; and these it appears were found in the temple of Serapis, and are of the time of Marcus Antonius.

From the platform above this fountain, you enter a vast hall, in which the senators and judges sit to administer justice to the citizens of modern Rome. The wall is without decorations, and is in nothing remarkable except its dimensions.

We next entered the Museum of Campidoglio, which contains choice specimens of antiquities, the collection of which was commenced by Clement

XII., and terminated by Pius VII. Its verycontents could not be so much as enumerated here. But, would, it may be said, that the sacerdotal sovereigns had been as eager to rescue from corruption, the spare remains of the primitive Christianity, as they have been to preserve the external symbols of a system, by the admixture with which religion has been defiled, and even converted into an engine of restraint upon the improvement of the human intellect, instead of being our safest conduct through the perplexed mazes of philosophy, and through the violent moral as well as political struggles in which mankind are unceasingly engaged.

Without quitting Mount Capitoline, we visited such other remains of antiquity as are here pointed out to the traveller. The most remarkable of these were some columns said to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter of the Thunder, erected by Augustus, and several columns, also of the temple of Fortune, with some remains of the cellars or vaults of the temple of Concord.

On descending from the Campidoglio to the opposite side of the senate house, you leave the streets of modern Rome, and, coming upon the site of the Forum, you are surrounded at different distances on all sides, with many of the noble remains of the ancient capital, sometimes sepa-

rated from each other by masses of indistinguishable ruins, and sometimes by regularly planted, aged trees, which look like the remains of pleasure-grounds of a later age. On this side the Capitol, and in its immediate vicinity, are to be seen columns, some standing, and others long fallen, but which have been discovered and exposed by the removal of the earth, which here, as every where, upon the site of ancient Rome, has accumulated many feet above the former surface of the ground.

The Forum, which was established at the epoch of the peace between Romulus and Tatius, was formerly surrounded by a portico of two stories, the upper of which we are informed consisted of offices for the collection of the imposts, while the lower contained magazines or shops; and it should be from one of these that Virginius drew the dagger on the occasion so familiar to us; but of the actual edifice which formed the enclosure, nothing now remains. We however stand upon the site of that Forum so memorable in history, and in the front of the Capitol, that has looked upon so many scenes that will be recorded with thrilling interest as long as the world shall endure. We stand upon the ground hallowed by the eloquence of Cicero, and by the deeds of men who struggled to maintain the dignity of our nature in the establishment or conservation of political freedom. We stand

in the very midst of that city, which, as our reflections may lead us, we seem to behold in all her former grandeur, or muse over, in the sad monument which her ruins exhibit of the instability and the vicissitude of human affairs.

We next proceeded to view the ruins of the edifices which stood upon that part of Mount Palatine, which antiquarian lore points out as the spot of that very Rome which Romulus built upon the site of a former city, and which bore the name of the hill upon which he now erected the first edifices of the future mistress of the world.

The most remarkable ruin in this vicinity, is the Coliseum, the form, dimensions, history, and the purpose of which, are almost as familiar to us as the name of Rome itself; and the sensations which the traveller will approve in approaching this vast pile, are like those which we feel on returning after a long interval of time to take a second view of some object of interest with which we have before made ourselves familiar.

The Coliseum is at once a monument of the greatness and barbarity of the Romans, under the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, by whom it was erected in the seventy-second year of the Christian era—of that mixture of refined taste and barbarism, which distinguished the Romans in the first and two following centuries.

In the very age of the arts, even Titus could sacrifice 2,000 human beings to gratify the savage delight of his ferocious countrymen. But this sad memorial of human cruelty, which was placed in the midst of ancient Rome, now stands, in its decay, amidst the ruins of that great throne of Empire which it equally adorned and disgraced.

We mounted to the top of the four stories of which the enormous edifice is composed; whence we obtained a full view of the melancholy scene around us, comprehending palaces, termes or great public baths, temples, or the sites of the greater number, indicated by some prostrate column, or broken remnant of walls or indistinguishable heaps of rubbish; all once the seats of sensuality or luxury, or of the degrading worship of fabulous beings, which it were as rational to call demons as gods.

What an amazing compass of thought, if the memory could call up the events, and the mind entertain all the scenes of which this spot of the earth has been the varied theatre, from Romulus to the erection of the edifice upon which we now stand—from Vespasian to the abolition, under Honorius, of the cruelties of which it was so long the chief stage—from the first influence of Christianity, in refining the savage manners of the

Romans and of the world, to the usurpation and tyranny of the church, with the corruption of morals and the establishment of that mental slavery, which even the Reformation and the progress of knowledge in the freer states of Europe, has not yet been able, entirely to overcome.

Such was the proper business of our first day in Rome, and such were the reflections which presented themselves, as we stood amid the ruins of that once mighty seat of empire, the history of whose people has furnished the world with lessons both moral and political, which will not cease to have their influence upon all human actions, and upon the destinies of mankind.

To proceed any further with these notices of the more striking remains, which the vast site of the ancient city exhibits, and which we necessarily visited, or with the reflections they suggest, would be to dwell too long upon these earlier stages of a journey, the future incidents of which claim an equal share in the proper object of these inquiries and remarks.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROME.

BASILICA OF SAINT PETER.

Of the many modern objects of profound interest in Rome, we proceeded first to view that immense and grand edifice, which has been for several ages, the wonder and admiration of Christendom.

Having passed to the left bank of the Tyber by the Bridge of Saint Angelo, you leave the Castle of Saint Angelo upon the right; and proceeding by an indifferent way, arrive, in the space of a few minutes, in plain view, and in the very front of this wonder of art, and noblest example of the results of genius and perseverance, aided by the combined efforts of common zeal, and directed to the attainment of any great design.

There is nothing, however, more disappointing, than the first view which is obtained of the church of St. Peter. The approach, which it has been

observed, is by an indifferent way, presents nothing but mean buildings on either side, even to the near vicinity of the first columns of the great circular colonnade, which, extending from each side to the proper front or grand portico of the church, enclose an ample space adorned with an obelisk and fountains and appropriate statues. But you must take up a position near the centre of the enclosed space before you have a perfect view of the great objects around you. And even at the most favourable point from which we here contemplate the noble structure, the fancy, at least, will be offended, if not the judgment, (to the possession of which, however, no claim is in this instance pretended), by the seeming incongruity which presents itself between the magnificent Corinthian frontispiece and the plain Doric colonnade. Indeed, it is not until the grand Basilica is seen in detail both within and without, and that every object has become familiar to the eye and present to the memory, that a just conception can be formed of the immensity and magnificence of the perfect whole.

In the centre of the piazza formed by these great colonnades and the church, stands, also, one other of those obelisks which of course agree neither with the age, the style, nor the associations they present, with the surrounding objects which

they are intended to embellish. Two grand fountains, however, one on either side of the Egyptian monument, in better taste, give an air of liveliness to the place, which, without some object for ever in motion, had been too dull to contemplate in the proper frame of mind, that we might receive that impression which should be the just effect of our first contemplation of the mighty fabric. But we may proceed to such details as might not be consistently dispensed with.

These grand colonnades—which were an adjunction to the original edifice, consist of four parallel or equal rows of Doric columns, forming, as already observed, two curved porticos, each uniting at one extremity with the grand portico of the great temple itself—present an approach that is worthy of the noblest edifice that exists in the world.

The grand front of the church exhibits a portico of eight Corinthian columns and four pilasters forming five entrances, above which are seven balconies, the whole being crowned with a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues representing the Saviour and the twelve Apostles.

We approached the middle entrance of the church by a broad flight of steps, at the bottom of which stand the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul;

and we now entered beneath the spacious portico which extends the entire length of the front of the building, and has at either extremity a fine equestrian statue, the one of Constantine and the other of Charlemagne. From this, five doors corresponding to the five flights of steps opposed to them, lead to the interior of the church. But one of these, which is called the Sacred Entrance, and is that on the right hand, is walled up, and only thrown open at the commencement of the Jubilee which takes place, and lasts the whole of, every twenty-fifth year, by the Pope himself and three of the Cardinals, to signify the beginning of the time when the occupant of the chair of St Peter in a peculiar manner extends pardon and remission of offences to his great flock throughout the whole earth; and it is again walled up at the conclusion of this happy era.

A piece of sculpture, in relievo, over this sacred entrance, represents the Saviour in the act of giving the command to St. Peter, contained in the words, "Feed my sheep," upon which the church of Rome lays so much stress, in advocating the claim of the head of their community, to instruct, to govern mankind, and to remit or retain the sins of all who acknowledge the authenticity of this passage in Scripture. "Authentic words,"

says a worthy monk of La Trappe, in the simplicity of his cloister faith, "sufficient in themselves to confound both heresy and schism."

We now passed into the interior of the holy edifice, concerning which, a few general, and one or two particular remarks will suffice.

That disappointment, which it has been said can scarcely fail to strike every one upon the first view of the exterior of St. Peter's, has in some degree even before we find ourselves within its walls, given way to a juster conception of the grandeur and magnificence of the noble pile; and yet are we doomed at our very entrance, once more to experience a parallel sensation. There is nothing at the first view of the interior of the church that strikes us with that degree of wonder for which we have prepared ourselves; but we soon recover from our disappointment, to experience yet higher degrees of satisfaction than we had anticipated, and from more solid motives of interest and admiration. There is a chastity and simplicity, and an agreement of one and every thing to every other within the church, which produces that calm and tender impression upon the mind, which is as unexpected as the sensations we experience when we first came in sight of the exterior of the building; and perhaps the secret concerning the bond or principle which exercises, even at this day,

so much influence, and blindly binds so large a portion of the Christian world to the ancient superstitions which the Romish Church retains, is never nearer its revelation to the Protestant traveller, than at the moment of this his first entrance into the church of St. Peter.*

The wonderful perfection of art, and the cause by which sensations, approaching even to a holy feeling, are impressed upon our minds are not apparent until we contemplate, in particular, some of the noble objects which adorn the magnificent interior of the Basilica; but so perfect is the agreement of all the parts to the grand whole, that it is some time before the eye is able to fix itself upon any one object to the exclusion of any portion of the perfect works that present themselves on every hand. But when this is accomplished, we discover, in whatever exclusively engages our curiosity, that degree of beauty and excellence, from the separate contemplation of which, we find it difficult to withdraw; yet, it is

* The author of the Italian guide-book which we held in our hands, observes, that the grand Basilica upon entering, has, to many, appeared smaller than the cathedral of St. Paul at London and the grand cathedral at Milan; and lest this impression should remain, he gives the proportionate length of the two latter churches and of St. Peter's in palms: a measure of about 8¾ inches English.

	St. Peter's.	St. Paul.	C. Milan.
Length	830	710	598
Breadth	606	400	465

not until we have examined many objects of our highest admiration, and considered the causes of our impressions, and weighed the full force and effects of the just adaptation of many parts to one grand whole, that we are able to understand and fully appreciate the character of all which we contemplate.

The first of these individual specimens of art, or the two first that attracted our attention, came directly under our view before we ventured to penetrate further than a few paces towards the more sacred and centrical parts of the church. They consist, each of a winged cherub, done in pure white marble, supporting a reservoir, in yellow marble, and fashioned to represent a shell; and they are so exquisitely sculptured, and preserve so perfectly their infantine appearance, that we might hardly suspect that they exceeded the dimensions of human infants, until we are informed by the guide who conducts us, or the book which we hold in our hand, that they are each six feet in height, or more properly in length, measuring from the sole to the crown, as they seem to float upon the bosom of the incumbent air. With this key to our inquiries, which, at the very entrance of the church, threw some light indeed upon the yet undiscovered cause of our peculiar admiration, we proceeded up the grand nave of the sacred edifice.

Everything around, as you proceed, preserves an admirable agreement with the whole; statues, paintings, mosaics, altars, all present themselves, between or upon, the pilasters that divide the grand from the side aisles, until on the right, as the aisles terminate with the space beneath the dome, against the last pilaster, is seen a colossal statue of St. Peter, in bronze, represented in a sitting posture, and placed about five feet from the ground.

Here we stopped to contemplate for a moment the enormous black statue, a little in detail, and remained to see the adoration which it received from the devotees which ever and anon as they passed or prepared to leave the church, respectfully approached the dusky representative of the great patron Saint, and with their warm lips embraced the great toe of the cold figure, now worn beyond the bone by the pressure of Christian lips that daily pay this simple or idolatrous reverence to the image of the supposed founder, and first head of the great Christian church.

If there should be anything in the great church of St. Peter which might form an exception to that unanimity and agreement between all its parts which so eminently prevail, it is doubtless this black figure of the apostle, which, is certainly more striking and remarkable, than pleas-

ing, in the contrast which it makes with the pure white marble statues, and the monuments in precious coloured marble which appear in every part of the church. But it does not, however, appear to have been originally designed for the church; for we are told, that it is formed of the metal which composed the ancient statue of Capitoline Jove; and that after sitting for a season in the monastery of St. Martin, it was transported by Pope Paul V. to the place in the church of St. Peter where it is now seen. Without this history, it would be almost impossible to persuade ourselves that it is not formed of black marble.

Our attention was next turned to the grand centre beneath the lofty Cupola, where we find the two-fold objects of interest united—the precious works of art, which are in view, and the broad pit and way to the sacred subterranean chamber, with the precious relics intombed beneath the pontifical altar which is erected directly under the dome.

At the four corners, formed by the figure of the cross which the church represents, at an appropriate height above the ground, stand colossal statues of the Four Evangelists, while in the centre is seen the confessional of St. Peter, consisting, as commonly understood, of the altar above men-

tioned with the tomb and the chambers below it, but to both of which, a mere reference is all that may here be admitted; and that, without pretending to more exactness, than minuteness in detail.

The pontifical altar of St. Peter, is placed seven steps above the pavement of the church, and is decorated in a style suited to the precious objects that surround it. Its form, is that of an ancient tabernacle; and the canopy, which, with all its appertinents, is of bronze gilded, is supported by four twisted columns, while angels are represented at the corners, carrying the Tiara, the Keys, and other pontifical signs, or in the act of throwing garlands of flowers upon the table of the altar. The Pope officiates here on Christmas day, Easter Sunday, and St. Peter's day, but not on any other day in the year.

On the side of the altar, towards the front of the church, is seen the wide open pit above mentioned, surrounded by a semi-circular balustrade of precious marble, and decorated with a hundred and twelve lamps, which are kept always burning. From the side opposite the altar, you descend by a double flight of steps to a sepulchre, and a subterranean chapel, the gates leading to which are of bronze, also gilded. This chapel is said to have been formed in the first ages of Christianity, and

to have been used by the faithful during times of persecution and terror. It is now that which is properly called the confessional of St. Peter; and contains, you are informed, the tomb in which the body of the Apostle is still preserved.

In a niche in the front of the four grand pilasters which support the great dome, there are also preserved, several other precious relics. Among these, a piece of the very cross upon which our Saviour suffered, the lance by which he was wounded in the side, and what surprises us still more, some of the very perspiration that issued from the pores of his skin, while living a mortal being.

At the upper extremity of the great aisle of the church, is a magnificient monument, a short notice of which, will close these few remarks concerning the church of St. Peter, the worthy Citadel of the spiritual fortress of the Roman-Catholic world.

By two steps of porphyry, you arrive at the upper aisle of the church, in face of a monument of the most brilliant description called the chair of St. Peter. It consists of an altar upon which is placed a chair of bronze gilded, over which appears the semblance of two spirits, while in the advance are seen colossal statues of the two Fathers St. Ambrose and St. Augustine of the Latin

Church, and St. Chrysostom and St. Anastatius of the Greek. The chair, however, which appears, is but the case to another of wood, which is said to be that in which St. Peter and his successors for a long time sat to perform the ecclesiastical functions. But the whole is rendered the more striking by a brilliant representation of the Holy Spirit in the usual form, with the rays of his glory, which are formed of bronze also gilded, and with glasses so disposed as to double the effects of the luminous deception.

Amidst the splendour, however, of this grand and generally appropriate termination of the main-aisle of the great Cathedral, there is another little variation from the general simplicity of the whole design of the many objects of interest which we contemplate, that is remarkable.

On the right and left of the chair of St. Peter, at the circular turn which unites the upper with the side walls of the main-aisle of the church have been erected two superb monuments, that on the right being of Pope Paul III. and that on the opposite of Urban VIII. and this slight variation from the general character of the whole, which some, however, might not think a fault, occurs in the allegorical figures which adorn these monuments. That of Urban is attended by Justice and Charity, and that of Pope Paul by

Prudence and Justice, the worthy deities of ancient fable. The latter of these monuments was executed under the direction of Michael Angelo; but as we learn from the guide-books, is a little changed from its original character by Berinno, the author of the major part of the embellishments which have been noticed. The figure of Justice, which is represented in a reclining posture, was left quite without drapery; and the fair form was so natural and so exquisitely beautiful, that, even in a country where these exhibitions are not rare, it required the deficiency in the covering being supplied, which was elegantly done in metal by the hand already mentioned.

To proceed further with the monuments of the church of St. Peter, or even to the shortest notice of the altars and chapels which they decorate, would suppose an acquaintance with the subject not pretended to in these remarks, as well as far exceed the just limits, which have been prescribed. We did not, however, omit visiting the monuments of "Mary Clementine Sobieski Stuart, Queen," as it is here inscribed, "of England," who died at Rome in 1755, nor that of our "King James III." as it is also written, the last of a Royal Line, and better known and more properly, as the Cardinal of York, who died at Rome in the year 1819.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROME.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THOUGH nothing which has its origin in false principles, or is dependent upon the will of fallible beings might be found perfect, yet one that should be about to regard the rational inhabitants of the globe from an elevation at which the meaner motives of the actions of men were concealed from observation, might have fondly hoped, that where at least we have no greater share in the institutions of those things which are our inheritance or of their adaptation to our uses, than the mere external forms, or "appliances and means," by which we transfer to our offspring and transmit to future generations the blessings we enjoy—one thus situated, might have fondly hoped, that in this case, at least, there would have been found no material discordance, no essential difference, in our modes of thinking and of acting; yet, is it

certain, that among all the varieties of knowledge which we possess, in that especially in which the Creator has vouchsafed to afford a direct light, and to communicate with us in person in our own likeness—in that especially, there is less concord among men, even concerning all that thereto appertains, than in every other branch of knowledge whatsoever; and this, even to an extent to have given rise to differences, which, in one extreme, has led to the authorization of systems of error and folly, confidently erected upon the basis of knowledge—structures of evil, built upon a foundation of benevolence,—nay, of down-right burlesque, placed upon the solemn basis of important moral truths.

The spirit of man, indeed, seems never so completely to lose possession of its faculty of discerning good from evil, as when we should walk in the clearest light, and might be most expected to frame our actions to correspond with a system given us from a source which we do not hesitate to confess to be of divine authority and not subject to error—never to stray so far from the direct way, as when we should be under the conduct of an unerring guide. Hence, we find in almost every system of religion which we contemplate, a certain compound principle, which, in the most extensive application of the term we may desig-

nate superstition, which is an attribute of the soul which accommodates itself to every humour, and exhibits itself in every form, from the feminine beauty which engages our affections, to the monstrous shapes which assume the attitude of terror; while it is not unfrequently seen in the character, and robed in the habiliments, of the perfect ludicrous. In a word, wherever we contemplate the illegitimate offspring of man's intellectual powers, whether in the observance of unauthorized rites and practices under the influence of affection, or of terror, or in the honest fervour of devotional zeal, one element of its composition and one mode of its influence is usually found to abound above the rest, and to be most open to our observation and censure. And we are about to contemplate this supple element, in the single example which gave rise to these remarks, without attempting to define, or to weigh its ingredients, and estimate the predominance of the one above the other—what of evil, what of good, or what of the ludicrous, should prevail in that degrading affection of the mind, of which we shall see one of the lamentable effects.

While we had been occupied in the examination of the monuments of Saint Peter's, we made the acquaintance of two French priests, by whom we were afterwards escorted to view as much of

the ceremony of the solemn religious act of taking the veil, as we might at any time have witnessed; and an attempt will be here made to give some account of the grave event, after the manner hitherto chosen for recording what has fallen under observation during the course of these travels.

Our new friends called at the lodgings which we had taken soon after our arrival in Rome, whence they conducted us to the church at which the religious ceremony was to take place. There were a few persons about the door; and the church, the interior of which was exposed by the great gates standing wide open, was crowded with spectators. There was, however, an alley left clear from the entrance up to the altar, which was kept open by the sacerdotal dependants, for the passage of the great object of the day's interest. We were, however, with the class privileged at Rome, whether upon a bastion or within a church; and following our guides, we arrived at the balustrade which separates the more holy places, which are more spacious in this, than in ordinary churches, and better distinguished from the nave and the entire of the building. Here we were immediately offered seats, and had been but a little time in our places, before a general movement announced the arrival of the great

object of all our interests, who was now conducted up the centre of the church, attended by a cardinal and several other priests, and a lady, whom we were informed was her sister. There were monks seated around the entire choir or upper nave, of the church; and as the party entered, the Cardinal took his place in front of those on the right of the altar, and the two ladies took theirs, side by side, at a little distance on the right of the Cardinal; while a Deacon, at the same time seated himself upon a round, ample, armed chair, immediately opposite the Cardinal and the ladies. Three other priests now ascended the steps of the altar, and the mysteries which attend, or work the miracle of the mass, commenced.

While these important rites were performing, we had time to make a few observations upon the person and appearance, of the fair human sacrifice about to be offered up upon the altar, more cruel in the choice of its victims than that which the old law prescribed, yet abandoned long before humanity had been prepared for the substitution of that better system which enjoins purity of heart rather than "vain oblations," or ceremonials, too long, and too much, even then, practised, to the exclusion of the spirit of the laws which they should only have been intended to solemnize and establish.

The present victim of this cruel sacrifice appeared to be about twenty years of age. She was of a fair complexion with blue eyes; and had just colour enough upon her cheek to proclaim that the air she had breathed in her youth, had been widely different from that of the cloister in which she was now about to be confined for the period of her mortal life. There was, so far, nothing that could be seen that would have excited any other feeling than admiration or regard; and yet the whole figure, taken together, and wherefore we shall presently see, was that of a vulgar coquette, who it might have been imagined, sat in a court of justice, with her witness by her side to testify in her favour against the accusation of some injured party of the opposite sex. Her dress was of silk, satin, lace, with flowers in abundance; but it seemed made or put on, with so little judgment or good taste, that it struck us at once to inquire the meaning of habiliments apparently so opposed to the solemn and sad occasion of the virtual death, and not the less cruel, because voluntary, of one who seemed formed for the innocent enjoyments and the charities of a useful and happy life. The mass, however, was not over before our clerical friends gave us a history of what had preceded the present ceremony, which will explain the apparent

inconsistency. A short paragraph may suffice to repeat what they informed us.

They told us, that a fortnight had elapsed since the youthful novice had passed the twelve-months' noviciate which precedes the awful and irreclaimable step—that during the whole of this time, following the established practice of the church, she had been, not merely permitted, but enjoined, to enter into the company of the gayest in the gay world—the theatre, the ball room, halls of concerts, and all the haunts of fashion had been for that time, as her home—that all this was intended to prove fully that the firmness which Heaven had given her, was capable of resisting the utmost temptations of the world—and, that this was the moment that proved the triumph of religion over the vanities of the external world.

The young Frenchman during all the time that his countrymen of the sacred order were speaking, wore an air of uneasiness, which I at first took for a certain contempt of the speakers, which I knew not to be incompatible with his opinions of the church generally, and of the clergy in particular, nor discovered that it was otherwise, until the next and most touching act of the drama, so moved myself with contradictory and inexplicable feelings that I did not know well, either the source

of them, or precisely the nature of that which produced them. The priest, that sat opposite the novice and her friend, had as soon as the mass was celebrated, commenced a sermon, which he preached sitting, and in the course of which, the proper business of the day being the subject, produced such effects upon the feelings of the fair victim as became uncontrollable and impossible to conceal. In his discourse, he vividly painted the joys of Heaven—the happiness of the convent—the pains of Hell—and the transient character of the pleasures of the world; but whether my own feelings were slower to move than those of others, or it may be that a perfect knowledge of the language was necessary to receive the full effects of the discourse; I was astounded when I perceived the countenance of the novice change from a smile which commanded respect and seemed at least sincere, to such a titter as better became her mock dress than the sanctity of the place and the occasion; and I was still more surprised when I perceived this to change apparently to a badly-suppressed laugh: but when this became full and convulsive, the religious extasy which the fair child enjoyed, and was the occasion of it, became too powerful to be concealed and too plain to be misunderstood.

The extasy, which seemed to be little less, than

the youthful Frenchman experienced, was however of another kind. A combination of feelings, as he afterwards informed me, which he could not explain, had produced the most violent passion for the fair object of the day's interest; and which had not been without hope, when, confounded, or deceived like myself, he first perceived the apparent levity of the lady, whom he then thought, a whisper as she should repass, might turn from her purpose, or that a note which he actually commenced with his pencil might lead to the gratification of his sudden and ardent passion. But when the cause of the fervour and seeming mockery in the fair maid, had become apparent, and its very spirit was energetically explained by one of the priests, who in the tone of brotherly love and affection, unconsciously "spoke daggers" to his countryman, the lover knew perhaps for the first time, the feeling of despair; and it is but justice to add, that he did not recover his Gallic spirit and wonted gaiety for a full week after this dangerous experience of the effects of religious extasy, and the sympathy between the affections and passions, to which our nature is not perhaps at any stage of our journey through life entirely exempt.

When the sermon was over, the willing victim was led through a private door that conducted

from the choir of the church to the convent to which it was attached. But the ceremonials of the offering were not yet completed; and while a second mass was in performance, the fair novice appeared at a lattice-window or grating above the altar, where she remained seated during the rest of the performance of the service, in the same gay habiliments in which she had first appeared. The second miracle, however, accomplished, singing commenced, and at the same time, the abbess or good mother of the convent appeared beside her new child, and was soon seen engaged in completing the immolation, by transposing the outward condition of the person to conform to the change of the spirit within. The office of the abbess was gingerly performed, and ended with the placing of the fatal veil, the sad type of eternal seclusion, in which she entirely enveloped the fair person of the young and beautiful novice. But the touching ceremonials of the human sacrifice did not quite end here.

The disappearance of the abbess and the new sister of the convent, who now both slunk from the grating as if they dreaded some demonstration in making a marked adieu, was a signal for the rush of the people from the church. We were unacquainted with the cause of the movement, until we were informed by the priests that the last

scene of all, in this eventful drama, which we had yet to witness, was to be performed in the courts of the convent itself.

We now leisurely left the holy edifice. The crowd gave way to our privileged guides, whom we followed, and we obtained easy entrance at the gate of the convent, which adjoined the church, and soon found ourselves, with about twenty priests and laymen, in the first vestibule of the galleries of the holy prison.

As we entered, the now perfect nun, with the veil thrown from her face, was sitting in the little apartment on the left hand of the great folding doors which opened upon one of the long galleries of the convent; while the opposite side of the doors was occupied by the cardinal who had been present at the ceremonies performed in the church. Within the doors stood the abbess, with four or five of the nuns, not chosen from the younger sort, all with countenances, it must be confessed, which seemed to confirm the reports of the preacher concerning the happiness that reigns within the walls of the asylum, to which has just been given so harsh a name, and to which we attach so gloomy an idea. My young Gallic companion, declared he had never seen beauty without youth before. I never looked upon more heavenly faces.

The new nun here appeared in a state of calmer

joy than that which she had exhibited in the church. Indeed, every face, from that of the cardinal, throughout, wore now the same air of composed and perfect joy. Some conversation took place; but not a word passed on the subject which had been the business of the day. A table was placed by the side of the cardinal, with coffee, which he partook and offered to those immediately about him. But this, truly the last scene, was of short duration.

The holy man now arose from his seat; and this was the signal for the withdrawal of the abbess mother and her children. The parting was not abrupt; yet it must have been an eye that inhabited, where curiosity, and no feeling else reigned, that could have perceived at such a moment, the precise manner of the parting. Those within or without, might have bowed or might not. All that was certain, was, that a mixed feeling, and the first that had been perceptible, seemed to discover itself in the countenance of the new nun: yet it could not be supposed to arise from any other cause than the momentary pang of parting with the holy men to whose exhortations she had listened, and upon whom her eyes were fixed to the last, combined with those of less earthly character which himself and brothers in the holy labour had inspired. But

the doors closed, few might know how, or exactly when, and shut for ever upon the loveliest woman I had yet seen in Italy.

We now parted with the priests, whom we did not meet again; and perhaps I was not a bad companion, during the rest of all that day, for my stricken and now melancholy friend.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROME.

THE VATICAN—ST. JOHN DI LATERANO—THE HOLY STEPS—THE PRISON OF ST. PETER.

Our next visit was to the Vatican, concerning which, a very few remarks will suffice.

Among the works of men aided by the same arts, the same science, the world could not perhaps furnish an instance of greater dissimilitude, than that which is observed between the Grand Cathedral of St. Peter, and the Pontifical Palace; and which is rendered yet the more remarkable by the juxta-position of these edifices, and the names with which their details are connected.

In the above faint outline of the great temple of the Christian world, the universal concord which there reigns, was especially noticed as a remarkable characteristic of the interior in particular of that astounding work. The Pontifical Palace, wonderful in its dimensions, grand in its details, and though exhibiting some of the more

precious remains of Michel Angelo and Raffaello, has no perfect whole, to enable us to conceive and unite in one simple idea, as we are able to do with the Basilica, all that we nevertheless admire in the examination of its myriad details. It consists in fact of several palaces built at different epochs, and united in one whole; and some idea may be conceived of its magnitude, when we are informed that it contains within its extensive ramifications no less than twenty courts, and has eight grand, and two hundred lesser staircases.

Within this cluster of palaces, is the great museum of Rome, the great library, and other chambers of curiosities, while every vestibule and corridor is teeming with the cherished works in particular of the great artists above mentioned; but these, for the same reasons already sufficiently often stated, it is incumbent to pass over. There are also, two chapels in the Vatican, the principal of which, the Cappella Sistina, we may enter, simply that we might not pass by the supposed masterpiece of the pencil of Angelo.

Over the altar of this chapel, appears this wonderful painting in fresco, representing the Final Judgment at the resurrection of the dead. It occupies a great portion of the whole wall of that end of the chapel, and reaches from the roof to

within five or six feet of the ground. A little above the centre of the picture, is seen, as the most prominent figure, the Saviour, or here, more properly, the Judge of mankind, above whom, appear angels who bear the cross and other emblematic signs of the sufferings of Christ on earth. On the right hand of the Saviour and Judge, appear the Just, and on the left hand the Wicked; while a little beneath, is seen a group of angels, still in the act of blowing the trumpet, and on their right and left, other assemblages of the Just and the Unjust. It had perhaps been well if the painter's imagination had stopped here: and could we sever from the picture all that appears below this point, the awful religious allegory had been at least consistent; but below this, there is a river, on which a boat is seen floating, with old Charon engaged in his well-known occupation upon the Styx, besides such furies and monsters as might be easier excused in the machinery of a long epic poem, than when the whole of the allegory is at the same time present to the view. The painting, is, however, dusky and indistinct; and we are spared much of the loathing or horror which would not otherwise fail to mix with the religious awe which the better portion of the picture should inspire.

Besides this grand work, there is much to be

seen in the chapel exhibiting the same hardy invention by the same celebrated hand. On the roof appear, the representation of the Creation of the world, and several other as bold conceptions of things related in the Pentateuch and in the Prophets, the artist never omitting to mix up the worthy sibyls which figure in ancient fable, with the earthly and celestial beings which compose the characters of sacred history.

Of the great Christian temples at Rome, it will be sufficient to add to these notices a few remarks upon that of St. John di Laterano, which cedes to none but St. Peter's in extent, in riches, and in the precious objects of religious veneration, of which it has been made the sacred and the safe repository.

This stately edifice, is one of the Four Grand Basilicas of Rome, that have each a walled door, which is opened only on the year of the Jubilee, the other three being, that grand head of all which we have already entered, that of St. Mary Maggiore, and that of St. Paul. The door of St. Peter's, as before mentioned, is opened on the rare occasion by the Pope, in person, but the ceremony attendant upon the enclosing of the others is honoured only by the presence of a Cardinal.

The Basilica of St. John has had several names. It was first called after Constantine, by whom it

was erected, and after the Saviour, to whom it was originally dedicated, and later, "The Golden Basilica," on account of the riches which it contains; but, since a second dedication that it has undergone, which has transferred the protecting patronage of the Saviour to St. John the Baptist, it has been called by the name of the Baptist, united with that of the Palace of Constantine, near which it was built.

The portico of St. John di Laterano, is one of the finest in Rome. Six pilasters and four columns support a balustrade surmounted by colossal statues of the Saviour and the eleven Apostles, while beneath the portico is seen the statue of its founder. Five doors, including that which is walled up, penetrate from the portico to the interior of the edifice.

The interior of St. John di Laterano, is composed of five aisles. Standing in that which forms the centre, you see twelve statues of the Apostles in niches, decorated with twenty-four columns of precious marble; while beyond the great arch, which is supported by two enormous columns of red granite, is seen the chief altar. Here four columns of porphyry support a marble gothic tabernacle, the interest concerning which is not confined to its external ornaments; for here we are informed are preserved the heads both of St.

Peter and St. Paul, with other precious remains of inferior saints. The chapel at the back of the grand altar is also of the richest description, and contains a tabernacle decorated with precious stones, and figures of angels in bronze gilded. On the right of these you are shown the slabs of a table, carefully kept in a glass case; and which, you are informed, are of that at which the Saviour sat at the institution of the Sacrament upon the last night that He supped with His chosen Apostles.

Near this basilica stands an edifice erected in the thirteenth century, in which several other precious relics are to be seen; and among them, a column of the Temple of Jerusalem, said to have been broken without apparent means at the death of Christ, and the stone upon which the soldiers, by the hazard of the die, determined the possession of the vesture of the Saviour.

From this, we were conducted to the Santa Scala, or Holy Steps, within an edifice near at hand. Here is preserved a grand flight of steps, which we are informed belonged to the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. It consists of twenty-eight degrees of white marble, to the conservation of which the whole building with a chapel has been appropriated and sanctified. The Holy Scala is cased in wood, which only admits a view of a part of the

perpendicular front of each step. As we entered upon the platform on which the base of the flight rests, we observed several young women mounting the steps upon their knees, which appeared to us to be by no means a work of easy performance; but as the action was a penance, voluntary or prescribed, as we were informed, the more painful of course the better; and a remark being here made concerning our being the only men present, led to our guide's further informing us that the penance was usually performed only for those venial errors which are not regarded with the same sense of shame in ourselves, as in the more delicate sex.

There is a staircase on either side the marble flight, by which we might have mounted: but seized with a desire to obtain the same advantages which the fair penitents hoped to derive, we determined to imitate their example; and falling upon our knees, we began the difficult task. It was not, however, a work of the same difficulty to us, that it appeared to be to our fair companions; whether this was from the greater length of our legs from the knee upwards, or from superior strength—it certainly was not through superior faith; and we could not look upon so fair a sample of the beauties of Rome, and think we might have less sin than they. Thus, although the last of the young women that had commenced the ascent

must have accomplished, at least, a third of the labour before we put ourselves upon our knees, and several above a-half, we passed by them all, one by one, and arrived the three first at the top of the Sacred Steps.

It might be difficult to conceive a just idea of the character of this holy race—wherefore our sympathy had been exercised—the feelings of our companions in the toil and our own. We might have put ourselves upon our knees with very different feelings from those which we received upon the way, or after we had gained the summit. We may think what we will of the weaknesses of mankind, when we fully exercise the higher powers of the mind—when we employ our noble reason; but who has a heart so deficient in sensibility, as to receive no impression in the contemplation of even the most humble expression in a rational being of any sense of dependence upon a beneficent Being who should be the parent of all—any trust, that the common Creator will accept our acknowledgements or our voluntary pains, for a recompense for our wilfulness or our guilt? Penance should, at least, be a more rational kind of worship than the senseless Mass.

But if there were subjects for reflections of this character, there were others that partook less of a religious cast. I never saw in so small a number

of the younger sort of the opposite sex, so large a proportion of beauty before; and the effect (it is possible) was heightened by the expression of the features, natural to all who are engaged in a work of absorbing interest. We then see, as it were, the soul herself, and read intelligibly her inmost thoughts, when they are the least of all restrained; and when these are of a dependent creature, sensible of error, seeking forgiveness, and full of hopes on the very point of being accomplished; and when the form that we look upon, should be delicate, and the face lovely, who might define the precise nature of the sensations—the exact character of the feelings, that should possess one of Adam's sons in the contemplation of so many impressive objects, so many motives of affection, united in a daughter of Eve?

The first of the damsels that I passed by, as we mounted the Sacred Steps, was reposing from fatigue. She held in her hand a white handkerchief, soaked with her tears. The second, looked directly in my face; but all consciousness of the presence of a witness to her toils seemed absent from her mind. Another was perceived to throw herself at full length, which her inferior height rendered necessary, upon every step, before she could attain that which she had next to mount. Some seemed most solicitous to obtain all the virtue that the

marble itself might transfuse. These as they mounted, step by step, thrust their hands through the aperture designedly left in the wooden casing of the front of the step, with which they touched the sacred stone, and after kissed them. It was difficult to tear ourselves from a scene of so much interest, the contemplation of so great faith, and from such good company, when we arrived at the end of the course. The very errors which they came to atone, might have made them yet greater objects of interest in our eyes. If they were indeed pardoned, who should be less excusable that shared their guilt?

At the top of the Stairs we found a broad platform, with a door immediately opposite, where, it appears, is preserved an ancient image of the Saviour, which is held in the highest veneration, of which, indeed, we had presently to see the most ample proof. We passed to the end of the platform on the right, where we entered a small chapel, which we found furnished with benches, some of which were occupied with the devotees, about twenty in number, who had already mounted the steps, and here sat in silent contemplation and prayer, with their eyes fixed upon the door which led to the inner chamber, which is the depository of the venerated image.

There was dead silence, so unusual in a Romish

chapel; and as the fair penitents sat contemplating before the concealed image of the Saviour, and one after the other retired, it seemed as if the same voice of God in human accents might be again heard to utter the memorable words, "Go, and sin no more!"

This concise description of a few of the leading objects of immediate and chief interest in Rome, may not perhaps be inappropriately concluded by a short account of our visit to one of the former sad chambers of punition or persecution, so often found amidst the ruins of the capital cities of ancient empires, and whose well chosen position or artificial strength, has secured them from the general wreck which the palaces and edifices of every kind that stood around them have not been able to escape.

Descending towards the Forum, from the steps of the ancient way that lie upon the left hand of the capital, you come to the church of St. Joseph, an edifice of itself, of inconsiderable importance, but which is built upon the wreck and over the cells of what are pointed out to the traveller as the remains of the subterranean chambers of the prison established by Ancus Marcus, the fourth King of Rome, whose name is still given to this fit apartment for the uses ascribed to it.

As soon as we entered the church, we were

conducted, descending an ancient flight of steps, through a narrow way which led to the gloomy cell. The dimensions of the cell are about twenty-four feet long, by eighteen broad, and thirteen feet high; and it has the sides partly cased with stone of the volcanic formation of the Campidoglio. From this chamber, the good monk, who was our guide, informed us that a passage, which is now built up, formerly penetrated to the Forum, and formed the cave where the bodies of those who were executed were sometimes thrown, till the tumult which might attend the event had passed away.

In this prison, following tradition, we find some event proclaimed, marking every age, almost from the foundation of Rome, down to the time of the Apostles. In this very chamber, it is said Gugurtha perished by famine; and here the accomplices of Catiline met the just punishment of their crimes: and it is here also, as the traveller is informed, that St. Peter was confined during his imprisonment at Rome.

After we had listened to thus much of the history of the prison, our informant passed from the probable, to reports not entitled to the same degree of respect; ending, however, with a legend concerning the great apostle, which it were not consistent to omit.

On one side of the cell, is still to be seen a stone post or short column, which is placed in the ground, and rises about three feet from the floor, and which, as you are told, is that to which St. Peter was chained; and near the centre is a gently oosing spring of water, which is said to have first appeared at the command of the apostle, who performed this miracle to obtain the water which he used in baptizing the gaoler, whom he had converted to the Christian faith. But the story proceeds yet further; and the good monk informed us, that the apostle, weary of confinement, caused the gates of the passage to open while the keeper slept; and that he left the prison with many of those confined with him, and that they all escaped the fury of their enemies; but that the apostle meeting our Saviour himself in his earthly form, a little without the gates of Rome, was rebuked by him for his irresolution, and the ill use which he made of his supernatural power, in flying from martyrdom, and the glory which awaited him; and that he returned to the cell, where he was again chained to this same stone. It may be here added, that on another occasion we were shown, in a church without the city, a stone of about two feet square, which is said to be that upon which our Saviour stood, when he reproved the apostle,

and caused him to return to this prison: and this stone is so happily or cunningly marked, as to present the impression that might be made by human feet upon any soft or more accommodating substance.

CHAPTER XX.

A ROMAN PRIEST.

BEFORE completing this short notice concerning a few of the many great objects of interest in Rome, it is incumbent to make a little revelation concerning two minor incidents, even though it should be difficult to be precise in the account of what in either case transpired, without some slight offence against the supposed obligation to maintain that strict regard to delicacy, for the violation of which, a greater object than is here affected might alone atone; and as it is necessary in the details of the first of these, which will be made the subject of this chapter, to introduce a Christian priest under circumstances less favourable than might be desired, it is proper further to premise, that, that which it might well be wished had not occurred, would certainly not have found a place in these sketches, had not the writer of them been, by subsequent experience, convinced that this divine,

if not a just copy of the fraternity generally, was yet not a solitary exception among the holy brotherhood, nor indeed a character uncommon in Italy. But for my own justification, it is necessary to introduce the little illustrative incident, by an account of the circumstances which led to it.

A few days after we had entered the apartments in which we lodged during our stay in Rome, I made a request of the good landlord whom we frequently saw, that he would obtain for me the address of an Italian professor, with whom, as I informed him, I wished to read, for the benefit, at once, of the language, and of a learned Italian gentleman's society.

"I know, myself, precisely the gentleman that will suit you," said the landlord, discovering at the same time, a satisfaction which I never knew any Italian or Frenchman fail to discover when a foreigner has expressed a desire to use, or to study the Italian or French language; "and if," continued he, "you will permit me to introduce you to a priest, I can ensure you a good master, and at the same time the society of one of the cleverest men in Rome."

At this announcement, I did not omit the opportunity of assuring the landlord of my esteem for the clergy of Italy generally; adding, indeed, that I should prefer a priest above any other.

The good host now left me; and but a short time had elapsed when he returned with the professor, with whom I soon formed a plan of study; and we appointed a certain hour of the next morning for our first essays, and after a little conversation upon ordinary topics, separated for that evening.

The next morning the priest came very punctually at the hour appointed, with his hands full of books; and we sat down, turned over the pages of many, read a little of one and a little of another, and talked away the time, until it wanted only a few minutes of twelve, at which hour the holy man informed me he had to perform mass at a chapel near at hand. But he suggested, that if it were agreeable to me, we might afterwards walk together through the town, to which I consented, and proposed to accompany him to church, and attend his performance of the mass in the mean time. We, therefore, left the hotel together, and parting in front of the temple, the priest entered the sacred edifice by a private door, which led to the sacristie, while I took the public way which conducted immediately to the open body of the church.

As I entered, another priest was in the act of concluding a preceding mass, and a pause of a few minutes elapsed, during which the assistants

in the mystery were making their "exits and their entrances," as well as the congregation, which was not numerous, as it was not the Sabbath or any other holy day. But my new acquaintance very soon made his appearance upon the sacred stage. The eyes of the holy man were cast upon the ground as he entered with the consecrated vessels in his hands; but he marched with a quick step to the front of the altar, where he bent the knee and bowed, in wonted reverence to the holy symbols, then mounted the step, and immediately commenced the mystic ceremonies, by which bread is converted into human flesh—into the flesh of the Son of God—and wine into the live blood which ran in the Saviour's veins, before the last scene of his human career.

The outward rites, inseparable from the great invisible effects, were more expeditiously performed on this occasion than I ever saw them before; and the unfailing miracle, which requires not the evidence of the senses to witness it, nor clean hands and a pure heart to bring it to pass, was, of course, as quickly accomplished; and I met the apostle of the Christian faith, at the private entrance of the temple, and we commenced our walk through the public thoroughfares of the town.

The priest, escaped from the short-lived restraint

incident to the performance of his duties, was like a school-boy let out to play, thoughtless and full of gaiety and mirth, and seemed as free from the cares, as from the corruptions of the world. As we plodded the streets at a quick pace, with each a stout stick in his hand, several of the passers-by, greeted my companion very reverently. But from one of the balconies, two or three ladies nodded familiarly, and the priest in return kissed, and waved his hand. This gave occasion for some remarks on my part, which brought an acknowledgment from the good divine, of his love and regard for the fair sex generally. From this, the conversation turned to the more particular admiration of beauty and accomplishments in women, and their frequently irresistible, and sometimes destructive effects: and this, further led to some very sage remarks, as it seemed to me, on the part of the priest, concerning the inconveniences of the system which enjoins the celibacy of his order.

We were now in a less frequented part of the town; and, while I listened to what seemed to me to be no more than the premiss to a discourse in which I felt some interest, our attention was equally attracted by the appearance of a damsel, apparently in her teens, who stood at the step of the door, within a few paces of us, in the way we

were taking. The priest, when we came near to the door at which she was standing, at once demanded permission to enter, and, at the same time, walked in and bade me follow; and, in a moment, we were in the good company of four young, and decidedly pretty, mere girls, who gave us, at once, so polite and cordial a reception, that I began to think my lot a very fortunate one; and I was not able to refrain from making some remark, indicative of my sense of the superior ease of the Italian ladies above any other I had ever seen.

The priest, who was engaged with one of the finest of those present, did not hear my remark; and I had not time to repeat what I had said, before I had to thank the prettiest of the damsels for a glass of wine and cake, which she offered with a grace and air, meet to subdue the heart of the coldest of mankind. The young lady smiled, as I thought, at my style of thanking her; and, with the quickness of her sex, said more than my acquaintance with the language enabled me at the instant to comprehend.

"You must speak again, and very distinctly, Signorina," said I, "I have not perfectly understood what you have so prettily said."

"Oh! but I do not know," said she, as she took the glass from my hand and placed it upon the table, "whether what I said was the truth."

"A maiden, so young and so fair," said I, "could not so much as conceive, but by the most pardonable of all errors, anything not founded in truth."

"Then, *Il Signore* has to extend his forgiveness," replied she, taking hold of my right hand very gingerly with her left, as at the same time she laid her open right hand flat upon my forehead, "for I think there is evidence, that the affections are not all, as I thought they had been, for ever departed—and what a firm, what a strong, what a quick pulse!"

But I was all this time in a profound trance, the visions of which, recalled the romantic conception of earlier fancies, and it was no wonder, that the blood betrayed the feelings which spring from the capital organ of its action—the centre of our more vehement emotions. I was, indeed, in a deep sleep, from which I did not awake, until this, the loveliest of all the girls I had seen in Italy, or may see again, till all the Graces meet in one fair child, holding still my right hand, without a doubt of the dominion of her charms, now sat herself plump down in my lap.

It may not here lead us into reflections or speculations, too lengthy or profound, or not sufficiently near related to the subject, if one or two remarks should be hazarded upon the good

or evil tendency of the Romish canon concerning what the church would seem to deem conducive to the purity and incontaminate person and character that should distinguish the members of the sacerdotal brotherhood, in the perpetual celibacy that it exacts. In this instance, at least, we must employ human reason, seeing, that the more strenuous advocates for the abstinence of the clergy, have not pretended to discover any direct divine command, or any authority superior to the church's own decrees—any other authority, for a law, not only contrary to that of nature, and therein the very nurse of every crime that deceit should engender, but even in its observance, often destructive both of bodily health and mental energy.

In reference to the good to be obtained by the violation of the great natural law, if not of disobedience to the commands also of the Creator to the first of our species which he formed, it must, of course, be granted, that the last triumph of the enthusiastic mind has been accomplished, and that the devotee has for ever vanquished the strongest of the human affections—that he has, by a violent struggle against nature, overthrown the firmest seated of the pristine passions of the soul, and, displaced the inclinations out of which spring the conjugal, and parental ties, the highest

of all the moral obligations, upon which Society, and especially that happy condition of men which we call civilization, is chiefly based—that he has curtailed his humanity by the self-destruction of a portion of his own spirit, and is therefore no longer wholly human.

If this, then, be true, what is the position of the Romish priest? If we believe that he hath soared above our common nature, we must suppose that the faculty which he has destroyed, was in itself evil, and planted in the soul of man for evil purposes; which is the same thing as to deny the existence of a beneficent Creator, who should have formed nothing for evil, made nothing in vain. But if we should think, on the contrary, that he is bereaved of any essential attribute of humanity, and consequently, sunken beneath the standard of our common nature, wherefore should we respect, why yield assent, to the prescriptions of an understanding, wanting in the affections which at once frame the mind, and invigorate and form the perfect man?

Now the good, it is conceived, which might spring from so amazing a sacrifice, could only appear in the admission of a palpably false opinion concerning the purity, or impurity of the marriage state, or, in the supposition of the diminution of the authority of the clergy, arising from the fami-

liarity incident to the ties of very near relationship, or, in the supposed effects of prayer, in proportion to the time the holy brethren occupy in their constant petitions for the souls both of the living and the dead.

To be particular in the examination of each of these pretended good reasons for the celibacy of the clergy, in order to show their instability, would lead to arguments that could not be curtailed within the prescribed limits, and would not suit the character of these observations. It must be supposed, therefore, that they have been already sufficiently answered, by the remarks that preceded their enumeration; and we will now proceed to a brief review of the certain evils which result from the law that has been so confidently condemned.

And here, also, it must be admitted, that the conquest over the natural affections is already made. The devotee, has, first, by his early biased and overwrought imagination, converted the noblest attribute of his soul into the bitter enemy of his peace and tranquillity, and after, by an effort, which resembles no other human action, triumphed over his natural sense of the moral obligations of humanity. He should be no longer, in a word, any more than an abridged specimen of the human race.

The conqueror, then, of the better feelings of his own nature, and the contemner of the commands of his Creator, cannot be a competent confessor or adviser of men. He cannot possess the wisdom which is the result of the communion of men in society. His intellect is weakened by the unvarying character of the pursuits and occupation in which he is ever engaged; and his mind remains in its original darkness, without judgment, the easy prey to every error. He can never tranquilly resign himself to any ennobling study; for the enemy of his own creation, which he has fought and even vanquished, is not annihilated; and if the struggle be never again resumed, it is certain, that the necessary care and perpetual watchfulness, with their attendant doubts and anxiety, weary, and further weaken and undermine the spirit, and have a tendency to encourage that gloominess which produces the dangerous errors from which even a better condition of humanity is not exempt—exalted fancy, overwrought zeal, or a method of superstition which is as degrading to a rational being as it is averse to the progress of those sciences and arts which render men more susceptible of all the affections connected with the moral dignity of our nature, and the best attributes of the human heart.

To pursue the subject to the operation of the canon of the church, in the event of no conquest over the passions having been really accomplished by the professor of divinity, might be to affect the moralist, or seem like an attempt to make a little invasion upon the province of the historian; and it would be a partial examination only, that did not expose the last vices that attend hypocrisy, and might be invidious where no necessity for such inquiry exists.

CHAPTER XXI.

MURDER AND SACRILEGE.

A SHORT account of another little occurrence, and the occasion out of which it arose, with such remarks as it may give rise to, will serve to finish this indefinite notice of Rome.

My French companion and myself, were both disturbed one morning soon after we had entered our new lodgings, by such a tumult in the street as was unusual at that hour. My young friend came to my room, accompanied by our landlady, before I had been myself awakened by the noise without. He had been called by the affrighted good woman, and had not had time to do more towards keeping good terms with delicacy, than throwing a loose robe around him, while his terrified companion presented, doubtless unconsciously, still stronger marks of precipitation, with decisive evidence, that "fear and

niceness," if "the handmaids of all women" need not be wedded, to exhibit a fair form to at least as much advantage as might be derived from an observance of the most scrupulous exactness at a calmer moment. At least, it could not be said that she had exhibited an equal degree of the praiseworthy, yet fatal delicacy, which prevailed with the ill-fated Virginia of St. Pierre, when an exposure of her person, which could hardly have been greater, appeared the price of life, and of the possession of her long-parted and faithful lover. But it should not be omitted, that the fair Italian slept in a chamber into which the light might scarce perhaps at this time have penetrated, although in my apartment it was perfect day.

The alarmed couple, in almost their unadorned state of perfect innocence, rushed into my room together, and with exclamations of "*Mon Dieu!*" and "*Maria Salvatore!*" flew to the windows which looked upon the street from which the cause of alarm proceeded, thrust them open, and appeared in a moment, side by side, in the front of the broad balcony without.

To what degree the young Frenchman partook of the lady's terror, it was not easy to judge. My first impression upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, was that of the alarm of

fire; but as no flames appeared, this was but of an instant's duration; and that security, in which an Englishman thinks he sleeps every where, not being otherwise threatened, I did not even rise from my bed.

The great alarm of the parties did not last long; for there seemed to be no active tumult now reigning in the street; and, as my fair visitor recovered some degree of presence of mind, she departed almost as precipitately as she had entered; and I arose and dressed myself, and proceeded with the Frenchman to the street, to discover what had really happened. And the cause of all the alarm, turned out, after all, to be nothing more than a murder—a husband of his wife—and that not within the distance of a dozen doors of us.

"The monster," said one among the group in which we mixed, to half a dozen that interrogated him, "the monster has murdered his wife!" "*Dieu le defend!*" said my companion. "*Santa Maria!*" said half a dozen more voices at the same time. And thus, the worst being known, the balconies were soon relieved of their load, and the people quickly dispersed. But it is to put the result or consequences of this bloody act, in juxtaposition with a capital case of sacrilege committed a short time before, that is the immediate object for

which a notice of so ordinary an occurrence at Rome, has been introduced.

The case of sacrilege, even to actual robbery, was committed in the sacred edifice of the church of St. Luca, which stands upon the left of the Forum, descending from the Capitol. Here the thief entered; and, regardless alike of the law of heaven and of the law of man, sacrilegeously plundered the very altar of the holy plate, and carried away one of the silver vessels of the sacred service which was laid thereon. The two criminals, a murderer and a sacrilegeous robber, stood nearly at the same moment before the tribunal of earthly judgment, in that city of the earth, where, above all others, men who rule, claim the special authority of heaven in the distribution of justice, and are believed to be entrusted with the dispensation of the grace, as well as the judgments of the Almighty.

It were vain to enter upon any comparison between these unhappy men, according to the variety of ideas which we severally form concerning degrees of guilt, and of the external circumstances or unseen motives by which crime may be thought to be exaggerated or diminished. Both violated the laws of their country, and received—it is not material to our purpose to enquire whether with equal justice—from the

hands of their earthly judges, the dread sentence of death. But here, however perfect the servants of him who sits in the chair of Saint Peter, however capable they might be of nicely distinguishing between the degrees of guilt and the character of crimes for which they condemn men to die, we might, at least, have hoped that when the sentence had been executed, and the spirit departed from its mangled habitation, to appear at the bar of the Judge of all, who will not forget what we have suffered, any more than what we have done that is evil in this life—that then at least, Holy Church, satisfied with mortal death, might have given some faint glimmering of hope for hereafter. But alas! what is mortal death to the miserable culprit, compared with what these, the servants of the Saviour of mankind, have yet prepared, as if there were no further day of account, no higher judge, for one at least of the unhappy criminals? The power of the church over their souls, was not unknown to the wretched men, as they lay in their solitary dungeons awaiting the death that had been awarded them. The minister of the righteous Judge before whom they were about to appear, arrived at the murderer's cell; and as he entered, the wretch who was reclining, arose upon his knees, and with hope faintly within him, awaited the

second sentence—eternal death, or pardon, hereafter. The holy man was indeed the angel of life. His message required few of the ceremonials which usually attend the interchange of spiritual affairs. The criminal confessed his crime, and his belief in the divine appointment of him who stood before him, and in his power to perform the acts for which he claimed the authority of the Creator; and, immediately, the flesh and blood of the Saviour, the seal of the covenant on the part of heaven, was placed on his tongue, as the messenger of mercy pronounced the forgiveness of God, and the immediate attendance of spiritual beings to conduct him to the habitation of the Just after death, without even the ordeal of the middle state ordained for the purification of such as die in the true faith, and yet, are not sufficiently free from sin, it may be by the tardy arrival of the holy communion, or from any other cause, to require no purgation.

And who is so wicked that he should wish the unhappy man any other doom hereafter? or who so profane as not to hope, that this were indeed the true sentence of heaven?—who so hardy as to proclaim the second condemnation of the wretch, and the further vengeance from above after his expiation, at least of his crime against the laws of man. In this hope, then, we leave

him, and we will now proceed to the cell of the sacrilegious robber.

Here we find the same holy agent already entered; and we trust, with the same glad message of salvation, the same assurance, that the seed of the woman hath indeed bruised the serpent's head, and that, if Satan prevail at present, he will not reign for ever. But how suddenly do these pleasing hopes vanish! The criminal is before his judge. He implores, but implores in vain. He hath committed that sin "which shall not be forgiven in this world, nor in the world to come." He hath profaned God's holy altar. He hath stolen a vessel of silver, that was sacred to the service of The Church. Not a hope is given him of hereafter.

"But I was in want, and the evil spirit tempted me."

"It is no extenuation, and all prayers are idle. The vessel was consecrate. 'Twas the property of God himself."

"But he owns the whole earth."

"'Twas sacred to his worship."

"Is one substance more precious than another in the eyes of Him who made the whole?"

"There is no pardon, nor here, nor hereafter!"

The sentence is pronounced. The blood shed on Mount Calvary, has not wiped away his sins—

hath not triumphed over the angel of darkness—his repentance is in vain. He is one of the living millions of the prime work of the Creator, changed for ever from the end for which we were formed, by the power of evil over good. The prime work of God is abandoned. That which was formed for good is found evil. Hear the sentence of Heaven. "Thou wretch, whom I made, and on whom I bestowed eternal life, thou hast listened to the persuasions of the rebel spirit, to whom also I have given everlasting existence. Thou hast profaned my holy temple. Inhabit eternal fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.—Thou art excommunicate!"

CHAPTER XXII.

NAPLES—SEARCH FOR LODGINGS.

On the morning of the fourth day after our departure from Rome, we entered the gates of Naples, and passing down the grand way of the Toledo, proceeded immediately to our hotel, in the very centre of the city.

My own first object in Naples was to make enquiries concerning my intended manner of living, which I had determined, should, if possible, be different from that which I had hitherto adopted. I had already failed, both at Venice and at Florence, in an attempt to obtain admission into an Italian family; and it was now my intention to make renewed efforts to accomplish this object at Naples. The young Frenchman did not contemplate remaining long enough to make this arrangement desirable on his part; we were compelled therefore to pursue different objects during

the first days of our sojourn in the capital of the two Sicilies, and we were not always together when occupied in the examination of the curiosities of the city.

An Englishman in any town in Italy, whether he should present introductory letters or keep such as he may have, which is more common, until they wear to pieces in his pocket, will have great difficulty in finding a native family with whom he may take up his residence, be it for a short, or be it for a long, sojourn. The causes of this, are neither few nor trifling. We eat, we drink, we sleep, we think, in a different manner from the Italians. In short, we are in all things different. We are another race. And although our empire encircles the globe, and comprehends a happy few, or many, of every colour, temper and condition, a circumstance, which it might have been expected would have disposed us to conform to every necessity; yet is it certain, that we are, generally, the last to accommodate our fancies, our habits, our prejudices, to those of others, the last to exchange our accustomed comforts for those of another people. And if it be true, that every degree of latitude, as we proceed south, from Dover, at least to the utmost extremity of Europe, is marked by greater and greater gaiety in the native constitution, it is not surprising that the

Italians should have also some difficulty in conforming to our less pliant dispositions, and our more grave tempers. After the experiences, however, of habitual changes, from the season of youth, within every degree, between the extremes of barbarity and civilization in all latitudes from the equator to the utmost limits to which the earth has been cultivated, it was not likely that I should mistrust my capability to conform, at once, to the habits of those among whom I might reside.

Nothing is more certain, than that the landlord of an hotel in which we dwelt, is the last person that we should apply to for such information as that for which I was now in search. Who then should be the parties, to whom our first inquiries should be addressed? An introductory letter to an Englishman, of which negligence had not quite completed the destruction, came indeed to my mind. I unfolded it, read it for the first time, and, for once, determined against better reason, to use it; but I was accidentally diverted from so doing.

Upon leaving the hotel, for the purpose of delivering this letter, I took my guide-book in my hand, in order to drop it at some bookseller's, to be bound; but I had proceeded a very little way along the Toledo, before I observed a bookbinder's work-shop, into which I entered. The business concerning the book might have been

disposed of without a minute's delay, had there not been some difficulty about placing the maps, which led, by easy degrees, from the plans of cities to the cities themselves, and from cities to the customs of their inhabitants; and thence to the subject uppermost at this moment in my mind, and at the very first hint of which, the book-binder informed me that he could exactly place me to my wishes, and we immediately set out together, with great hopes on my part, of, at length, finding what I had for a long time so much desired to discover. But our success, did not equal my expectations. We saw several heads of families, but none that thought they could accommodate me. One lady took the book-binder aside, and gravely told him, that she had heard that in England we usually roasted the animals upon which we fed, whole, and that the smallest dish we sat down to, was a quarter of a sheep, or nearly as large a proportion of an ox; and, although my voluntary guide informed her, as I had instructed him, that I was most willing to accommodate myself in all things to Italian habits, the very terror of our enormous and gross appetites, prevented her entertaining the proposition for a moment. Another lady had heard that the English were a very fastidious people; and another, dared not ask permission of her husband, who, she did not hesitate to say,

was already sufficiently jealous. Upon the whole, I returned to the hotel without much hopes of succeeding in my wishes by means of the book-binder's knowledge or influence.

On the following morning, however, the worthy man called upon me at an early hour, to say, that he had since remembered him of a family, which he thought the most likely to make the arrangement required, of any in Naples; and we set out upon a second expedition.

As we proceeded, he described the family to me in such a fair light, and dealt so much upon the elegance and varied character of the company which they kept, that I became much interested for the result of the inquiries.

We mounted a hill, by a dirty street which leads out of the principal way of Naples, and after a turn or two entered a still dirtier. The lower floors of the houses were here mere open stables, tenanted with donkeys, horses, cows, and sometimes tribes of the houseless poor, who seek these shelters during the rainy season; and these and all the covered passages or gateways, which were not scoured by the rains, were so full of filth, that the nuisances were abominable. At length we came to the house of which we were in search. The entrance was like those above mentioned; but upon the assurance of the book-binder, that as

soon as we should have passed through the dirt below, we were sure to arrive in a clean and wholesome region, and that nearly all Naples was the same, I consented to follow him.

The staircase was now perfectly dark, and we felt our way, at noon-day, to the second flight or first floor. Here we were able to see that some light fell upon the top of the upper flight of the second story, and we made our way more easily; but all this time I was too much 'rapt in conjecture concerning the character of the place, to make any remark. We came, however, to the proper landing of the second floor, where a little lamp gave us just light enough to observe that there was a hole at one corner of the pavement into which all the filth of that story was emptied, which it was necessary to avoid.

We now came to the third floor; and here there was an aperture without a window, which looked into so narrow a space, and was still so far from the top, that a very little day-light appeared. Not more than enough to enable us to avoid stepping into the receptacles of filth. At the fourth floor, things appeared to improve. The fifth was better still, and the sixth the best. Here, as on the landings which we saw below, there were two doors, and each had a string hanging from a hole. We rang a bell; and an old woman whom

I took for a cook, put her head out of a glassless aperture, a half story still above us, and uttered a most piercing shriek, then spoke a few words in the Neapolitan dialect, after which both my guide and the old woman broke into a fit of loud and immoderate laughing; and when I asked the binder what could be the meaning of what passed, he observed, that it was only the accustomed greeting of the country, which he had before heard was sometimes mistaken by foreigners for mere merriment, and then added, "Perhaps *Il Signore* has not yet been in the market square?" I had been, indeed, at the entrance of this place for the exchange of commodities of all kinds; but the noise, the confusion, and the filth which it exhibited, arrested any further progress for the present.

The disgust I had felt upon entering the house, had in some measure departed with the thoughts of the place for a residence, which had scarce accompanied me across the threshold; and I began by this time to regard my visit rather in the light of an adventure; and surprise at the Neapolitan method of greeting, was succeeded by sensations as fertile in the same manifestations as those I had so misunderstood; and, as hearty a British roar, to which I gave way, was only increased by reflecting upon the absurdity of the occasion, and if possible, still more, at seeing the countenance

of the book-binder, as far as, in the dim light it could be perceived, impressed with a satisfaction far more significant than a laugh, as he exclaimed: "*Il Signore* is half a Neapolitan already!" In this state of things the door opened; and whatever hopes I might have had of conforming to, or at least following, the customs of the country in all things, now vanished; for as soon as the lady that had shrieked at the window, opened the door, and exchanged looks with the good binder, my feebler accents were lost in the fresh Neapolitan *concerto* that succeeded.

The lady bore in her hand a small lamp, nearly of the form of those of the ancients now found in Pompeii; and she conducted us through a long corridor to a moderate-sized apartment, which had a window through which light enough entered to enable us to dispense with that of the lamp. The room was in the utmost confusion. There was a chest of drawers, with every drawer open: a round table in the middle loaded with clothes; and the walls were ornamented with a number of prints of the good Saints and the martyrs.

The shrieking and laughing had somewhat subsided as we entered this apartment; and, as soon as the visitors, at the command of the hostess were seated, the lady dropped squat into a broad armed chair, and the most gracious compliments passed

between the two Neapolitans, during which, I had time to make a few observations upon the person of the gentle lady. She was uncommonly fat, and had perhaps past her fiftieth year, and upon a round head she wore an exuberance of black hair, which, though a large comb adorned it, did not appear to have been for many a year dressed. Her eyes were jet-black and fine, and her features generally not disagreeable. Several handkerchiefs of various colours were twisted and hung loosely about her neck; the yellow prevailing. But in spite of her complexion, where her skin appeared, it was visibly dirty. She wore a striped gown which hung loosely from the shoulders, and the sleeves of which were tight about her fat arms, and she had on dirty white stockings, with what had been slippers, but of which scarce enough remained to attach them to the feet.

Compliments having ceased, a colloquy followed, the brief report of which will serve to close the account of this insignificant adventure.

"And now for the business which brought us here," said the honest book-binder; "this foreign gentleman—"

And here, I confess, I expected the glance of the lady, whose eye I had not yet met; but she did not favour me with a look.

"This foreign gentleman, wishes to place him-

self in an Italian family, for a part or the whole of the winter."

At these words, the lady raised herself upright in her seat, with her hands upon the arms of the chair, and opened her eyes to their full capacity, while her whole countenance expressed what might have been a feeling between consternation and curiosity.

" He is tired of hotels, and does not like the gloom of lodgings."

The lady's right hand was now raised with the fingers wide spread, and the palm outwards.

" Can you accommodate him? "

Both hands were now raised, and the head a little turned on one side; but before an instant had elapsed she threw herself back in the chair, and uttered a shriek that none but a Neapolitan could have equalled, which was succeeded by a short burst of laughter, in which she was now alone. The bookbinder, seemingly not in the least surprised, however, waited, without adding a word, for a reply to the question he had put. And now the fair Neapolitan, stretching out both arms and throwing her body forwards, and putting out her feet to the full extent, with the heels to the ground, and the toes pointed upwards, she exclaimed in the Neapolitan dialect, in which the discourse had commenced:

"*Signore,* have you taken leave of your senses, or forgotten that I have a daughter in the house —a maiden?"

"Oh! true," said the binder, "and the thought might have struck me, had not the gentleman been of a certain age, and also of a tranquil disposition."

And here I was again greatly disappointed, that I had not so much as attracted a glance from the Neapolitan lady.

"All that, may be true," said she, placing her hands upon her breast, then holding out the right, and drawing the tops of the fingers and thumb to a focus, and then placing the points upon the arm of the chair, and leaning her head a little forward, with her face slightly turned to the left, in which position she remained an instant still, and then, throwing open her hand as if she loosed a flock of birds from the palm, and placing her head straight with the chin something elongated, she added: "But you know I have neighbours!"

The colloquy now turned to reasoning. The bookbinder argued against the false notions of the world concerning propriety, and the lady, most vehemently, for the necessity of submitting to the opinions which prevailed, and cut off further question, by the broad and unanswerable declaration, of the impossibility of entertaining the proposition.

The bookbinder now looked at me with a most sorrowful countenance; but I begged he would not disquiet himself about the matter, as I was accustomed to disappointment, and could bear this very well: adding, in a language more familiar to me than the one in which he had been conversing, my desire that he would express to the lady, my regret at not finding accommodation in her apartments, which was as soon done by the bookbinder, accompanied with the expression of the regrets he himself felt, in a manner which I could in no tongue have imitated, and we took our leave.

After this, we passed from house to house, in the same research, taking, in some cases, what, among any but a good-natured race, would have been considered such unwarranted liberties, as to have placed, myself at least, in the most ludicrous belligerent position. So different, however, was our experience, that where we might have deserved slight or indignant censure, we were given coffee and cake, and where we ought not have complained of blows and kicks we received sherbet and the kindest entertainment. Thus, though still unsuccessful, I did not wholly desist from these inquiries, the result of which will be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTRODUCTION INTO A NEAPOLITAN FAMILY.

WHILE sitting one evening at a coffee-house of common resort, I chanced to have occasion to speak to an elderly gentleman, who immediately took the opportunity which my question afforded him, of asking me to what nation I belonged; and when I informed him, he took me by the hand, which he shook heartily, at the same time begging that he might be pardoned for his familiarity; and adding, that had he not taken me for a German he would have spoken before, and that he could never see an Englishman without desiring his acquaintance.

It is perhaps proper in this place to observe, lest it be supposed that the social character of the Germans and the English are here put in comparison, that, to comprehend the likes and dislikes of the Italians in this particular, it is enough

for us to remember, that the very name of the one, reminds them of their countrymen in chains, while from the other they derive their best and clearest conceptions of national as well as personal liberty. If the thoughts of the Italians pass the defiles of the north-eastern Alps, they rest upon the prison of Silvio Pelico at Brunn: if they turn towards Britain, the more generous spirit, sees the reality of his political dreams of national greatness—personal security—a state of things, that should last, as long as the friends of disorder among us, are distinguished from the advocates of progressive improvement; in short, as long as every just man in England does his duty.

This accidental encounter, which gave occasion for much more immediate intercourse than is here recorded, was not without its fruits; and the very next morning, I went in company with the son of my new acquaintance, to visit a family in the mountain hamlet of Arranella, with the same views with which I had visited so many already. We took the route of the Toledo, the grand thoroughfare of Naples, till we arrived at the Museum; whence, turning towards the street, that leads to the higher situated portions of the town, we ascended a short distance on foot, then, taking donkeys, we left the streets, for narrow, steep, paved, high-walled, lanes; and these we ascended

with some difficulty, until we came to the hamlet above mentioned.

The hamlet or village consists, of the most irregular clusters of houses, some upon the banks of precipices with gardens in a dead hollow or upon giant steps both narrow and deep. The paths which conducted from house to house were like mere crevices in broken rocks, and as rugged and irregular as if an earthquake had but yesterday formed them; and the principal way, was no better than a great gutter, which conducted the rain-water from the higher lands as it fell towards the streets of the town below.

Without quitting our donkeys we now entered a narrow fissure in the mountain, which conducted to a precipitous step of solid rock, upon which, at a distance of about two hundred yards from the lane out of which we had turned, stood the domicile of which we were in search: but, before we had attained above half that distance, a pleasant accident occurred, which produced my introduction to a part of the family which we had purposely come to see, under circumstances sufficiently untoward.

Neither of the asses which we rode were in the best condition, nor by any means docile. They had exhibited symptoms of uneasiness as some of the mountaineers passed by us bearing baskets of vegetables or fruit, with which they were descend-

ing to Naples. On these occasions they persisted in stopping, and would not proceed without repeated stripes, until they got something, or discovered whether the loads which the peasants carried were of a kind to satisfy their cravings. Upon the whole, I never saw an ass pay so little respect to the will of his rider as that which I rode, nor display at the same time so little fear of the consequence of his disobedience. It was nothing but cudgel, cudgel, cudgel, and to no purpose, until the brute himself was willing to proceed upon his slow way.

We were now within a hundred yards of the house, when we encountered some obstruction. It happened that some washerwomen had here filled the alley with their soaking clothes, which were hanging from side to side, and too low to permit even an ass, with his rider, to pass underneath them. My companion now dismounted; but, at the moment I was about to follow his example, the hungry animal that I rode, seeing a basket of cabbages that was lying in our very way, started a half-dozen paces forward, then stretching out his fore-feet and suddenly stopping, with his nose downwards, threw his rider so precipitously over his head, that had not my fall been broken by the basket of vegetables over which I rolled, the consequences might have been bruises and strains.

Before I had time to get upon my legs, after this untoward accident, my companion and the boy that followed with the donkeys were by my side, and in their anxiety for the rider, they did not observe the ass snap a great cabbage and a bunch of carrots from the basket; but they had scarce time to be satisfied that there were no limbs, no bones broken, before there was an alarm heard, and cries and screams, such as were piercing even to a Neapolitan ear.

We were still in the midst of the soaking clothes, and were unable to discover the causes of the uproar, until we had thrown these aside, and exposed the ludicrous scene. Half-a-dozen women, were behind the poor ass, who had thrust himself between the two sides of a narrow crevice in the rock, which was not broad enough to admit any one to get sufficiently near to his head, to recover the great cabbage he had so opportunely stolen and found so good means of keeping in possession. One of the women was pulling the animal's tail, while several were dealing unheeded blows upon a crupper accustomed to much weightier, and which the poor beast did not seem to value at a grain in proportion to the delicious meal he was engaged in devouring. Our arrival, however, with that at the same moment of the master of the house to which we were going, and

some of his friends, who, as they watched for our approach at the window, had observed the adventure, cut short poor Biddy's enjoyment of his stolen meal; for as two or three more sticks fell at once upon his crupper, a half-a-dozen hands tugging together at his tail, in a short time extracted him from the crevice which had served him for this happy occasion; but, indeed, there was little more than the yellow stalk of the cabbage left, when the poor devil was drawn out of the cleft of the rock.

By this time a fresh reinforcement of the fair sex had arrived, and before any questions might have been asked, a dispute had arisen in which every Neapolitan present, even to the donkey-boy, joined; but such was the pitch of the voices of the women and the nature of the mountain dialect, that I was only able to guess the character of the question by the grimace and action of the disputants. But the gentleman who was with me, and his friend whom we had come to visit, now joining vehemently in the quarrel, I thought it time to inquire into the particulars, when I found that it concerned, only, the payment of the cabbage which the donkey had eaten—that there were several parties involved in the quarrel, and two distinct subjects of dispute. The two women to whom the contents of the basket belonged, de-

manded two baiocci, or about one penny, for the cabbage, which was opposed by one of the gentlemen present as exorbitant; while the other disputed with the donkey-boy, who, he contended, ought to pay for the ass's meal, whatever its value might be settled at; for, that the hunger which the animal was suffering had been the cause of the damage, while the boy insisted that the clumsiness of the rider was alone to blame. A dozen standers-by, took, some one side and some the other, until their tongues were at length stopped by a proclamation that the "generous Briton" consented, willingly, to pay without deduction, the whole two baiocci demanded! It should be added, that I was surprised afterwards to find, that not an angry word had dropped from the lips of a single soul present, and that, had it not been for the delight which a Neapolitan experiences in the quick use of the organ of speech, and in action and gesture, not a baiocco had been demanded, or, at least, no dispute had arisen whether one baiocco or two, the point at issue between my future landlord and the opposite party, should be the reimbursement of the women for the damage occasioned by the untoward occurrence.

We now came to the entrance of the family house, in which it was proposed to place me. There were gates of wood, much decayed, which opened

into a broad way, which led to a court, where there were several windowless apartments on the ground-floor, occupied by some old women, who maintained themselves by washing and other menial services for the inhabitants of the apartments above them. We mounted a narrow stone staircase to the first landing, where there was a door which opened into the garden or shrubbery, with the bed of which we were now upon a level. The key was in the owner's hands; and before we ascended higher, we entered the little mountain plantation, where we were as soon joined by a young artillery officer, who was staying in the family, with the same relation to them that I was probably myself about to make.

The garden was a square plot of ground, limited on three sides by high rocks, on the fourth by a precipice, at one end of which the house overhung a deep ravine, while the terrace was bounded by a parapet wall.

The beds in the garden on either side, were planted with the shrubs or fruit trees of the country, among which, the orange and the vine were predominant. But every thing was in the natural unpruned excess of luxuriance, which, with the yellow leaf of the vine, which had strewed the walks and the beds with its litter, formed a fair example of the negligence of the cultivator,

which we so commonly find proportioned to the bounty of nature, in climate and soil, in the various parts of the fertile earth.

We made a stand at the terrace, from which appeared the first view I had seen, since we entered upon the road by which we had ascended from the city. It was of the most magnificent description. The great capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies lay beneath our feet, while immediately in front appeared the ever-burning Vesuvius, with the mountains around, which, as they gracefully slope towards the Bay of Naples on the right, present the richest covering of dark foliage relieved by white villages and detached habitations. On the left, the fertile valley and undulated lower lands, appeared to an unlimited extent, studded with the same white habitations, in the midst of which is distinctly seen the rural palace of the King of Naples.

From the garden, we ascended to the second story of the mountain habitation, and here, after passing a sort of hall or ante-room, we entered the drawing-room, or the apartment which was the receptacle of as much of Neapolitan fashion and elegance as found its way so high, and which, though uncarpeted, was otherwise fairly enough furnished. All the offices of domestic economy, with several bed-rooms, were also on this floor.

We now ascended another, and the highest story, where there were two rooms, one of which opened upon a terrace, which looked upon the superb scene which had presented itself to our view from the front of the garden, and the other was without a window, and seemed only adapted for a retreat from the heat of the sun in summer. The better room was without any other furniture than a small wretched bed, a pair of old drawers, and a rude uncushioned chair. The windows of this room were large; and although no glass was broken, their frames were so worm-eaten and decayed, that for defence against the wind and rain, they could be little better than iron gratings. On the ceiling there were the remains of paintings, which had once adorned the apartment, and which by being out of the way, had escaped the entire fate of the rest of the ornaments through the ravages of accident and time.

These apartments were now offered me. I was not in search of the elegancies of life, and was favourably impressed with the character of the people among whom I had fallen, and I took them. So agreeable, indeed, were the good nature and simplicity which appeared in all the good people of the house, even before we left the garden, that I had already decided upon dwelling with them, whatever should be the character of the accom-

modations they might have to offer me. The prospects of any temporary inconvenience vanished before the hopes of enjoying the society of kind and unsophisticated acquaintances; and I did not return to my hotel before I had agreed for a month's sojourn with them, and the occupation of the cloud capt, not very elegant, apartments from which these considerations had removed every minor objection.

Punctually, then, on Christmas Day, which was a few days after this visit to the hamlet, and that which had been agreed upon, the gentleman who had introduced me to this worthy family, came, accompanied by the young artillery officer who was residing with his friends, to escort their new guest to this mountain residence. We took a carriage as far as it was possible, and afterwards hired asses as before, by which we reached the house without any second adventure.

The family with whom I had now taken up my residence, consisted of mine host, Signor C—— and his wife, both passing young, a judge of civil law, of thirty-five years of age, and his wife, who was a sister of mine host, besides the officer above mentioned.

I had just time to prepare for dinner, when, summoned to table by the gentleman who had introduced me to the good family, with whom I now descended to the dining apartment.

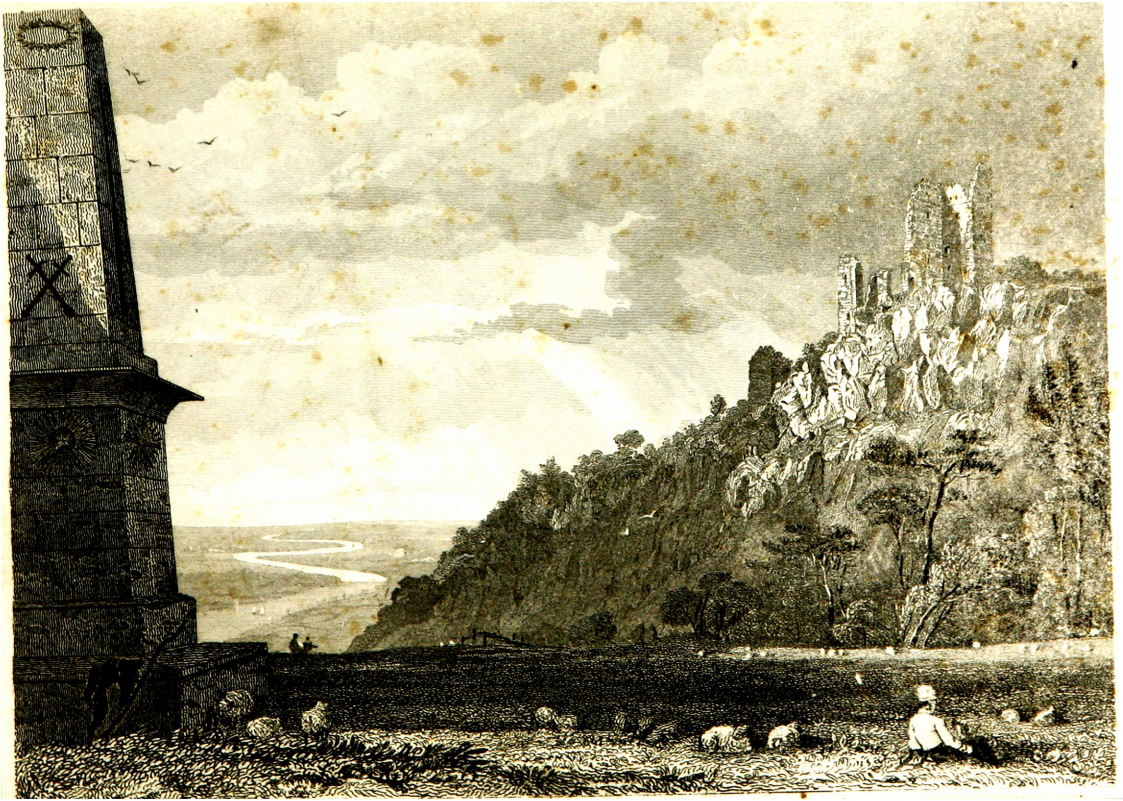
Passing through the sitting or drawing-room, we entered the little room before mentioned, where we were received by the host and hostess. The table was spread and covers laid for ten, and we seemed to be the first arrivals. We were scarce seated, however, before the rest of the company made their appearance; and the dinner was immediately served.

The Italians, in general, like the French, make a very poor first breakfast, which is rarely more than a cup of coffee and a roll, often taken in bed. But there is this difference between the inhabitants on either side the Alps, that those in the north make a hearty second breakfast, with the table usually abounding in viands and wine, while those in the south often go without this meal, and at three or four o'clock, sit down to make amends for their long abstinence. There is, however, in Italy generally, no universal custom, and there is too little regularity in this important particular in family economy.

There was little remarkable about this Italian feast, save the variety and coarseness of the viands, and the quantity which the guests devoured. I never saw ten human creatures with such capacious stomachs before. It may suffice to mention one dish particularly, and that the lightest of those under which the table groaned on this occasion.

All the world knows how famous is the city of Naples for its maccaroni, but it should be a brave stomach in a foreigner, that can swallow an ounce of it, after having sat a half dozen times in the company of Neapolitans engaged in devouring after their manner, this truly national dish. We it is true, do not discard the pleasures of the table from among our enjoyments, on the day kept sacred to the memory of the birth of the author of Christianity, and on which, indeed, it seems reasonable that Christians should rejoice by all manner of means; and we have our beef, turkey, and pudding: but the manner of eating of the two people bears little resemblance, and least of all, when engaged with their respective national dishes.

The maccaroni usually comes to table in a large tureen. It is served round in great plates full; and, as it follows the soup, it may be the first thing of a solid nature, that for twenty-four long hours has entered the mouth of the good half-famished Christian; and of course, great nicety in appeasing the natural craving of the appetite after this long fast, ought not to be expected. As the plate approaches, the hungry expectant bends forward, and with his mouth half open, stretches out his hands to receive it, then holding it half way between his mouth and the table, stops to



delight in the anticipation a little longer, before he enjoys the reality. The plate is now adroitly placed upon the table. But the full sensual gratification, is still for a moment suspended. The knife and fork are now thrust at once, the knife into one side of the plate, and the fork into the other, or two forks are made use of; and nearly the whole of the maccaroni is lifted off the plate, in order, it would seem, to discover the quantity of sauce or scraped cheese at the bottom; and when there does not appear to be enough of the latter of these super-adjuncts, then the knife is employed to add fresh supplies of the grated cheese, of which there is always plenty, in plates distributed about the table; but if the proportions are suited to the taste, then the knife and fork are used to mix the concomitants, until the dish may be exactly seasoned to the eater's taste. This accomplished, the knife is laid down, and the fork, in the right hand, is plunged into the middle of the dish, two or three times twisted round, and then placed under the pyramid which is thus raised. The mouth, now held over the table, and stretched to an enormous width, receives as much as it will contain of the precious dish, as the remainder, which could not be thrust in, hangs in strings down to the plate, while the fork is employed to lift the pendant threads, which are no

sooner all forced into the mouth, than the same is repeated until the whole is devoured.

When the maccaroni, on this occasion, was all consumed, the next thing brought in, was a dish of four immense fowls, boiled, which might, from the size, have been very well taken for turkeys. These were dissected with great expedition, and handed about by limbs and hunches rather than slices, and every one partook. After this dish, came the giblet stew; which was as universally partaken of. Then, such as had doubts whether their appetites had not received the first check, helped themseles to anchovies soaked in oil, which they spread upon bread. But there was scarce time to swallow these stimulants to fresh action, when two roasted fowls, as large as the boiled, were brought in, and were served with the same unsparing hand, and as universally partaken of as the other dishes, and devoured even to the bone. But all these solids only paved the way to the many rich stews and hashes which succeeded them.

As the pleasures of eating advanced, the heavy effects of the viands were counteracted by the due mixture of some of the lighter stimulants, none of which were stronger than the lachrymæ Christi; but the appropriate hilarity, as dinner proceeded, degenerated from agreeable repartee, with which it had commenced, to coarse

joking with excessive and loud laughing, in which the elder persons of the party were the most vociferous.

The noise of all talking and laughing, had, towards the end of the feast, become almost insupportable to a foreigner, when the confusion was slightly checked by the arrival of the judge above-mentioned and his lady, who had been dining in their own apartments.

The learned gentleman had entered the room with a countenance of perfect good-humour, yet as sedate as the rivals of his profession when the phrase first associated sobriety with the name of the sage tenants of the bench. I was immediately introduced to him; and as the hilarity again proceeded, and we became familiar, we were glad to seize an opportunity for making our escape from the immediate company of our noisy friends, by retiring to the drawing-room which adjoined. We were not long however alone; for the pleasures of the table over, the whole party joined us. The elder now seated themselves upon the sofas around the room, while the younger sort played games, of which, though they were called English, I had no knowledge. In not the most elegant of these, two of the young men sat down upon a piece of carpet spread in the middle of the room for the purpose; and each had now his

feet firmly bound together, then his hands tied across his knees; and when they seemed alike without the means of offence and defence, the contest commenced between the restrained belligerents, which consisted in the endeavour of each to overthrow the other; and as either party gained the advantage, the whole room was excited to extravagant merriment, in which, notwithstanding the childishness of the inelegant game, it was impossible for either a Neapolitan judge or a Briton to refuse to join.

I would not close this chapter without mentioning what I afterwards learned of this judge's history; and chiefly, that it should be a little illustration of the dangers and evils of absolute government.

I was informed, and upon authority that could not be questioned, that the good gentleman had been for some time upon the bench; but that an accidental change, as it appeared, in the mere arrangements of the courts, had caused him to be for a short time only, it was then supposed, suspended from the exercise of his professional duties. But time passed, and new appointment after appointment took place, and fresh seats were created and bestowed upon others, while he who had already acted this his proper part, with credit, remained unemployed, and was driven to the

mountains for want of means to maintain his family respectably in the town.

"There should be some reason for this," I observed, when I listened to the tale.

"There is a reason," said my informant, "and one of the strongest of those that usually influence such sovereigns as we are acquainted with in Italy, in their choice of all the servants they dismiss or retain, except the harmless knights of the drama. The poor gentleman has shewn himself possessed of what it would have been wise in him to have concealed or let rest unused—knowledge. He has written a work on the laws of his country, and other works, which have awakened the jealousy that exists against genius and learning, the display of which is his only breach of the prescribed dulness that it is necessary to maintain, in order to flourish under absolute governments—under such at least as exist in Italy."

As soon as the English game was terminated, the master of the house informed me, for the first time, that I was engaged with all that were present, to spend the evening at the house of the Signor of the village, where we should meet the chief gentry of the place. We now, therefore, all separated, to prepare to pass the remainder of the evening at the residence of the worthy

chief of the good-natured people, among whom I had come to sojourn; and some remarks upon the house and guests of this chieftain of the mountain village, will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVENING AT A VILLAGE SIGNOR'S— CHURCH THEATRICALS.

When we were all assembled, we set out together, in spite of the cold and the pelting rain which prevailed, and by the light of a lantern, we made our way through narrow rocky paths, ascending and descending by steps and steep ways, until we reached the door of the Signor's mansion.

As soon as we were admitted, we were, without distinction of sex, shown into a room, wherein were confusedly strewed about many articles of furniture, and household utensils of every description. The ladies threw off their bonnets and cloaks, and the gentlemen their hats and cloaks; but as I had to put off a great-coat also, and to change a pair of north-west gloves for what was more suitable to the occasion, the rest were all

kept waiting a second, during which the good Signor, himself, appeared, to hasten the assurance of our welcome. He was dressed in a rough surtout coat, and had a white cravat, padded, to reach the extremity of the chin, like the fashion, which we scarce need have completed our half-century, to remember prevailing among ourselves. His hands were fixed in his side-pockets, as he approached; and in spite of the expression of his countenance, which bespoke the most unaffected sincere welcome, a temper tending to suspicion, might have judged from the attitude in which he stood and his manner of bowing, that he was not without a portion of that supercilious reserve, which all or most foreigners, agree in attributing to the English, and in a more particular manner, where there is any difference in station or worldly possessions.

The questionable welcome of the Signor, seemed as if it were met with corresponding coolness or restraint by each individual of the party I had accompanied, as they presented the new guest at the manor house, to its worthy tenants, one after the other in their turn, as they made their informal appearance in the passages that led to the rooms in which the visitors were wont to assemble. But, preceded by the good Signor, we now entered the first reception room,

where we found the entire *élite* of the village, of both sexes, from fourteen years and upwards, already assembled. The guests of the noble host were seated around the room, which appeared to be prepared for the dance, and was bare of all articles of mere luxury or ornament. The two sexes of every age, sat entirely apart, and all were listening as we entered, to the laboriously expressed notes of an old piano-forte, which in less skilful hands than those by which it was touched, might scarcely have produced two sounds that could be distinguished from one another.

We were not long seated in this apartment, before I found I was an object of no little curiosity to the guests generally. It was not common to see a foreigner among them, nor to the majority of the fair sex to see an Englishman any where. They rarely ventured by the difficult and only way, by which they could descend to the city below them; and they still more rarely visited those parts of Naples that foreigners the most frequent. The new habitant of their village also, was the only guest present, who was what we should call "dressed," which had been itself a circumstance sufficiently remarkable. I knew that the pains I had taken upon this score, were not expected; but I thought it became a stranger to show that respect to the hospitable Signor,

upon the first visit at least, whatever liberty future familiarity might warrant.

As soon as the tune which was playing as we entered, was concluded, the good host led me to an inner apartment or withdrawing room, in which he took much delight, and the decorations of which he was fond of exhibiting. It was tastily and elegantly furnished, and adorned with paintings which formed a remarkable contrast to the less happy specimen of the works of art which touched another sense than they, in the outer room. One of these represented the house in which we were now assembled, with the distant view of the mountains, the valleys, and part of the magnificent view which we had seen from the garden terrace; and several were by masters in the art, whose names recal the noble productions which adorn the walls of the Vatican and the Royal Galleries of the Tuscan capital. In several niches in the room, there were likewise fine works of sculpture, and vases; and, specimens of the more beautiful kinds of China ware, covered several tables, and stands adapted for their display. But there was not time for the examination of half the good Signor's choice collection of curious and admired works of art, before the dance was proclaimed.

I was now led back to the outer of the two rooms, and introduced to a young lady who had

just finished a fashionable education in one of the seminaries of Naples, and who, from the manner in which she spoke the French language, it was thought would be the most agreeable to a foreigner. The fair child with whom I found I was thus appointed even to mix in the quadrille, though of the perfect form of woman, could scarcely have entered the fourth year of her teens. The idea of refusal to join in this pleasing pastime to the young, did indeed suggest itself to my mind; but I thought I saw my superiors in years already coupled, and waiting but the sounds of music, to forget every thing save the joy which was proper to the season; so I immediately led my partner to a convenient station, and began to converse with the unrestrained familiarity which is natural where there is great disparity in age, especially concerning every thing that does not regard the very present, and the thoughts and emotions which it suggests. In fine, with a partner so fair, so quick, so lovely, and so intelligent, one whose years had still further fallen into the "yellow leaf" of this short life, might have forgotten the number of his winters, and felt the gaiety and elasticity, and perhaps the passion of his earlier days.

After this rare encounter of two dissimilar ages, and the most agreeable interchange of ideas, it

is even believed, on both sides—the fresh impressions of a school-girl or little more, for thoughts begat in freedom and tempered by time—the feelings of one born and bred not a minute's travel from this very spot, for the opinions of one to whom a great proportion of the wide surface of the whole globe was familiar—I reluctantly resigned my fair partner—my fair charge—to the learned judge already mentioned, with whom, at intervals of the dance, I had opportunities of comparing notes concerning our relative degrees of excellence in this youthful amusement. But when we contended for the greater merit in having set the good example to the younger parties of both sexes with which the room was furnished, it was determined, that what the Briton might claim on the score of years, was balanced by the Neapolitan judge's superiority to the vulgar opinion, concerning the constant gravity which should be attached to his sacred vocation.

After the intricate Neapolitan quadrille, an amusing holiday dance was introduced, with a romping *finale,* the figure of which placed at every turn, two objects of compassion, back to back, and prisoners, in the centre of the ring, where they remained until danced away with, by one of the opposite sex, which gave a delicate occasion for the ladies to show their temporary partialities,

a fair share of which the rivals in merit just mentioned were not denied. And this is the manner in which we passed two evenings in the week, during the time I remained in the midst of this amiable society, Sunday being always one.

We separated early on this first evening; and, although it was that of Christmas Day, without refreshment of any kind, and with bows as ceremonious between relations and the most constant friends, as if little intimacy had existed, and no romps had been enjoyed. The host and hostess however, did not take leave of the stranger among them, without the most flattering speeches, and the most pressing solicitations that I would make one of the party that assembled every open evening at their villa, as long as I should remain in the village. And I am able to say, that I did not quit the mountain without many proofs that the sincerity of the Signor and his family was not less than their professions upon the first night on which I had the pleasure of meeting them; nor did I leave the village without as strong proofs, that the power of beauty is not to be resisted, at any age at which we retain any of the common affections which belong to our nature.

The week after Christmas I experienced a great disappointment, in not witnessing an exhibition which took place in the village, the reality of the

existence of which, in any part of Europe at this day, is almost incredible.

Theatres, it is known, are proscribed, and actors lie under the ban of the church, though both abound in Romish countries. But we are to see, though we have but report to appeal to, what in this way, the church does not visit with its fearful anathemas.

It had been indicated a few days before Christmas by the priests of the village, that on a certain night of this week, would be performed within the church, one of those sacred dramas, still not uncommon among the simple inhabitants of the rural provinces of Italy, which may be said to correspond to those theatrical exhibitions, which, in this country, disgraced the stage by their profaneness or irreverence, before the poet and instructor of future generations, for ever superseded the unholy practice, by the happy, we may perhaps say, invention, of a more rational drama, in every way better adapted to promote the object and true end of poetry, than any that had previously been known, either in the ancient or the modern world.

The glad tidings that the sacred drama was in rehearsal, were no sooner published in the village, than tickets for admission to the performance, were sought for by every one; and as no doubts

had entered the thoughts of any of my friends respecting my admission, I had been invited to accompany them, and we had talked much of the enjoyment in reserve for that evening. But on the day, however, of the performance, one of the holy brotherhood, called upon the good family, to inform them that a Protestant could not be admitted to witness the holy exhibition; a short narration from the report of others, must, therefore, supply the place of a more exact account.

My friend the judge, passed the evening in my apartment, to afford me all the consolation in his power for this grievous disappointment; but he evinced the greatest impatience, which was afterwards accounted for, during the absence of the rest of the family. This was, however, shorter than we expected; and when they re-appeared, they informed us that:

As the congregation or audience entered, they found a veil or curtain drawn across the extended platform of the altar, now the holy stage and scene of the religious drama. And when the pious assembly were collected in sufficient numbers to fill the church, the order was given, to close the doors; but which was not accomplished without great difficulty, by reason of the crowds of the devout which strove to enter after every niche of the sacred edifice was crowded with the godly

spectators. To the closing of the doors succeeded a moment of reverential silence, or awful expectation. It would seem, indeed, from the accounts which we heard, that the tick of a watch might have unnerved the stoutest resolution—

> "The boldest held his breath,
> For a time."

But to explain the cause of this first effect upon the devout, it should be known, that it was reported, that Satan himself would appear to act a part in the sacred or diabolic scene.

At length the curtain was drawn, and two human figures were seen sitting at the entrance of an arbour, placed amidst shrubs and flowers, and interlaced with the luxuriant vine, while around appeared—

> "A circling row
> Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruits."

In the whole of which, the happy arrangement seems to have been creditable to the taste and skill of the monastic artists.

The human pair were as much dressed as it was possible they might be, without destroying the simplicity that the scene required; which was intended to represent our first parents in their original state of impubient purity.

"Nor endearing smiles
Wanting, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league
Alone as they."

There, they sat, reclined, embraced, like the first pair, knowing no sin, expecting no evil, when, the Devil himself enters. And he who should reflect upon the awful event, the figure of which was here beheld, and see present to his quick imagination all the horrors of the deed, which changed the whole face of nature, even to the destruction of the finest of all the works of the Creator's own hand that we have seen, could scarcely approve more terrible emotions than we were told filled the bosoms of the spectators of the monastic drama at that dreadful moment. But our best informant could unfortunately relate no more. One of the ladies of the party, who was the cause of the good judge's anxiety, being, "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," by the expression of her feelings, caused some alarm, and the consequence which they dreaded, induced them to leave the holy theatre before the scene proceeded further. But I would fain conceal, were it to be justified, that the countenances of several of the other sex, when they returned, betrayed such symptoms of perturbation as we might suppose the Prince of darkness in his own proper person could alone have raised.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONVENT LIBRARY.

During my residence in this mountain hamlet, I made several visits to a neighbouring convent, where I was always received with great kindness and respect. On the occasions of my first and second visits, the Superior was absent. The good father's absence or presence made no difference in the reception which a visitor ever met with from the monks, whether he came to receive alms or to contribute to the relief of the wretched; but as the worthy divine always carried the key of the library in his pocket, I had not on either of these occasions an opportunity of seeing the books of the convent, which the monks whom I saw informed me were rare and valuable. On a third visit, however, I was more fortunate; and I was now cheerfully conducted to the library by the Superior himself, accompanied by eight or

ten of the inferior monks, and was certainly not disappointed in the number, and seeming importance, of the books with which its shelves were replete; but it was that book, which, among us at least, is at once the most important and the most common, which now furnishes the subject for a few remarks.

As the good monks pulled down, and opened and shut and replaced their more esteemed volumes, which I observed were chiefly filled with long histories of the Romish Saints, and the writings of the Holy Fathers, we came to a few manuscripts, which, as they were displayed before me, gave rise to some conversation concerning the more precious of those at the Vatican, and especially that which we might suppose would be esteemed throughout Christendom, by The Church, at least, as the most valuable—a manuscript copy of the sacred volume, which is there to be seen, of the fourth century. And this led, very naturally, to a request on my part, but it was not before a full hour had been spent in turning over the leaves, and reading the title pages of many such books as have been mentioned, that they would show me their Bible. The monk whom I happened first to address, reflected a little, then bade me repeat my commands—"*La Sacra Bibbia,*" I now repeated, in pronouncing the

words with more emphasis, and making an effort, at the same time, to speak as clearly as it was in my power to do, under the impression that my foreign accent had prevented the good Father from understanding me. But it was evident to others as well as ourselves, that there was still a difficulty between us; and this brought to our assistance, several of the monks who had been still searching the shelves for yet another and another, of the class of books to which it was apparent there was no end. But although I now put my demand in several forms, no one seemed to comprehend my wishes; and when I added the superlative to the word *sacra*, they did not seem to understand how anything could be more holy than the books I had already seen; and I heard one of the monks observe to another, in speaking apart, that he thought it must be a Protestant book that I wanted: and, it was not until the attention of the Superior himself, had been called to the request, that I was able to impress upon my kind friends, that their library must contain a book of more importance than any they had yet shewn me.

The good Superior had no difficulty in comprehending my wishes, but he did not know where to put his hand directly upon the book I expressed so much desire to see. There seemed to be no

catalogue; and it became necessary to employ the whole party of monks in the search. Some, now, went in one direction, and some in another, until the Superior descended from the top step of the ladder which he had mounted to search the upper shelves, with the fruits of his labours in his hand. He had discovered the Sacred Scriptures among the unbound books upon the highest shelf, and now held in his hand the first of eight volumes, of which, with its notes, it consisted; and this he presented to me, with his eyes beaming with the most genuine satisfaction. Perhaps, he rejoiced that they had one book at least in which we had common interest, or he might have been glad to shew his inferior good brothers of the convent, this proof of his better acquaintance with the contents of the sacred depository which they possessed.

As the worthy Prior handed me the volume, the whole of the monks gathered about us, apparently curious to know what use I was about to make of the book I had been so anxious to see, it may be that they supposed, for the first time: and I began now to doubt, whether my situation might not become somewhat embarrassing.

A moment of breathless silence followed my turning the first leaf of the Bible, and it seemed as if expectation was "stuck full of *ears*" to

catch what should drop from the mouth of a Briton, respecting a volume which was both theirs and ours; but which, it was certain, they neither wished to see, nor dreamed of seeing, in any new light; and at this moment, if ever, it were to be wished, that one better instructed in the contents of the sacred volume, might have had the same opportunity of shewing, at least, that a lay Protestant's knowledge of sacred history, might be as superior to that of a Romish priest, as our veneration for the only book of authority that can possibly exist in all essential points of religion. There would, in that case, at least have been no danger of further embarrassment.

But the important book was open; and as I drew my eyes from the perusal of the title page, I perceived the whole party of the monks now drawn into a complete circle around me. It was a situation in which a mind full of religious zeal, abundant in knowledge, and gifted with eloquence, had delighted to have, once in a long life, experienced. But, it only presented to me, deficiencies which I had never felt in an equally vexatious degree before. In doubt, as to what it were best in this situation, to say or to do, as the open volume lay upon the palm of my left hand, I turned back the title page with my right, and after exposing the first chapter, remained

for a moment silent, in expectation of some remark—but there was none. Impressed, now, with the attent regards of the monks, I commenced reading as audibly as might be, the first few words of the Bible, and then stopping, said something indicative rather of the feelings we enjoy upon the recovery of any thing long lost, than otherwise significant, raising my eyes at the same time from the book to observe what might be discernable in the looks or feelings of the monks, in order to judge whether it were better to proceed, and whether it were prudent to say one word of the sacred volume or not. Their interest, at least, seemed to me, if possible still to increase; unless the augmented attention which they appeared to give, might arise from any confusion in their minds, which had "mantled their clearer reason," by the novelty of their position, and of the relations which the parties bore to each other. It was, however, certain, there was a charitable and ingenuous feeling among the holy brotherhood towards their guest; and this encouraged even a bolder step.

I now cast my eyes again upon the book, and read yet more audibly in the metrical tongue of the land: "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;*" and then once more raised my eyes from the sacred page. There was still

attention the most absolute; and I continued to read to the end of the second verse of the too short history that we possess of the creation of the beautiful globe which we inhabit; and then, with a yet bolder attempt, endeavouring to impress the very first words which we are plainly given of all the commands of the Deity in all his works in relation to man, upon the spirits of those who listened to them perhaps for the first time, I read, yet not perhaps without some appearance of the affectation of oratorical utterance—"*and God said—Let there be light.*" Then looking off the book again, yet seeming to hold the full turn, as it had been of a period suspended, I cast my eyes once more upon the sacred page, and continued with emphasis: "*and there was light.*"

At the utterance of these last words, there was a much stronger emotion evinced by the monks than I had ever dreamed of making; and whence should it proceed? The broad accent in which it was certain the passage was read, had led me to expect a very different result. Was it, that the words of the Creator, sound in every mouth, in every tongue, with the same force? Or, was it, that they now, indeed, for the first time, reached the ears of his servants, who fasted and prayed, and, day and night without ceasing, implored the intercession of the saints, whose inter-

minable scriptures they study, until they have almost forgotten that the great Creator himself has ever spoken in human language—ever uttered a command that should be intelligible to the understandings of men—almost forgotten, that any superior record of the revelation of His will exists, to that over which they weary their senses, and perplex their spirits, until nature herself prescribes the necessity of relieving the mind, by taking refuge in quiet submission to the forms, the ceremonies, the rites, and the comfortable faith, of the indulgent Church of Rome?

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIRACLE AT SAN GENNARO.

One morning, soon after I took up my residence with the good family of the mountain hamlet, I observed by the guide-books, that it was one of the three important days at Naples, on which a miracle is wrought, to which it were unpardonable in a visitor to neglect the opportunity of bearing record; I, therefore, descended to the town, and knowing the value of a little show of worldly importance, as well in churches as in courts, I called upon my good friend the bookbinder, upon whose intelligence I had great reliance, to request that he would attend me in the capacity of cicerone, and in his best suit; and we proceeded together, to witness the supernatural event: and, I do now bear record, that I saw the blood of a saint—the frozen or congealed blood of Saint Gennaro, the protecting or patron saint of the city of Naples,

where that martyr suffered—that I saw the purple blood of life, within the holy vessel, even from a stiff and hard substance, liquefy, and become as quick and voluble at the presence of the head of the saint, as when it ran in the veins of the holy man during his life in the flesh. The exhibition of the miracle, and the circumstances under which I am able to bear witness of its operation, were as follows:—

The Cathedral of San Gennaro, in which the wonderful event transpires, is a gothic building, and is said to have been erected by Constantine, and is the largest and richest of all the churches of the metropolis of the two Sicilies. As we approached the sacred edifice, we observed many persons gathered about its grand entrances; and as we penetrated to the interior, we found the broad nave and the two spacious aisles of which the church consists, filled with the curious or devout, who awaited the termination of the mass already commenced, which precedes the exposure of the precious blood of the saint, and the miraculous event. The crowd was not, however, so dense as to obstruct our way to the choir, which includes a large enclosed space beneath the dome, near the centre of the church, in the midst of which is a tabernacle, in which is preserved the veritable head of San Gennaro. There were

double rows of the pious Neapolitans of the superior class, seated on either side the choir; but, the side steps, by which ingress and egress were alone permitted, were faithfully kept by two of the national guard, who suffered none but the brethren of the sacerdotal order, to mount or descend them during the ordinary service of the church. The mass was, however, soon over; and at its termination, as many persons were permitted to ascend to the choir, as might occupy the grand space, without obstructing the operations of the priests. Every miracle hath its rites and external forms, which might not conveniently be dispensed with. But this is not an ordinary miracle like that "effect defective," worked at every communion, which brings no conviction to the senses —has no physical result. It is a miracle attended with effects too plain and simple to admit of the doubts of any one not so hardy or perverse as to reject every evidence of sense, and the plain testimony of thousands. Here, we have no invocation, no fasting, no prayer, by which the imagination is often heated, and wonderful effects are sometimes produced, but the mere change of the local position of one visible object to another. Two material substances—the red gore of the martyr, and the remnant of his sacred head, are merely brought in the presence of one another;

and those who look upon the former may perceive all the effects, and by the use of their senses, decide at once, or in favour, or against, the miracle, beyond the suspicion of error. But, that all scruples and unbelief may be the more readily shamed from every untenable hold upon our minds; it is necessary, before relating precisely what did upon this occasion take place, to be first a little particular concerning the localities and the character of the sacred depositories of the two precious relics.

This great and magnificent cathedral is dedicated to, and is the sepulchre of the Martyr and Saint, Gennaro, who was decapitated at Naples. Underneath the church, there is a chapel of twelve altars, supported by ten Ionic columns, and with the whole of the interior faced with white marble; and under the principal of these subterranean altars, is laid the headless body of the martyr, enclosed in a vessel of bronze. But above the earth, in the tabernacle before mentioned, the door of which is of silver, is preserved the head of the same patron saint, and two vials, each about half replete with his sacred blood; and it is the change of the position of those two holy relics of the tabernacle, that should be the incomprehensible cause of the effects which become evident to the senses. For, as we shall presently

see when the external rite, which consists, in reality, in no more than the act of placing the vials of blood in front of the head of the saint—when this only, with its appropriate ceremonial is performed, the clotted gore becomes a fluid, such as when it ran in the veins of the martyr, when that head, now a cinder, lived and reflected, though unable to perform, what, dead, it has no difficulty in accomplishing.

When we ascended to the extensive choir, the officiating priest, who had just concluded a mass, was descending the steps of the altar, having in his hand the costly purple object of pious veneration. The two vials of blood, each about half full, are yet enclosed in a narrow class case, formed by two round panes of glass set in a wooden frame with a handle, and having only the necessary space for the vials between them.

As the priest came into the body of the choir, which might at this time have contained a hundred or more of the devout Neapolitans, numbers crowded around him; and, as they fell upon their knees, the holy man slowly walked from side to side, within the view of every one; while in one hand he carried the sacred vessel, as with the other he held a candle, though it was mid-day, as if determined to prevent all cause of suspicion or scandal; and this, as he placed the sacred

object before the eyes of the devotees, he held on the side opposite to that by which the spectators gazed at the contents of the vessels: and, as he continued to turn them over and over, it was impossible to be deceived concerning the state of the blood when first exposed to the view, or after its miraculous change. And such was the honest fervour of the pious Neapolitans at the appearance of the precious relic, that on their kness, they kissed the holy vessel, as the priest presented it from mouth to mouth, from the cold feature of age, down to the rosy and burning lips of the virgin beauty of eighteen.

I bent down to examine the vessels and their contents, as my good-natured guide knelt to press his lips to the glass; and I am able to declare, that the red substance contained within the vials, was at this time, about noon, in a congealed or solid state—that I saw the vessels repeatedly turned over and over, without their change of position causing any of the effects that it must instantly have produced, had there been any substance in a fluid state within them.

The choir now began to get so crowded, that it became difficult to watch the course of the miracle; but when the signal gun which announces the completion of the supernatural event was fired from the fort, between two and three

hours after the commencement of the exhibition of the blood, we made an effort to satisfy our minds concerning the result; and by the evidence of the senses, I now finally testify, that the solid or congealed substance did actually become a perfect fluid; and that there were thousands present when these astounding effects were produced, who saw and believed, and might he brought to bear the same testimony that is here voluntarily offered.

But lest this conviction, so willingly registered for the cause of truth, should be liable to the suspicion of having sprung from a disposition of two pliant credulity, it might not be proper to leave unnoticed or unanswered, the sole natural cause which has been heard advanced by the most sceptical or perverse, as that which might produce these effects, without the special agency of Heaven—without the intervention of Almighty Power.

It has been said, that the flame of the candle, continued for the space of several hours on the one side of the glass-case, and the warmth of so many glowing lips on the other, might, in that period of time, create sufficient heat to penetrate to the cold blood of the saint, and occasion the certain liquefaction which is seen to take place. But in reply to doubts upon no better grounds of sus-

picion, it may be demanded—What should we think of the success of a few simple monks in the middle of the nineteenth century, without motives of state policy or profit to stimulate the attempt—of their success in deceiving so large a portion of the more intelligent people of the third metropolis, at least in point of population, in the civilized world? Can a candle, and as many kisses from the lips of burning youth as we please, be able to overthrow evidence of a miracle performed in the presence of thousands of witnesses, and repeated three times in every year? Scepticism herself, would have been ashamed to use an argument founded upon no other presumption, than that the good sense of a thousand Neapolitans was no better than that of a thousand asses. The miracle, therefore, is beyond confutation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

My young companion so often mentioned, had remained in the hotel at Naples during the time I had passed with the family of the mountain. I, rarely, however, descended to the city, and never made an excursion in its vicinity, without my Gallic friend's good company; and a brief notice of the two most interesting days which we spent together, will make an end of this loose record of the ordinary experience of a traveller through the beautiful provinces of this once noble, still fair land.

We first hired a carriage to convey us to the foot of the mountain of Vesuvius, and left the city at an early hour. The road lies along the coast of the Bay of Naples, the scenery of which has been the just object of the admiration, and the theme of every one who has visited this part of Italy.

From the barrier of Naples to Portici, which is the first town we attain between Naples and the mountain, if we look towards the left, the nearer view presents a fertile vale or plain, strewed with the country villas of the richer citizens and the nobility of Naples; while the soft character of the prospect is no where confounded by the sight of any sterility save that which the ever-burning Vesuvius, immediately in front of the traveller, presents, to vary the scene, and limit the view in that direction alone. On the right, is seen the open Bay of Naples, with the several isles immediately without the protection of the two rude promontories which form the arms of the Bay. But the occasion will presently occur of contemplating the same view from a better point of observation, and where the traveller has more leisure to note what is most agreeable to regard, and most pleasing to remember.

After passing Portici, you almost immediately arrive at Resina, which is a curious and interesting village, built on the very lava of the mountain still smoking above it, which covers the ancient Retina. Here we hired mules, and a guide who accompanied us on foot; and we commenced the ascent through a country, varied by the alternate scenes of black and stern sterility, and the highest degree of fruitfulness and beauty.

These inequalities, which arise from the variations in the soil, proceed from the partial progress of the lava, which at different periods, during the eruptions, runs down the mountain in divided streams, leaving intervals undisturbed, that have been sufficiently long exposed to the air to gain a soil, and exhibit the natural fertility of the vicinity of the mountain. Wherever, indeed, these rich strips of land prevail, the soil possesses extreme fecundity, and is for the most part planted with vines, from the produce of which is made that much esteemed wine of this country, which is called, it may be, somewhat profanely, "Lachrymæ Christi."

Not a foot of ground is here left waste; and the whole circuit of the mountain, notwithstanding the frequent destruction of a great proportion of its richer lands, and the losses or ruin which is brought upon the cultivators of the soil, is covered with a population as dense as any to be found upon any equal space of ground, throughout the more fertile of all the reclaimed districts of Italy.

Continuing to ascend, you gradually leave all cultivation behind; and after this, there is but little natural vegetation. And, as you attain nearly the limits of the soil, you arrive at a building, which has been called the Hermitage,

to which is attached a small chapel. And here, some trees flourish, that have escaped overthrow during the later eruptions, by reason of their position, which is, with that of the Hermitage, upon an ample platform projecting from the side of the mountain. The insecure habitation is occupied by a monk, who entertains travellers; and such as might not be able to ascend the cone of the mountain, remain at his domicile until their fellow-travellers have accomplished the full ascent and returned.

Here we made a halt, and entering the Hermitage, partook of the hermit's viands and good lachrymæ Christi by the side of a blazing wood fire.

From this point, the prospect which presents itself to the view of the traveller, is perhaps not equalled in richness, variety, and beauty, by any other scene throughout the land of the picturesque and the grand. Immediately before us, appears the great capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, stretching on either hand along the shores, and rising from the port, which forms the fore-ground of the piece, to the summit of the lesser hills, which stand in advance of the higher lands that shelter the better portion of the city from the northerly winds when they prevail; while, beneath your feet, are seen Torre del Grecco, and the villages through which you have

passed in your approach to the mountain. Then turning towards the right, an open undulated and plain country appears, covered with vegetation subdued to the highest degree of culture, and abounding in the country houses and villas, as before noticed, of the citizens and nobles of the kingdom. But turning on the left, the broad bay presents its bold, yet fertile coasts; and the land is seen stretching out to a grand promontory on either side, with several smaller capes, forming bays, within which are seated some of the handsomest villages in all Italy. Among these, are the beautiful retreats of Castellamare, and of Sorrento on the left, and those of Posilipo and Baccoli upon the right; while beyond the extreme capes which form the grand bay, are seen the islands of Procida and Ischia, and that of Capri, beyond which lies the open plain of the sea to the distant line of the sensible horizon.

When we had partaken of the hermit's good fare, we mounted our horses and proceeded, accompanied by a fourth party, carrying a basket, which we understood contained provisions intended for our refreshment on our arrival at the summit of the mount.

We had not proceeded far beyond the Hermitage, before we found the way too rugged for the horses, which we now tethered and abandoned;

and soon after, by the best use of our legs, we reached the base of the proper cone which you ascend to the crater or great aperture, from which the horrid contents of the mountain are periodically vomited, and sometimes with such fearful effects.

The surface of the dark, yet picturesque portion of Vesuvius, when seen from a distance, you find to be composed of, or covered with cinders of such enormous bulk, that they render the way and the ascent extremely difficult; by the assistance, however, of our guide, we in time attained the bleak summit, and the brink of the frightful abyss, whence the liquid fires immediately issue at the time of the eruptions.

We had hoped that we might have obtained a view of the fire which is eternally burning within the mountain; but the great volume of smoke ascended in one dense mass, until it reached the top of the crater without leaving any open space, as is sometimes the case, by which the ever-living fire may be seen at different depths, or at the bottom of the crater.

We approached the very brink of the great aperture, at the point at which the wind should have favoured our attempt to obtain a view of the bubbling cauldron beneath us; but the black exhalations, as they rushed from the wide opening, presented a dark mass, that was impenetrable to

the vision, until they were subjected to the influence of the winds, which drove the great column, as it enlarged, towards the plain which lies directly eastward from the mountain.

The scene from this point, though more extended than that from the Hermitage, on the side of the valley and over the sea, does not present any new object, that might render it worth the labour of mounting the cone for the view alone. Some fatigue we experienced was, however, otherwise well repaid, when we stood by the side of that awful abyss, where the same dangerous elements which have at other times been the cause of such terrible effects, still bubble and ferment, and at intervals seldom exceeding three years, continue to shake the mountain, and burst forth and discharge new streams of Tartarian fire, overwhelming every thing which it reaches, and driving away the terrified inhabitants, whose sense of danger has been overcome by the desire of gain in the cultivation of the rich region which lies as already described, between the partial streams of the lava of former eruptions, or in their immediate vicinity.

At one point, we were, even, able to enter the mouth of the crater; which was accomplished by descending to a lodgement or step formed by the sinking, as it appears, of the earth around the

confines of the abyss; but the suffocating exhalations which occasionally reached the spot on which we had seated ourselves, in expectation of seeing the fire, did not permit us to remain long exposed to their effects.

We next crossed the "Smoke," as it is termed, or passed that part of the platform of the cone, over which the smoke is driven as it rises above the mouth of the crater by the prevailing winds, that we might attain the opposite side of the mount, which, without brave lungs, is at least difficult, by reason of the necessity for holding the breath, sometimes for a longer period than may be convenient. The method in use, to prevent the effects of the smoke is, to tie a handkerchief over your face, so that you may see the way without swallowing an undue proportion of the sooty exhalations.

Having passed the Smoke, however, the little inconvenience is well atoned for by the new landscape which here presents itself to the view. And in the midst of the scene now before us, our guide pointed out the excavations and remains of Pompeii, which however, are scarcely distinguishable, when seen from the summit of the mount, with the naked eye.

There is a broad space on this side the crater; and over this we rambled and amused ourselves

by removing large cinders, which in some cases caused the gushing out of flames, although there was no appearance of recent fire around us, and the ground under our feet was not too hot to stand upon.

After some time occupied in this manner, we made an attempt on this side also, to obtain a view of the fire within the crater, but with the same ill success as before. We now recrossed the Smoke; and upon our return to the side of the mountain on which we had ascended, we found the honest man who had accompanied us from the hermitage with provisions, busy in cooking a meal, at a fire which he had procured by the same means by which he had exposed the concealed flames on the opposite side of the crater; and, as soon as we had sparely partaken of what he had provided, we descended by an easier route than that by which we had ascended, and returned the same evening to Naples.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

THE day after our excursion to Mount Vesuvius we visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, concerning the remains of which so many volumes have been given to the world, and so much curious interest has been excited.

The tourist in Italy, whom we may suppose to have already visited Venice, Florence, Rome, will, in the two former of these cities, have had his researches and his thoughts turned to the study of the precious works of art which they contain, or to the more prominent events in their history, during the darker ages, which present us with such shuddering illustrations of the terrible struggles which preceded the happier political and moral condition of European society in the age in which we live. Paintings, Sculpture, Palaces, and Christian Temples will have been the greater ob-

jects of his immediate interest, the moral and political revolutions of states more or less the subjects of his consideration or the sources of his instruction. But at Rome, to a superior interest in all these subjects of recreative or instructive study, will be added the highest gratification, in examining the crumbling remains of the great public works of the ancient Roman people—from those whose construction was almost coeval with the foundation of the mighty city itself, to the grand edifices from which the last of the imperial decrees were proclaimed.

In the vicinity of Naples, fresh objects of curiosity and study revive the antiquarian appetite of the traveller, half sated in his review of the curiosities of the cities of his earlier researches. He may here walk the streets and enter a hundred dwellings entire, that were once inhabited by private citizens of that noble race which have become yet more and more the subject of his interest, since his arrival on this side the mountain barrier which protects this fair land. Here we may contemplate the proper memorials of a former world, with the illustrations which they afford concerning the domestic life of the people who make the greatest figure in history, and whose institutions—civilization—we may regard as the foundation, not only of those we possess, but also

of those of all the nations which compose the great Christian family throughout the world.

The whole vicinity of the great deposit of subterranean fires around Vesuvius, has doubtless in one age or another, been covered with towns and villages, of extent, population, and property in the endurable works of art, in proportion to the degrees of civilization which their inhabitants had attained, and the length of the intervals between the destructive eruptions of the volcano. But the most important that have been hitherto discovered, are those whose names are so familiar to us, the memorable Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were swallowed up during the grand eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era, and for seventeen centuries forgotten, or supposed to be reduced to ashes and annihilated. But, the circumstances which led to the discovery of these curious remains of antiquity, and the common interest which they have excited, are too familiar to need any reference here; yet, though an ordinary traveller might not be able to add any thing to the investigations and exact descriptions of the learned and better qualified tourist, such impressions as are peculiarly his own, should not be without their proportion of interest; we may, therefore, enter at once within the sacred precincts of these precious remains of the ancient world.

The portion of the long-lost city of Herculaneum which is exposed to the day, or to the view beneath the soil, is probably not in extent above a couple of square acres; and, that we yet see no more, might only be pardoned the Neapolitans in the extreme difficulty attending the excavations, which are made for the most part in the solid mass of lava, which, issuing from the crater of Vesuvius, ran down the side of the mountain, and overwhelmed and buried the city. There have been discovered, however, several public edifices, and several streets, with many private houses. But the whole are so much damaged by the burning ashes and the melted lava of the volcano, that they present a poor specimen of the domiciles or public works of the ancients, compared with those within the rival city, to which we shall, therefore, at once timorously pass.

It appears, that in the year 63 of the Christian era, a terrible earthquake first overthrew some of the chief public edifices of Pompeii, and did much damage to the city generally; but, that during the years which elapsed from that period to the final destruction or burial of the town in the year 79, the private dwellings had been entirely renewed, and the greater part of the public edifices re-established. Some of the latter, however, that had been subjected to the renovating touches of art, were not found completed, or perfect

in their external decorations; and the very want of what is most commonly missing, throws some light upon the operation of the elements which overthrew and destroyed the ill-fated city. In the public places of the town, and upon several of these buildings, pedestals still remain, while the statues which they once bore are not found; and there can be no doubt that these were removed after the commencement of the eruption, and before the total loss of the city, which would also seem to confirm the accounts of historians, through which we learn that the agents of this memorable event were slow, or for a time partial, in their operation. But, however long the final catastrophe may have been delayed, the discovery of human skeletons in all parts of the town at present opened, and the situation of some, which have been found crowded into the corners of vaults or arched passages, and such places as might seem to afford temporary shelter from the passing shower of ashes, and some even in their proper dwellings, plainly shew that they were eventually taken by surprise; and it may be, that those who cherished hope, would seek the vaults where the skeletons are now found, while others, giving themselves up to despair, or being too distant from such places of retreat, remained and were entombed alive in their own proper dwellings.

That the statues which are found wanting in

Pompeii could have been removed from the pedestals during the terrific scene which must have attended its destruction, is alike inconsistent with the appearance of the remains of the inhabitants that perished, and the natural feelings which so terrible an event should have inspired. Yet, had they been removed after the entire burial of the town, there would doubtless have remained sufficient traces of the excavations which had been performed to obtain them, to have kept alive the memory among the Romans, of the site and existence of the city, down to a period that would not have been suffered to pass over without the endeavour, at least, of some of the successive inhabitants of the vicinity, to recover its remains. But here we are assisted by the discovery, that the first, or deepest, of the several layers of the rubbish which covers Pompeii, and the first only, has been found to have excavations, which, without doubt, were made by the survivors of the eruption of 79, but which were covered in the course of the later eruptions, which history has had no such reason to be precise in recording, when the city was finally lost to all hopes of the recovery of any of the precious monuments it possessed, and, in the course of time, forgotten.

The materials which overwhelmed Pompeii, consist, for the most part of cinders, ashes, and

stones, incrusted and bound together by strata of lava, which must have poured down the mountain at intervals; and over the entire of which, a soil had gradually formed and become so fertile, that at the time of the discovery of the ancient city, the plough had for centuries passed over it, and the earth produced abundance of wine and oil, though it does not appear, which is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that any building had been erected upon the ground which covered the ancient town: and this was the state of the country when the first discoveries of the city were made.

Coming now, to what we at this time see: we find Pompeii an entire, walled, ancient Roman city, exhibiting every external attribute to the civilization of the first century of the Christian era, from an amphitheatre, to a temple of heathen worship—from a palace, down to the humble dwelling of the poorest of its citizens—with all the domestic utensils, and every object of household necessity or convenience, made use of by its inhabitants at the time of the eruption of the mountain and its fatal effects.

We did not enter the city by the ancient way of the tombs that conducts to the gate of Herculaneum, which had been, some time since, the accustomed route, but at the limits of the excavations upon the south side, which is the chief entrance

now open. There were several of the guides in attendance, and we stepped immediately into one of those smaller temples with which most ancient cities seem to have abounded, and which has been called the Basilica.

The Basilica, then, of Pompeii, was rich in ornament, but especially in columns, of which it still wants but little of two rows on either side and three at each end. It should once have belonged to the class of the beautiful among temples, rather than to the magnificent among the specimens of architectural edifices, and cannot be compared in interest with those of equal antiquity which we find crumbling in the open air throughout Italy. Its very freshness, indeed, bereaves it of that which in others excites the chief interest, in presenting, rather the semblance of a modern imitation unsanctified by time, than those motives to veneration which we are in a degree prepared to feel when we enter the city which has not been subjected to the natural death which destroyed all its mightier contemporaries, almost to the last relic of all that was mortal within them. For these reasons we were here disappointed. But we were not yet properly in Pompeii.

There was but a step further to attain the Forum, where the tourist will first realize his dreams, first approve those sensations which the

contemplation of whatever brings us nearest in contact with the former inhabitants of the globe at a distant period of the world's history, whether they were barbarous or whether they were civilized, never fails to excite. We entered an open area of oblong form, from the centre of which are seen the remains of many public edifices, temples, triumphal arches, colonnades, and pedestals of statues that once ornamented the public place; while at the opposite end to that at which we entered, is seen a shattered fabric of prostyle construction, upon a ruined basement, to which you ascend by flights of steps, and which is supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. Here, indeed, you may stand and muse amid the scene which surrounds you, till imagination re-people the ancient city, and recall the events which were wont to happen in this former rendezvous of the more manly spirits among an independent race, ever ready to oppose the enemies of liberty and civilization. Here you may see assembled crowds, and hear the popular tumult of political excitement, or intermix with the children of industry, and listen to the cries of domestic commerce; or in another mood, follow the crowd of the devout citizens, rushing into the temple of the Father of the gods, to render in their own forms, and under dark figures and confused impressions, the homage to the uni-

versal Creator, which all his creatures, or in ignorance or in knowledge, equally yield.

There is nothing here, as at Rome, to divert us from thoughts, into which the ruins of a former world is wont to plunge us. It seems but yesterday, that the earth shook, and the statues and the columns fell; or we feel the last fatal shock, and witness the agony, when, amidst a tempest and a whirlwind, the rivers of liquid fire ran down the mountain, while the heavens rained sulphur and stones and ashes, till the site which you now behold disappeared from the surface of the earth, and the few of the living who remained, were swallowed up in the general ruin, and their bones left to be disinterred by the hands of a race unacquainted even with the tongue in which they discoursed—to be raised from the tombs in which the elements had interred them, to be again buried by a race, deprived of all the blessings of freedom, and degraded to submission to a dominant superstition, the more dangerous, in being the corruption of truth, even to the conversion of the religion of liberty and civilization into an instrument for conserving tyranny, with all its awful effects upon the social condition of mankind.

Yet, it is not at this moment, that the interest of Pompeii takes full possession of our thoughts. We have, hitherto, seen only such memorials of the

ancient world, as little differ from those which, through the same period of time, have looked upon the face of heaven, and withstood the injuries of barbarian conquest, the violence of religious zeal, and the effects of the elements which sooner or later waste and bring to dissolution every vain work of men's hands.

But here it may be remarked in passing: that contemplation among the ruins of palaces and temples, and amidst public edifices, whether they were the dwelling of princes, or the centres of superstition, or for sport and recreation, resembles the study of history from the proper works of the historian, without perusing the truer history of manners, modes of thinking, and the real character of prevailing feelings, opinions, superstitions, found in the works of the poets, which are perhaps the more worthy records through which we become acquainted with the characters of the human race in a distant age. But to be particular in this somewhat hazardous remark, and to step yet another pace aside from our direct way, let us ask what—when the great metropolis of our mighty empire shall have disappeared, save a few remains of the columns and temples which now adorn its public places and its gardens,—what, will the generations in that age know of the customs, feelings, character, proper history of their fathers, the site

of whose ancient capital these remains discover, should they peruse alone our historians, our court and political history, without any study of our more domestic literature, without any acquaintance with the works of the ever-living poets in the English age.

They will not enter into our private dwellings as we, at this moment, are about to enter those of the good folks of Pompeii. They will not stand upon our hearths, as we are now about to stand upon the hearths of the very Romans who thronged these streets, and dwelt within these walls, and possessed all the knowledge that prevailed, and were acquainted with all the arts that flourished, in the Roman—the Augustan age.

As we now leave the Forum, taking the way which leads to the gate of Herculaneum, we first find ourselves in the very midst of the city, among the private dwellings, and shops, and places of particular resort, all as if they were but yesterday abandoned by their inhabitants; and, as we now thread the streets and ways of the disinterred city, the imagination supplies what Pompeii alone wants of its former estate. Here we meet with Roman citizens, a passenger in toga and sandal at every step. They crowd not about us, as if we were as great in interest in their eyes as they are in ours. They pursue their several ways. They follow their various

avocations. They behold us not. The more we reflect, the more real our dream. And now, if ever, we feel we might commune with the spirits of the departed; and we are almost tempted to give utterance to our feelings—to interrogate the shadows that flit by us, concerning the thousand doubts that oppress us. Were ye like unto us? Possessed ye the same sense of joy and sorrow that we feel? Practised ye the same charities, and the same vices, that mark the characters of men in this our age; and, were they rewarded and punished in your time, as (sooner or later) we find them now? Your lips answer not; but we are from a far land, and of a strange accent, and there might be no interpreter between us, save our lengthened study of all your works that remain, in which, time will not permit us to engage. Shadows that have started at our coming: fear not the comparison with your posterity. Your doubts of yesterday are resolved, as ours shall be on the morrow, and ye should be happy. Let us enter your dwellings: you have no power to close even the doors of your temples—the shrine—the altars—of your gods. But we come not to profane them. We would not violate their sanctity. We will rather enter the proper abodes in which you dwelt, when ye were mortal men.

Leaving the temple already mentioned upon

our right hand, we passed through a short street which appears, for the most part, to have been occupied by workshops, with some public baths. After which, we passed through a narrower way, forming with another street upon the left hand, an acute angle which terminates at the commencement of a broader thoroughfare, which we now entered and continued our promenade to the gate of Herculaneum, and beyond this to the limits of the excavations which extend in this direction along the ancient way, to some distance without the walls of the city.

As far as the gates, we found little variety in the plan and construction of the houses, beyond such as the difference between private houses and magazines of merchandize or shops, of which those which we had hitherto seen, for the most part consist, might have rendered necessary; and there is rarely so much as the shattered remains of a second story, which has led to a belief that all the upper portions of the houses, as well as all the roofs, of which no vestiges remain, were formed of wood or some other ignitable material. But beyond the gate of Herculaneum, you enter several private houses of superior dimensions, and some series of porticoes are to be seen, of which it is difficult to discover the precise use; and there are some remarkable tombs.

Among the private dwellings, the most notable is the villa of Marco Arria Diomede, which has upon the floor that remains, several commodious apartments; and there is another called the villa of Cicero.

We now repassed the gate at which we had crossed the ancient boundary of Pompeii, and proceeded to walk through the centre streets of the excavated portions of the city.

The general effects of these streets, must at all times have been gloomy, by reason of the lower stories consisting, generally, at least, of dead walls without any aperture save the door, the necessary additional light being only admitted through windows in the upper story of the roof. They are commonly paved with blocks of lava from former eruptions of the mountain; but, although these are sometimes neatly dovetailed, they are usually of unequal dimensions, by which the ways have been rendered rough, especially without the gate of Herculaneum, where the condition of the pavement is the more remarkable, in exhibiting evidence of the extensive traffic which the inhabitants of Pompeii seem to have had with the people without the walls, by the deep-worn ruts, amounting to grooves, in the very stones, formed by the wheels of carriages which should have been engaged in the external commerce of the city. And it is most

worthy of notice, that on either side the way, we here find a footpath with even a curbstone, which is now not to be found, not merely in the minor cities of Italy, but is even wanting in the crowded narrow or broad streets of the rich and populous capital of the two Sicilies.

We entered many shops, and private dwellings in our prolonged ramble; but, shorn as they have been of their furniture and decorations, save some more or less beautiful specimens of the most exquisite mosaic pavements, to fill the museums of the world, and especially that of Naples, they lose, in this unrestrained spoliation, the greater portion of their curiosity, and much of their interest.

We rambled through many streets, passing by temples, theatres, fountains, prisons, the receipt of customs, and public baths; and, we examined many houses of every sort, the most interesting, being those which you are enabled to discover by paintings which decorate the walls, or by the implements that have been found within their chambers, the very profession, or handicraft, or business, of the good people of Pompeii that inhabited them. We sat upon stone benches at the door of a tavern; and we entered the laboratory of a practitioner, where, we were informed, upon the very counter, were found some pills, and by their side a roll of the same material of which they were formed, not yet

divided, which, at least, should fix the high antiquity of the method we still practise of taking many medicines. We were shewn, likewise, the apartment in which were found many surgical instruments, which are all of bronze.

But many houses attract great interest from inscriptions within or without them, which indicate their uses, or the names of the families to which they appertained. The greater part of the better buildings, have, however, been named after illustrious writers, or have received some inappropriate appellations, which subtract a portion of their interest, by the vague conjectures which are thereby mixed with the more valuable data for their illustration.

We were shown the spot within the temple of Isis, where a skeleton, doubtless of a priest, had been found, and by the side of which was lying an axe, that had evidently been used with some effect in an attempt to perforate the walls, after the proper egress from the temple had been blocked up.

We had now passed an entire day among the deserted streets and habitations of Pompeii, and were satisfied. Among all the remains of antiquity at this time extant upon the face of the whole globe, there can be nothing of more intense and varied interest, not to the mere antiquary

alone, but to every student of even the moral history of the ancient inhabitants of the world. Had every portion of the familiar literature of the ancients endured to this day, the curious inquirer concerning the domestic customs of the Romans, could scarcely have found worthier illustrations of his subject, than the houses and streets of the disinterred city afford.—Communicable spirits here sit in every chamber, and whisper truth to the ear of every mortal that treads upon the threshold of their dwellings; and the lesson, though it reach us through the fancy, receives the quick stamp and impression of things that meet our external senses.

The ebony bones of two skeletons, just disinterred, were removed as we passed by, from a chamber, the one half of which was now open to the day, while the other half remained filled with the cinders of Vesuvius, which formed a perpendicular wall from the floor of the house to the narrow stratum of arable soil, bordered with a rich edge of grass, above our heads.

They were like the mortal remains of the intelligencies with which we seemed to have held converse. Where dwell now the spirits that once reflected within them, as we now reflected? And, where is it appointed first to dwell, after a life scarce long enough to determine our conjectures

concerning anything in which we are not enlightened by revelation? Wherefore are we possessed with an understanding, the highest exercise of which, only serves to increase our doubts and confirm our uncertainties? Can the superior essence in our twofold nature, which we call spirit, cease even for a season to enjoy the existence which was first bestowed upon it, in the form and dress of the material substance of which a portion still survives? Yet, perhaps, our knowledge of the laws of nature, should here be sufficient to resolve our doubts into hopes that we die not, when we remember, that what is material, and belongs to us here, could not be transferred to the nearest terrestrial globe or planet to which we may be removed, without the violation of a principle in physics, for which we can see no reason; and which, for such a purpose, we must be young and vigorous, indeed, when we die, even to desire. Such at least were the reflections with which we quitted the streets and private houses of beings of our race, who, near eighteen centuries ago, threaded these ways, and dwelt in these now desolate habitations.

After this mere promenade through the streets and alleys of Pompeii, we returned to mix with the busy living throng which inhabit the modern capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE TIARA

AND

THE TURBAN.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FOR SICILY—ONE NIGHT'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH PALERMO.

But while we gave way to the indulgence of a growing inclination for such researches as have given rise to the matter contained in the last chapter, I was not wholly insensible to the bad effects of the weather, or forgetful of the objects for which I had crossed the British Channel, left Paris, past the Alps, and continued my journey to the furthest capital of the states of Italy.

The feelings which we experience, when we contemplate leaving Italy, are perhaps as indefinable as those with which we enter this once noble land. As we have wandered among the remains of the labours of antiquity in which we seem to possess common property, we have scarce

deemed ourselves, mere sojourners in a land less happy than that which is indeed our own; and, it is not until our exultation and heated fancy give place to calmer reflections, that we remember that we sojourn among a new race—among a people whose thoughts are not as our thoughts,—that we dwell in a land where all is now changed save the face and increase of nature—where the bold spirit of freedom has yielded to the effeminate pursuit of voluptuous enjoyments—where a Prince, seated upon the throne of the Cæsars, governs by a code of degrading superstitions, which twenty centuries earlier in the world's history would have been deemed as ridiculous here, as they can now appear to those who dwell beyond the bounds of the moral darkness which overshades this fair land—superstitions, which the sovereign himself, the greatest of his slaves, dares not to reform—could not abolish. But our thoughts thus turned to that which is around us, we have less difficulty in separating ourselves from those things to which we have long clung, with almost the tenacity with which, at the two trial seasons of life, our youth and our age, we cling to the land which we first knew, the country where the bones of our fathers rest.

I had now spent more than two months, in or near the metropolis of the two Sicilies, during the

whole of which time there had been no longer cessation of the rains already so often complained of, than might afford an opportunity to the tourist to visit the more remarkable objects of his just curiosity within the city and its immediate vicinity. It was time to seek a more genial climate. The mountains, which on either side the bay of Naples raise their heads above the altitude of the richest vegetation, were covered with frozen snow; and as far as a single winter-season's experience should allow us to form a judgment, the climate of Naples might not be considered superior to that which at the same time of the year is commonly known to favour the south-west coast of our own Britain.

Driven then from Naples by the badness of the climate in the middle of February, I embarked by a French steamer for Sicily, amidst the usual torrents of rain, though full of hope of experiencing a speedy and great change for the better.

We had a stormy passage to Palermo, for which port we had sailed; but the packet, though French, was a fine vessel, with English engines, and she did not strain a plank.

When we entered the port, the wind was at a gale, and the sky was covered with dense and black clouds, which, at intervals only parted sufficiently asunder, to exhibit the snowy tops of the mountains which are around the bay. We now

heard from the pilots, that after much rain, there had been a short cessation; but as our anchor dropped, it began to pour down again in fresh floods, and the inconvenience of a steamer on these occasions is well known.

It was just two hours from the time of our arrival, during which it never ceased raining, to the moment the passengers were free to disembark; but, by the force of four oars, we were now rowed across the bay, which should be less than a mile in breadth, and finally landed, or were rather thrown upon the strand, as the French packet-ships are wont to serve their passengers, unsheltered, and almost as destitute, our proper luggage being denied us, as if we had been intruders upon the shores of a barbarous enemy's land.

My stay at Palermo did not exceed one night and a part of the day which succeeded it; but that short space of time was sufficiently fertile in such incidents as tend to show, that all that we experience in travelling may not belong to the agreeable; and it is not difficult to give a particular detail of what occurred within that brief time.

I was, unluckily, one of the last of the passengers that left the beach. As I stood wrapped in cloaks, and with an umbrella over my head, a Sicilian, whom I took for the servant of an hotel, offered to conduct me to a fit asylum for the night,

and his offer was accepted; and as he lifted my small carpet bag, soaking already, and placed it upon his shoulder, we proceeded, as I trusted, to find a warm supper, and a comfortable bed. We shall see what was the end of these so fair hopes.

The rain continued, and the wind was still at a gale. The streets, as we proceeded, were muddy on either side; while, through the middle of both the broad and the narrow, ran floods of water of the depth of a foot, and sometimes more, but across which, at intervals, had been placed some large stones for the accommodation of such few passers-by as might chance to be, like ourselves, not barefoot.

Through ways such as these, we passed from the better streets to the narrow and inferior, knocking at every hotel known in Palermo, without succeeding in finding a bed. At length, after between two and three hours spent in paddling about, sometimes among the most miserable and filthy passages that ever intersected any collection of human habitations, without any hopes of better success, I sought the beach again, discharged my guide, and through the storm, re-crossed the bay, in order to sleep, if it were possible, on board the vessel from which I had landed. But finding this, on my arrival on board, to be contrary to the police regulations, which are the pest of Italy and

this country, I was obliged to leave the vessel again, and once more seek for an asylum on shore.

Upon landing for the second time upon the beach, I requested one of the boatmen to conduct me to the office of the Chief Commissioner of Police, where arrived, we were met by closed doors. We knocked loud and long, but it was to no purpose. The knock! knock! knock! once heard at the Castle of Inverness, might as soon have been expected to awake the Royal Duncan from the sleep of death, which its Thane's own hands had given the King, as our feeble tapping, to rouse the watch, amidst the raging and the ceaseless pelting of the storm. But what was yet a worse stop in our train of woes, was the full establishment of night. We had no lamp, nor was there the faintest beam of light visible, nor in heaven nor on earth, to afford us the least indication of the way; and, there did not seem to be a whit more aptness to this end, in the native born Sicilian, than in myself, that was without the smallest conception whether the north or the south was before us or behind us, nor conscious of any other knowledge, that might in the condition in which we were placed, have contributed any thing towards our comfort or safety for the night. But—

"When things are at the worst, they *sometimes change.*"

And while we were engaged in groping our uncertain way by the houses and the walls that were perceptible to no other sense than the touch, the Sicilian suddenly cried out *Bravo! lume! lume!* But, as we directed our steps towards the spot where the light seemed to burn, it was suddenly extinguished; and in a moment after we had seen the hopeful glimmer, we were again plunged in the same darkness as before. The Sicilian now began to tear the air with loud shouts, that were something between a shriek of anguish and a yell of disappointment, and which, if they did not relumine the lost flame, were replied to, in accents too like those of my companion in trouble to be taken for the wary voice of an enemy in wait; and the welcome replication was followed by the reappearance of the lamp, which as we approached, we found to be borne by some figure so deeply enveloped in the dark wrappings of an ample cloak, as to leave no room to conjecture any thing concerning his estate, and the character of our fortune, whether good or bad. But he desired us to enter beneath the arch-way of a court, as it seemed to us, where he stood, and which we had no sooner done, than he turned and conducted us through a narrow passage which led to a cold comfortless apartment, without fire, without any floor save the natural earth, and

without any furniture, except a block of wood, upon which another cloaked figure sat, who neither rose, nor in any way recognized us as we entered.

Once or twice during our wanderings through the dark and difficult passages, through which we had passed from the time that the darkness had commenced, I had been struck with the folly of being, as it so happened, entirely without fire-arms; and yet, consoled myself by reflecting, how little they might have served against a stab in the dark. But just now that there seemed more necessity for a weapon of defence than ever, my surprise may be conceived, when our unbonneted host, who had worn more the air of "the porter at Hell-gate," if it have any, than the door-keeper to a habitation of Christian men, informed us that we were in a house of charity, even a hospital, or at least beneath the roof of a building at the present moment devoted to the same pious uses—within one of those hallowed places, which if they exhibit scenes the most painful of any we can calmly contemplate, present at the same time perhaps the noblest of those few redeeming virtues, by which we may hope to avert the just anger of Him who regards the actions rather than the professions of his creatures, and will accept their tenderness and good will for one another, sooner than the vain ceremonials which so often

corrupt rather than promote the observance of the divine law.

This most agreeable information, at the moment, when it should have been a subject of rejoicing to discover that we had not entered a den of thieves,—nay, to myself, that my guide was not the greatest of the gang,—filled us with almost as lively joy as might attend the exchange of the lowest degree of homeless destitution, for the highest worldly condition. But—

"When things are at the *best*, they *always change*."

And when our conductor had asked and received answers to a string of questions concerning the condition in which we appeared, and the causes of it, and discovered as he should have had no difficulty in doing, that dry clothes and repose were what we most wanted, he made a low obeisance to the Englishman; and as he lit another lamp, he requested me to follow him, and begged that my guide might be left to occupy the seat which had been vacated by his companion while we were engaged in conversation.

The good Sicilian now led me through, it was difficult to say what manner of passages, to an open court, which we traversed ankle deep in water, to attain a stone flight of steps, which we mounted to a gallery that seemed like a first

story, and having gained which, after a short turn or two more, we arrived at a doorless chamber, which we now entered.

Within this chamber, there were two beds spread out upon the ground, which was almost as wet as the external earth, and these were occupied by two patients, who I learned were both in a raging fever, while a third partly was seen by the additional light of a small lamp, that had been placed upon a chair in the room, engaged in covering up as it seemed, and caring for, one of the sick men; and this, although I did not recognize him, was the good man whom we saw occupying the chamber below, and its only seat, when we first entered —the worthy male nurse, now seemingly engaged in the performance of his charitable duties.

When the porter of the wretched asylum, and the guardian of its unhappy tenants, observed my surprize at the first sight of this chamber of misery, he more fully explained to me the character of the house and its habitants of which he had the present charge. It was no more, he informed me, than a temporary accommodation, hired in aid of a public house of charity, on account of the incapacity of the latter to contain all the invalids at this season of the year, that were entitled to admission. And those which occupied this room, he also informed me, were all that were at present

under its roof or in his charge. "But," he added, "*Il Signore* will be better accommodated."

With this, the good superintendent turned to a latch door, the pannels of which were broken; and opening it, he introduced me into a chamber, differing from the other, only, in the advantage of a window, through the broken panes of which the wind however, now whistled, and the rain poured, until there was upon the floor a perfect pool, and that it was furnished with a bed or crib, which was raised, it might be—sufficiently high above the ground to be still dry.

To what degree of humiliation may we not be reduced, when after so few hours experience of mere external ills, such a chamber of wretchedness should appear to abound in comfort—such a miserable couch, to be a worthy bed of repose. At least, I might take off my wet clothes, and get between blankets or coverings of some sort, and perhaps be warm enough to sleep through the remaining watches of the night; and of what hath a man more need after the time of darkness, and some hours full exposure to the "pelting of the pitiless storm?" With such thoughts then, every minute's delay was the loss of a minute's enjoyment. So, rejoicing, like an epicurean in the full contemplation of a new pleasure, I cast off my clothes, dismissed my kind host, and threw myself

upon this luxurious bed, and as, when "the hope is drunk wherein we dress ourselves," for the present, remembered no more.

I slept soundly, and rested undisturbed, during the first hours of the night; but this too happy slumber was not to endure: and about the third watch, I was suddenly awakened by a blow on the head. But stupefied by its effects, I did not know precisely their full character, until the proofs were afterwards exposed by the light. The first consciousness which returned, enabled me to distinguish loud cries; but to the cause of them I had no guide; and before I had time to rise in the bed, I perceived by the light of the lamp which still burned in the adjoining room, a tall figure standing directly by my bed-side. But such was the state of my brain, after the fatigue and anxiety, with all the sufferings, of the preceding evening, together with the effects of the blow, that I was incapable of recalling anything that had passed, sufficiently clearly, to comprehend the true position in which I was placed.

The earliest impression that I received, was, that the scene was the first upon the other side of the great gulph between this world and eternity, and the tall figure upon which I gazed, the omnipresent, omni-form, enemy of mankind. But the first connected idea which I remember, suggested to my mind, that Heaven had chosen for the con-

version of a sceptic, to exhibit undeniable proofs of the reality of such scenes, and the truth of such miracles, the belief in which I had so often delighted in condemning and reviling;—that the infernal apparition was sent, albeit, not on a legitimate errand—but a troubled brain suggests nothing spiritual that is not infernal—was sent to convert a sinner from the error of his ways. But some natural terror, or, it might be the loss of the blood that was streaming from my forehead, in time restored the wonted attribute of which we chiefly boast, to some share of its just empire over the mind; and I succeeded in recalling the incidents of the past evening, and my consequent situation. I now raised myself in the bed; but I was no sooner in a sitting position than I was seized hold of by a stout arm of substantial flesh and blood, from the grasp of which I had no means of releasing myself, but by inflicting a blow, which, falling directly upon the chest, of certainly not the Devil, the unhappy wight fell immediately to the ground.

My position was now changed. The effects of a feverish dream, and of the blow by which I had had been awakened, had almost departed; and, if an enemy were present, he was at least prostrate. My senses were no longer bewildered. The first feeling that suggested itself, was to pursue the advantage on the offensive; but light enough from

the lamp in the sick-room glimmered through the broken panels of the door, to exhibit the stranger, motionless upon the floor, and shew that there was no more need of aggressive warfare. But the second thought brought apprehensions of having unconsciously committed homicide; and leaping from the couch, I passed to the ante-room, and finding no one save the other sick man there, seized the lamp, ran to the top of some steps, and called aloud for the attendants; but there was no reply. I now returned with the light to my own room; for my anxiety was too great to admit of waiting any longer to know the full consequences of what had happened.

On re-entering my room, I found the unfortunate man lying at full length upon his back upon the wet ground. He had the livid countenance, whether of disease or of death I could not tell, until I put my hand upon his forehead, which was burning, and felt his pulse, which was quick and strong. Satisfied with this, I carried him to the vacant bed of the drier room, upon which I could not doubt he had been sleeping; and as I performed this office, he uttered several piteous cries, at which his partner in sickness and distress made an effort of strength to raise himself in his bed, but only to drop down again on his pillow without uttering a word.

As soon as I had now placed the unhappy vic-

tim of neglect, in safety upon his own couch, I wrapped one of the blankets of my bed around me, and again taking the lamp in my hand, descended a narrow flight of steps, and passing a windy passage, came to a large unfurnished room, in which there were several doors. I tried each of these, if it might open, but without success. I knocked loudly at one of the doors, but there was no answer. I now sought for assistance in every direction that I could find a passage; but although I did not recognize any place or passage I had seen before, I, at length, discovered a court which evidently led into the street; but the floods of rain that were falling prevented my proceeding further; for there was no means even of preserving the light. Thus, I was forced to determine to perform still the part of the nurse, as far as it might be possible, myself; and I returned once more to my room, dressed in my wet clothes, which had been thrown from the bed to the ground in the scuffle; and it was not until now that I discovered the blood upon my shirt, and knew that I had received any bodily harm. It was easy to be perceived, however, that the wound was but slight; and it had already ceased to bleed, although it must have been inflicted by an earthen jug which I found lying broken by the bed-side, and which proved to be that which had contained one of the unfortunate sick men's beverage.

All was now tranquil; and as both the sick men seemed to sleep, I placed a bench which I found in my chamber perpendicularly against the door, that in the event of a fresh visit, its fall, if I should sleep, might awaken me: then, lying down, I slept as soundly as before, and did not awake until long after the appearance of day.

As soon as I awoke, I arose from my miserable bed, and moved the bench from the door; and finding the attendant whom I had seen the night before, attending upon one of the sick men, I related all that had passed, except the unfortunate blow, which had yet in unconsciousness been given, the confession of which, it seemed more prudent to reserve for the ear of the doctor, alone, or perhaps for that of the magistrate or priest. And I did not fail to tell the attendant, what were my opinions of the cruel negligence which I had observed; but he seemed quite insensible of having been in the smallest degree wanting in any act of duty; and by comparison, indeed, with an act of inhumanity of which I now learned from him, his Superior had been that night guilty, and of which I heard with additional pain I had myself been the indirect cause, his negligence was almost undeserving observation. He informed me, that two poor men, in much the same condition as those before us, had been, during my stay below on the pre-

vious evening, and for my accommodation, removed from the chamber in which I had slept, to a shed in the yard, and that both of them had occupied up to the very moment before I entered the room, the very bed from which I had just arisen.

At my particular request, the doctor was now sent for. He had not seen either of the sick men for the last two days, but was attentive when he arrived; and I was soon relieved from my chief cause of anxiety, by hearing, after his examination of the man in whose condition I felt the greatest interest, that he found him in a profuse perspiration, and which, upon my explanation, it was yet more satisfactory to find, was attributed to the adventure of the night. And indeed, so much better was his patient, that he now pronounced hopes of his recovery which he had not had before.

Soon after noon of this day, I left the wretched abode of sickness, and of barbarity which it is humbling to human pride to discover in the constitution of beings with whom we are fellow creatures, and re-embarked to proceed to Messina in the packet by which I had arrived the day before, and amidst the same floods of rain which had poured down from the clouds when we landed: and I have no recollections, no impressions of Palermo, save those which present the scene, of this dismal night.

CHAPTER II.

A MONK'S DESPAIR.

THE night of our departure from Palermo was again stormy: but we attained the calmer waters of the Straits of Messina before the usual hour of rising on the following day.

I was not among those who came upon deck at an early hour this morning: but as soon as I had mounted the cabin ladder, I observed all the passengers that were then upon the deck, collected in a group, and apparently engaged with some subject of absorbing interest. Several of the party, as in some affair of common interest, moved aside as I came near them; and I saw a monk in the midst of the group, whose appearance left no doubt of his being the cause of the interest that seemed to have been excited. The holy brother was seated upon a bench beneath the bulwarks of the quarter deck; and upon approaching him a little nearer, I ob-

served a small figure of Christ upon the cross, lying in his lap and apparently mutilated. There was little need of words to satisfy the most eager curiosity concerning the character of the scene, and the feelings of those that were present. The monk held his hands closed before him, while his head was bent down, and his eyes intently fixed upon the maimed object of his veneration. It was of wood, and seemed of little intrinsic value; but he had brought it all the way from Rome, to which, holy city in *his* eyes, he had made a pilgrimage; and this was the only visible sign and sensible record of perhaps the most memorable event that might mark his whole life; and, was intended to ornament or sanctify his obscure cell, and to recall the circumstances of his journey to, and his sojourn in, the sacred capital of the Church, and of his interview with the representative of St. Peter, and vicegerent of Heaven.

The circumstances which led to the distressing accident, by which the sacred image had been broken, had been already told to all present. The afflicted devotee, it appeared, had inconsiderately placed the little box which contained the precious toy, open upon the cabin table of the vessel before he retired to bed, with the same confidence that he would have deposited it upon the firm oaken

board of his convent; but the elements, which respected, "Nor the Armada's pride, nor spoils of Trafalgar," joined their malignant powers; and raised a storm during the night, of such fearful account in the simple imagination of the poor monk, that the good brother had sought the aid of his holy little memorial of Rome, and found the fragile figure had been tossed upon the ground, and thus mutilated, as it now appeared, which was the cause of the lively grief which he suffered, and of the honest sympathy of all the good Christians that stood around him. The mischief, indeed, seemed irreparable. The very right arm of the crucified figure, with the corresponding arm of the cross to which it had been nailed, was entirely severed from the rest of the unprized presentment of the dying Saviour.

The grief of the monk, as he sat contemplating the broken image before him, seemed too overwhelming to express itself in more than a few scarce audible exclamations; while the sympathy of those that stood by, and their respect for the mental suffering which they witnessed, prevented so much as a response to the pious brother's suppressed ejaculations. Altogether, I never saw more poignant grief on the one hand, nor more generous sympathy on the other. Even the seamen, engaged in their several duties, as they

passed by, seemed to partake of the common sorrow ; so that had our voyage been, by any accident, protracted, it had been one of mourning until our arrival. But we landed that very morning at Messina.

CHAPTER III.

A SICILIAN PRIEST.

THE port of Messina is one of the more secure of all the first-class ports to be found in the world; and with the exception, perhaps, of that of Malta, it is the most commodious and convenient of all the ports of the Mediterranean Sea. The ships and vessels of every class, lie by a broad quay, which is replete with fine buildings; and the scene, upon entering the port, is highly imposing.

Soon after our arrival at Messina, I was waited upon by the very pious, zealous, English missionary, and some other English residents; but as I had not come to Sicily to associate with my countrymen, I did not cultivate their acquaintance.

The weather continued stormy, with heavy rain, snow, or sleet; and, as I was much in want of amusement within doors, I inquired of the land-

lord of my hotel whether he knew any fairly instructed Sicilian gentleman, who would not hesitate, without a more formal introduction, to make the acquaintance of an Englishman; and the good host, upon the first hint, brought a priest to my apartment, whom he introduced as a learned clergyman, and professor of languages. The good priest entered my room briskly; and claiming the privilege to which he justly thought himself entitled, in consequence of having made some progress in the study of the language of my country, he offered me his hand, in imitation of our good custom, and we began our acquaintance with such a mutual hearty salutation as might become two Britons born.

I passed several days, almost entirely in the company of this Sicilian priest, without any thing happening that might be worthy to remember. After a longer acquaintance, however, two incidents occurred, which, though in themselves of little account, should not be foreign to the design of the inquiries in which we are engaged.

The good churchman never went abroad without the company of his dog, which was a fine animal, between a mastiff and a Newfoundland dog, that had been presented to him by an English merchant captain. When he went to market, where it was his daily practice to go, whatever he

bought, the dog carried home, and after returned to his master, to whatever part of the town he might happen to have removed. At night, the intelligent brute always carried a lighted lantern before his master; and he was the priest's safest guard against the gentry of the dagger from whom the streets of the towns of Italy and Sicily are not yet quite free.

One evening, the priest came to me much out of breath, and much agitated; and as I did not perceive the dog to enter before him with the light, I immediately suspected that he had had an encounter with some thieves, who had, at least, killed his dog. The holy man threw himself upon the sofa, and I had several times demanded if what I suspected were true, before his agitation was sufficiently abated to permit him to reply. At length he said :—

"I hope it is not quite so bad as that. Yet it may be worse. The villains may torture him—my poor Bijou! or sell him to the Greeks themselves, of whom the town is now full. But I deserve it all."

"Then your dog is only lost or strayed away," said I, "as far as you yet know?"

A sort of paroxysm in his despair now came over the priest, and he started from the couch, and as he quickly paced the room, he at intervals

exclaimed: "Gone! lost! sold!—Nay, poisoned! for any thing I know to the contrary—I shall never see him more!"

"Do not despair," said I. "Let us go round to some of the houses you frequent during the day, and probably we may find him."

"Right," said the priest, "I have not yet thought of this. Yet," he continued, hesitating, "it is of no use—he's dead, murdered by the Greeks—I saw a Greek ship leave the port this evening. He's with these pirates; or his blood is upon their heads —would that I could avenge it!"

The unhappy priest now threw himself in despair once more upon the sofa; and, in imitation of my Uncle Toby's respect for his brother's grief, at the news of poor Tristram's first misfortune, I drew my chair to the sofa-side, and remained for some time, a silent spectator of his sorrow; but when the violence of his grief seemed to be a little abated, I endeavoured to turn his thoughts from so horrible a suspicion.

As the preceptor recovered in some measure, his wonted equanimity, several schemes were thought of for the recovery of Bijou; but that which was adopted, was, to make a search through the streets of the town without a moment's loss of time; and I loaded my pistols, for the priest had the same weapons ready, and with lantern in hand

we left the hotel, and proceeded from street to street, through the vilest quarters of the town, without meeting a living soul, or hearing the voice of a dog that in the slightest degree resembled Bijou's.

As we persevered in our vain search, it became late, and I began to reflect upon the folly we committed in prowling the streets, armed to combat with Christian dogs for the mere whim of my clerical friend. We ran the risk of great inconvenience, even without a broil, in that, neither of us had his proper ensigns of recognition or identity; for the priest was without any portion of his canonicals, and I had not thought of my passport; so that, if we had met any of the patrol, that, when they do their duty, parade the streets of Messina at all hours, we should probably have been locked up for the night; but we did not encounter any man, good or bad.

For these reasons, and a determination on the part of the priest, to make application to the Bishop himself, the very next morning, who he was sure would cause an order to be issued, prohibiting all vessels whatever from leaving the harbour until it was ascertained that Bijou was not on board, we gave up the search and retired—the priest to his solitary fire-side, and myself to my hotel.

The next morning, immediately after I had arisen, I received a letter from the good churchman, couched in the following terms:—

"Dear Sir—I have passed a restless night, and am at this moment in a burning fever. When I mounted to my apartment, after the middle-watch, I found the table spread; but, for the first time in my life, I went to bed supperless: for such was the force of my grief, that I could not have eaten a morsel of the most savoury dish. I slept little; but, when I did close my eyes, I dreamt of nothing but my poor Bijou. I thought, at one time, that one of my scholars led him to my house by a cord which was covered with blood; and as I leaped to embrace him I awoke, to find it was but a deceitful dream. During another less happy doze, I saw a Greek cutting his throat; and in another, I met with his skin hung out for sale over a shop-door. I knew it by the unequalled beauty of the fur. Now, after the great kindness you have shown me in my deplorable situation, I hope you will pardon me for requesting one further favour of you—that you will accompany me to the Bishop's as soon after breakfast as convenient to you. I trust we may get an embargo put upon all the vessels in the port.

"As the morning is fine, I suppose you will breakfast at the coffee-house, where, I hope, in spite of my fever, to meet you, and receive your further kind consolations, and such advice and assistance as you can render me, in order to obtain the immediate arrest of all the vessels about to sail, except the English, which I cannot suspect, and their detention, until Bijou be found, or his fate be ascertained.

"Profoundly yours, A——."

There was, however, happily, no occasion for this curious application; and before I left my apartment, I received a second letter, which ran as follows:—

"Found! found! DEAREST SIR—My grief is suddenly turned to joy. Bijou's come home. Where he has been, and how he has passed the night nobody knows. I hold him in my arms—tears of joy are in my eyes—it is enough.

"For ever yours, A——."

When I had read this note, I inquired of the servant who brought it, what he knew of the matter, and he informed me that he knew very well where the dog had been—that he had heard his master, the day before, threaten him in the

street, that he would beat him as soon as he arrived at home for playing and associating with other dogs—and that Bijou had waited at the bottom of the stairs, till his master had got into his room, and then gone into the mountains to sleep, for he was sure he would not remain in the town—that he had probably slept in the snow, and when hungry in the morning, and, doubtless, in hopes that his master's anger had passed away, had returned.

After this explanation, I went directly to the coffee-house, where the priest soon arrived, and received the congratulations of the whole of the gentlemen that were there, all of whom had been made acquainted with his troubles of the day before, and had seemed to participate in his grief.

A few days after this, a new cause of trouble to the priest occurred, and concerning which, he came to receive my condolence. The learned divine, when he entered my room, was in a state of agitation little inferior to that in which I had seen him before. He sat down without speaking; and it was evident that some sufficient cause, had, a second time, overthrown the accustomed equanimity of his temper; and I did not delay exhorting him to remember that he was one of an order, which, if not quite exempt from the cares and

suffering which are the portion of humanity, could have but few compared with those of other men. "One," I added, "who should have subdued all the bad, and the more painful of what some would call the good passions of our nature, ought not to be moved by any trifling incident, such as I trusted that would turn out to be, of which I perceived the effects."

"It is no trifle," said the preceptor; "it is an act of abominable oppression! It is an act"—At this moment he stood upon his legs, and drawing a letter from his pocket, and then holding it spread open upon the palm of his left hand, he struck it violently with the right—"It is an act," he continued, "of oppression and tyranny!—and so much for civilized government!"

"And the letter," said I; "is it from the Inquisitor-General or the Pope?"

The priest, who had forgotten that he had not yet communicated any thing to enable me to comprehend his anger, now remembered that this was necessary, before it was possible for him to receive the sympathy he expected; and he informed me, that the letter which he held in his hand, was from a fair friend who had lately left Messina for Naples;—that this was her first epistle—and that he had that morning obtained it from the post-office, opened, as I now saw it—and that this in-

quisitorial tyranny was the subject of his perturbation.

A few days after these comic exhibitions of the Sicilian priest's moral and social sensibilities, I was invited to sup with him, to meet a foreigner and four Sicilian ladies, at the hour of sun-set. The learned gentleman called at my hotel at half-past five; and we walked together to his apartments, which I had not yet seen. Arrived at the entrance, we passed through a double gate to a small court, on either side of which a stone staircase led to the opposite apartments of the building. By one of these, we ascended to a broad landing, on either side of which there was a door. At the entrance of that which it was plain led to the kitchen, stood several women-servants, evidently waiting for an expected introduction to the Englishman, whom, if they received with familiarity, they did not treat with one particle the less respect. The other door, which we entered, opened into an ante-room, which had no furniture, except an oaken table with a form on either side of it. Passing through this, we came to a somewhat larger apartment, in which there was nothing wanting in the catalogue of the simple furniture of an Italian sitting-room and bed-room together.

We were scarce seated, when another guest of

my own sex, who had been especially invited to meet an Englishman, arrived. He was an intelligent young man, a Venetian, who had travelled not only in France, but even in England; and, while we waited for the arrival of the ladies that were expected, a conversation was carried on, which consisted for the most part, in the young Venetian's encomiums upon the political liberty which he knew the English enjoyed, to which the priest listened with infinite delight; and of some remarks which the good youth addressed to me, upon the depressed condition of the Italians, a sentence or two has not escaped the memory. The Venetian, had, with unaffected emphasis, quoted the words—"*Oh! fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte,*" from a celebrated sonnet of Filicaja, when he remembered, that the sentiment, at least, should be familiar to every Englishman in his native accent.

"But your poet has well translated this sonnet," he then said; and every reader of Childe Harold,* must have had that better chord of the heart, at least, once touched—that better chord, which vibrates human sympathies, even the sympathies of one people for the sufferings of another—the free and happy, for the unfortunate

* Childe Harold, stanzas xlii. and xliii.

and oppressed. And what can so well convey, in a few words," he added, "the wretched condition of the Italians, and its causes—what better paint their present woes and pains?" But while the young Italian was thus engaged in discourse, he was interrupted by the arrival of the ladies.

The two first, of four fair guests of the Professor, as they entered the room, presented a great contrast to each other. The younger was a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age, while the elder, who was the young lady's aja or duenna, could not have wanted much of seventy. The other two were decidedly handsome women, of about twenty or twenty-two or three. When the introduction was over, with the assistance of the priest, they took off their mantles, in which they had entered, and threw them upon the bed, and, with little form, immediately seated themselves; and the conversation commenced with the ordinary topics that arise when the natives of different countries find themselves in each other's company for the first time—the different character of the compatriots of each, in allusion to the passing circumstances of the moment.

A few minutes only elapsed, before we entered the little ante-room through which we had before passed, where we found the table spread and covered with dishes. There was everything that

usually constitutes an Italian dinner; and the priest and his guests commenced the repast with an earnestness that might have done credit to a party of the most voracious of all the continentals.

As soon as the feast had fairly commenced, two young women, who waited upon us, seated themselves on the ends of the forms on which we sat, at the bottom of the table, from which they rose and returned to their seats as their services were required: and that they did not join us in the repast, I afterwards found, was in order that they might pay the greater respect to the more especial foreigner present. They did not, however, hesitate to join in such conversation as was now passing; though little time occurred, while the ragouts, stews, and fat patties were upon the board, for the intellectual part of the pleasures of the table.

The first portion of the viands soon began to diminish apace; but they were quickly replaced with fresh varieties; and last of all, came an enormous dish of stewed turkey, which was brought in by the cook himself, bending under the load, but with the gay air of conscious success and confidence in this last and best essay of his art on that day. The professor, as the cook approached the table, leaped from his seat; and taking one end of the dish, while the cook held the other, he

assisted in bringing the delicate last-course dish before the view of all eyes, and, after there suspending it for a moment, in now placing it in safety in its just position upon the table.

My appetite, indeed, had been too long satisfied to gaze upon this great prime work of the honest cook, with pleasure equal to that which was pourtrayed in the countenances of the Sicilians and the Italian, whose eyes, which had followed it from its entrance, now rested upon its sauced proportions with the same keen impatience with which they had looked upon the dishes which preceded it.

Some draughts of wine, of which none of the party had been before sparing, now prepared the stomach for this brave new dish; and as the professor began to make the division of it, the happy-looking cook, seated himself upon the end of the form at his master's left; while the other servants, who had now changed our plates, took their former seats; and new plates-full, and plates-full, were presently gulped down, with draughts of wine at intervals; which, before the last dish was diminished to a bone, had increased in their effects both upon the host, and his guests of both the fair and the coarser sex, until the little convivial party became so like a Bacchanalian assembly, that there was no longer room to doubt, that the

existing relations between the gentlemen and the ladies, were, as they will ever be, wherever there exists a code of restraints upon the proper passions and affections of men.

We may conceal, or even for a while subdue, but we cannot annihilate, the most powerful of the elements which unite to constitute that spiritual essence which we term a human soul.

CHAPTER IV.

VESPERS AT MESSINA.

THE vespers or evening-service of the Romish Church, which always consists, for the most part, in hymns of adoration to the Virgin, has a peculiar interest in Messina, and might be expected to be especially popular with the Messinians, from the character of the relations which they bear to the gentle "Queen of Heaven," whom they believe to be their particular and perpetual protectrice; and this, by her own election and promise whilst a mortal sojourner upon earth.

A good opportunity occurred while I was at Messina, of witnessing the simple piety and the confidence which this happy circumstance inspires, and I did not omit to take advantage of it; but, before noticing, what appears most worthy of

remark concerning the mode of the Messinians, in expressing their honest gratitude to the Queen, and Queen Mother,—if we may utter it without impiety,—of God, it is proper to make more particular reference to the grounds upon which the faith and reliance of this devout people are founded.

The evidence of the important circumstance, rests upon an authentic copy of great antiquity, of a letter, said to have been addressed by the Virgin Mary to the Messinians in the year of our Lord 42, the original of which, it is not pretended, has survived the accidents of time. This interesting dispatch may be thus translated.

"Mary, Virgin, daughter of Joseph and of Anna, Humble servant of God, Mother of Jesus Christ crucified, of the tribe of Judah, of the root of David, Salutation to all the Messinians, and the benediction of God the Father Omnipotent.

"It is known to us, by public document, that you have all with great faith sent unto us Legates and Ambassadors, confessing that our Son the only begotten of God, is God and Man; and that after his resurrection, he ascended into heaven, having taught you the way of truth by means of the preaching of Paul Apostle Elect.—For this cause we bless you, and your City, of which it is our will to be the perpetual protectrice.

"Given at Jerusalem in the year 42 of our Son;

first convocation, 27th moon, Thursday 3d day of June."*

The happy event and purpose of this letter, is of course a subject of exultation on the part of the people, and especially of the priests, of Messina; and these feelings are most of all exhibited upon the day of the *festa* of the Virgin, whereon I had the good fortune, as above observed, to be a sojourner in the favoured city.

That I entered the cathedral at Messina, where the solemn rites are chiefly performed on this peculiarly holy day, was, however, mere accident. As I crossed the public place, of which the sacred edifice forms the chief ornament, I observed a number of persons assembled, and upon inquiry, learned that the Archbishop was expected to attend vespers, and a sermon which was always preached in the cathedral on the afternoon of that day.

* "Maria Vergine, Figlia di Gioachimo e di Anna, Umilissima Serva di Dio, Madre di Gesù Cristo Crocifisso, della Tribù di Giuda, della stirpe di Davide, Salute a tutti i Messinesi, e benedizione di Dio Padre Onnipotente.

"Ci costa per pubblico strumente, che Voi tutti con fede grande avete a Noi spedito Legati ed Ambasciatori, Confessando, che il Nostro Figlio, l'Unigenito di Dio, sia Dio ed Uomo; e che dopo la sua Resurrezione, sali in Cielo: avendo Voi conosciuta la via della verità per mezzo dello predicazione di Paolo Apostolo Eletto. Per la qual cosa benediciamo Voi, e la stessa Città, della quale Noi vogliamo essere perpetua Protettrice."

Da Gerusalemme l'anno 42 *di Nostro Figlio; Indizione prima; Luna* 27; *Giorno di Giovedi a* 3 *di Giugno.*

I took a position immediately in front of the church, and a very little time passed before the gaudy equipage of the princely pastor of this chosen portion of the faithful Christian flock, entered the public place, moving with stately pace towards the front of the great cathedral. The Archbishop sat in a gilded vehicle, which surpassed in lustre the rest of the gaudy equipages of which the pageant consisted; and as soon as he arrived within twenty paces of the grand entrance, the immense doors of which stood wide open, the holy man was handed from his carriage, and the marching procession was formed. The cross preceded the Archbishop, and the inferior clergy followed, joined in the rear by the clerical retainers, who kept the alley open through the crowd, and united as their superiors passed them by.

The Christian pageant was solemn and imposing, and the delighted eyes of the Messinians were intently fixed upon their religious Chief, as the procession passed up the nave of the church to the front of the grand altar, where they were stopped by a balustrade immediately beneath the dome. Arrived here, the Archbishop bent the knee, and all the holy brethren did likewise; but the altar-piece was veiled, and nothing remarkable presented itself to the eye of a stranger. After this, turning upon the right, the procession proceeded

in the same order as before, to the steps of a raised platform, on which a temporary gorgeous throne had been erected for the occupation of the Archbishop.

The Chief seated, the inferior clergy severally bent the knee before their more holy pastor, as they retired, some to occupy seats beneath the throne, and others to place themselves upon raised benches upon the opposite side of the main aisle.

It was impossible for a spectator of all this state, to observe with indifference, the contrast which the Archbishop's demeanor and countenance bore to the obtrusive pageantry and ceremony with which he was externally surrounded. There might be seldom seen regards more deeply expressive of Christian benevolence; and the question which often suggests itself concerning the relations between the " pomp and circumstance " of the Romish worship, and the essential principles of the Christian religion, appeared as if it were answered in the sincere and benign features of the good Christian pastor of Messina. From the very throne which seemed erected to gratify, and might have justified, unbending pride, proceeded the purest humility. The seed of truth seemed to have fallen upon good ground, and the thorns of pomp and vanity which surrounded the morsel of earth which was its own, had no power to arrest

its growth—could not stay the ripening of its fruit.

Mass was now celebrated, after which the appointed preacher mounted the steps to the platform of the throne; and when he had bowed to the Archbishop, with his back to the people, he approached his worthy Superior, and having kissed hands more than once, received a blessing, and retired to make his way to the pulpit, which was not many paces from the Archbishop's throne.

As soon as the preacher appeared before the congregation, he removed his cap, and bowed again very reverently to the Archbishop, and then covering his face, as he stood, he made a short prayer, after which he began his discourse.

The discourse of the good secular, throughout, resembled more an address to the Virgin than that species of composition which we are accustomed to call a sermon. But while it was fresh in the memory I wrote out two or three sentences, which may be transcribed, without great pretensions to accuracy, as follows:—

"Oh, Maria! holy Maria! protectress of the Messinians: Maria of the holy letter! intercede for us and bless us. Most holy Virgin—Mother of God—of God, and man—Remember thy promise—and be our perpetual protectress. Cloak us in the mantle of thy blessings. We kneel in thy

holy presence. We fall prostrate at thy feet, and with all the celestial court, adore thee. Find us favour in the eyes of thy precious Son."

While the preacher pronounced these significant phrases, with many similar, the religious ecstasy which his features pourtrayed, seemed sufficiently to attest the sincerity with which he spoke, and the quick sense which he entertained of the spiritual presence of the Mother of Jesus. The discourse was long, and concluded with an exhortation to the Messinians, to hourly offer up their prayers and their adorations to the " immaculate Mother of God," and, by her own election, their peculiar and perpetual protectrice.

The sermon being over, the proper service of the day was now to commence. The ordinary hymns to the Virgin are not new to any one in the habit of entering a Romish cathedral. For my own part, however peculiar in a Protestant may be the impression, and however apparently inconsistent its acknowledgment, I care not to conceal, that I have often listened to them with enthusiasm perhaps little inferior to that of those who sang them. It is the belief of millions, who offer this simple worship to at least the earthly mother of Christ, in the sincerity of their hearts, that such is the most appropriate mode of averting the anger of heaven, and attracting the more

favourable regards of our common Father; and it might be difficult to come out from any chapel of the Virgin, in Messina, without the conviction that the simple adoration which we have witnessed, or in which we have united, is as propitiously heard by the benign Creator and Lord of all, as if the Virgin Mary were indeed cognizant of our petitions; and were the special advocate of man in the presence of the Almighty, or entrusted with the judgments and the mercy of an offended God.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Archbishop had descended from his throne, and placed himself on his knees, with an inferior priest on either hand, upon a bench within a balustrade at the extremity of the platform facing the grand altar of the cathedral, while all the rest of his retinue that had remained on that side of the aisle knelt behind him.

The altar of the church, is to the Romanists, what the Holy of Holies of the ancient Temple was to the Jews. If the one was the dwelling of Jehovah, and might be approached by the priests alone, the other should be the constant depository of the real body and blood of God in the material human form and nature which he took upon himself, even to a violent death, to accomplish the scheme of regeneration, and the restoration of

man to the condition he first enjoyed, and to the possessions which he was originally formed to inherit; while, the sacredness of the place is usually in the latter case the more vividly impressed upon the senses, by the representation of one or other of the great objects of Romish adoration or worship.

While the whole assembly now bent the knee, with their faces turned towards the upper nave of the Basilica, it was natural for the eye of a less pious observer, to scrutinize more particularly the sensible objects before which the devout multitude bowed. The mere altar was not remarkable, either for its extent or for its magnificence, but, above the sacred ensigns and appertinents to the mystery of the mass, appeared the veil above mentioned, covering an area sufficiently extensive to indicate that no common object of reverence yet remained hid from the eyes of the pious Messinians. The period of expectation, however, was short; and before the feelings of the congregation had time to cool from the ecstasy into which they had been wrought by the eloquence of the preacher, the first note of the organ sounded, and the veil, it seemed as if by a magic spring, parted in the centre, and was suddenly cast on either side of the ample space which it obscured, and a striking and beautiful wax representation of the

Virgin and Child, was directly exposed to the view of the assembled crowd.

At the sight of their heavenly protectrice, the Messinians bent their heads, then recovered their position; and, as they looked upon the Mother, with her Infant in her arms—perhaps the most touching form in which mere humanity may be represented—they joined their voices in worship and adoration, which did not cease, until the completion of the appointed service for the peculiarly holy occasion.

I was left in the cathedral, almost alone, after the service was over. It was a situation, in which a crowd and contrariety of reflections force themselves upon the mind. A minute before, and the priests knelt at the altar, the Archbishop bowed to the sensible representation of the Virgin, and the people sang the praises of their supposed heavenly protectrice and intercessor before the throne of the Almighty. There was now scarce a sound save that of my own steps.

I walked twice round the church before I could leave it; and such special impressions had the hymns and the adorations of the people excited, that it was difficult to retire without bending the knee before the altar — before the veiled Mother and Child—before the protectrice of the Messinians. The feeling was agreeable, and few

might experience it, without being led to search the Scriptures of the Evangelists, to see if the smallest indication might be found, that one of the dead, though it were the Mother of Christ, might be conscious of what passed here below, and have the power to intercede for the penitent, and for the relief of those sufferings which are the bitter fortune of so large a proportion of the human race.

CHAPTER V.

DESIGN OF TRAVELLING IN THE EAST—SICILIAN GENTLEMEN'S OPINIONS—A DIVINER.

It would involve the supposition of too nice a perception of the lesser changes of the atmosphere, or an absence of all sensibility regarding those varieties in the temperature of the air which serve to characterise a climate, did any one pretend, that no amelioration was apparent as we advance from the higher latitudes of the temperate zone, towards the climates of the sun; or, it would betray an impious distrust in the wisdom or impartiality of Nature, in her just distribution of those celestial influences, which, to our narrow observation, might seem inequitably disposed, did we imagine we might find a climate exclusively fit for the rational inhabitants of the earth, and did we not remember the counterbalancing advantages, which, in a general appli-

cation to the uses and enjoyments of our kind, even our climate of Britain possesses.

One, therefore, who should have travelled thus far, and should proceed further, without some other motive than that which has here been the principle whose suggestions have hitherto influenced every change of country and place, might act imprudently, to search for a better climate than that which is found to prevail in the beautiful island of Sicily. It is proper, therefore, before proceeding with these notices, to confess some change in the objects of travelling, whether arising from new impressions and change of feelings, imperceptibly acquired during the course of the experience which has afforded materials for the preceding pages, or from any less definable cause, and, to acknowledge the influence of a growing interest concerning the condition of those countries whose former inhabitants make the greatest figure in the world's history, or of those races of men, whose institutions, whose native character, and whose features and colour, differ so widely from our own, and from those of all the nations of the quarter of the globe which we inhabit, as might well have led us to believe, were we without any other source of knowledge than history and observation, that all mankind had not descended from one and the same family.

It is then confessed, that new subjects of interest and new feelings, had at this time so mingled with the end and design for which these travels were originally undertaken, as considerably to influence the determination towards which part of the Earth's free surface any further movements should be directed, what should be the aim of future investigation, what, henceforth the more regarded objects of examination or inquiry.

With the addition, then, of this new impulse, I determined to proceed eastward, to visit for a short or a long period, the capital city, at least, of that once powerful, now degenerate people, whose steps towards equitable government, "the rough brakes which *civilization* must go through," before we make acquaintance with the arts which polish, and the sciences which elevate, our species, vary as much from our own, in the road by which they have advanced, as in the degrees to which they have conducted, towards the attainment of the great designs and proper objects of civil government.

And this resolution was scarcely taken, before a favourable opportunity of putting it into execution occurred. A fine Genoese ship, now lying at the quay, was at the point of completing her lading for Constantinople and Odessa, touching on her voyage at the Island of Syra, which thus promised also to afford the opportunity of making a short

visit to the ancient capital of Attica. At the first interview with the master of this vessel, I engaged to proceed with him, as far, at least, as Syra, and on the 12th of March, we launched into that sea, so long the barrier which divides the western and eastern inhabitants of southern Europe—the grand line of demarkation between the empire of the Moslems, and the nations of the great Christian family.

But before entering upon the relation of this voyage, I would mention, what might seem in itself an incident unworthy of notice, did it not appear to contribute in some degree to illustrate certain opinions that have occasionally dropped during these notices, in reference more particularly to individual national character, which in particular bearings is not perhaps more dissimilar in the constitution of any two, at least, European people, than between ourselves and the, commonly, single-hearted and social inhabitants of the Italian states.

I was dining one day, shortly after I had determined upon this voyage, at one of the ristorativi of Messina, in company with the priest, already often mentioned, and several Sicilians of the town, and from the interior of the Island, some of whom I already knew, when it happened, that my projected voyage became the subject of

conversation, which was commenced by an observation of one of the party, indicative of his surprise at the unusual silence and grave countenance of his clerical friend, which he thought demanded an explanation or apology to the foreigner then honouring them with his company.

The priest at once declared, that he had full cause of gravity, and even of grief; and added, that he was sure he had but to make known the reasons thereof, to inspire all present with almost an equal degree of the same sorrow that he himself felt.

All the party at this observation, seemed to regard the priest with equal interest; and all joined in a request, that he would inform them what had occurred, that if possible they might alleviate his sorrows, even in partaking of them.

This should have been what the learned divine desired; for he cast down his knife and fork at the word, and as if about to disclose some hidden secret that was really of importance, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Know then, gentlemen, that I am upon the point of losing this my dear and good friend, this very Englishman to whom you would have the explanation of my seeming rudeness addressed. A month's acquaintance," he continued, "has produced a union of hearts between us, the value of which I did not know, until

cruel Fate had determined to separate us, aye! and I fear, for ever! He embarks to-morrow, for—shall I name it—for Constantinople! Who can say, whether to perish, by the climate, by the sabre of the Turk, or what is worse than every other means of death, the pestilence which respects not even Christian men, found sojourning, perhaps profanely, among the enemies of our Holy Creed!"

Before half this expression of feeling was delivered, the whole party were in an ecstasy, that was as incomprehensible as unexpected, but which, with the allusion to the Holy Creed at the conclusion of the priest's explanation, seemed to settle down to the more definite sensations of a shuddering awe, which, for a time, appeared to deprive every one present of the powers of utterance.

It would not be possible to enter upon any detail of the thousand arguments, which, after the shock was over, and during the rest of the time we were at dinner, were brought forward, to turn aside the determination at which I had arrived, and it is unnecessary to state an Englishman's reasons for holding to a resolution, not formed without a seeming definite object, though that, indeed, should be no more than the gratification of some sudden humour, or some passing affection. But the opinions of a silent, yet not inattentive witness

to what had passed, were yet to be expressed; and less easily answered arguments were yet to be controverted, if it were necessary to propitiate the good will of the unexpected powers that were to be invoked, and interrogated, concerning the consequences of this voyage.

I had not, at the time, noticed what the priest afterwards informed me, that in the midst of our discussion, a gentleman had seated himself by his side, and whispered in his ear, that he should have a communication of great importance to make to me, if I would come at a particular hour, which he appointed, to a certain coffee-house, the following evening; which, however, the churchman, at the same time advised me not to do, for this most potent reason, that the party who wished to make the appointment, and who was not of Messina, was only known to him through report, which went so great length as to say, that he was a magician, and though it was unknown by what powers he worked, it was at least suspected, that if he was able to foretel many future events, it was rather through the aid of the spirits of evil than the spirit of good.

It should be a singular case, where this information might produce any other impression in any of our countrymen, than such as might, according to the circumstances with which it were united,

and his sense of the folly or wickedness of the pretension, serve either to divert or to offend; and in the present instance, the grave air with which the communication was made, sufficed to determine in favour of the former of these impressions; and without, therefore, expressing, either abhorrence of the art, or unbelief in the magician's power, I immediately consented to be at the coffee-house at the appointed hour on the following day.

The priest and myself dined again in company on that day, and, as soon as dinner was over, we adjourned to the appointed rendezvous, where we were scarce seated, before the Sicilian soothsayer entered, and in sitting down, placed me between himself and the priest; and he had been a very little time beside us, before it was now determined by the divine, that the spirits by whose aid he was able to foretel events, were not those which the church acknowledged, and must needs be such as it is unlawful for a Christian man to invoke.

There are perhaps few persons in the world, to whom the present had not been at least a novel situation, and I was not one of them. It is not a truth, only at this day discovered, that any one individual does not represent a class, that one action does not form a character, or that, that

which is composed of many parts may not be known by the appearance of one feature, or by any one particular position in which we regard it. Had it been otherwise, one thus placed, who should but now, have escaped from the tutelage of his preceptor, with all the impressions of the academy, unmellowed by experience and by time, and believing its more arbitrary conclusions to be indisputable, had perhaps been a little confounded by the seeming contradiction which was exhibited, when the contrast of those who supported him, and their works were put sensibly in juxtaposition beside him—the one, day by day, calling upon the benevolent Creator of all things both spiritual and material with which the universe abounds, and exhibiting the sign that his prayer was favourably heard, in the never-failing miracle, which faith only, and not the senses, is able to perceive, while the other invoked the names, or at least seemed to work out his mysteries successfully, by the powers of the malignant spirit to whom (or the pretension had not been worthy regarding) so great a portion of our fellow-creatures assign, in their reading of the scriptures, even the attributes of the Creator of the Universe: for, what less should we give to the Being that has circumvented Omniscience, and destroyed the choice work of the Omnipotent.

But not to dwell upon this strange contrast and anomalous seeming, it is sufficient, to observe how curiously extremes, even so great as these, still meet in their ends and designs.

The union in idea which now existed in the minds of the two representatives of these opposed principles, if we may so speak, without being guilty of impiety, was the danger which the stranger in whom they took a common, if not an equal interest, exposed himself, in making the voyage already spoken of, even to the very accident which was to happen.

But not further to confound the means by which the two diviners had arrived at the same conclusion, it is sufficient, the Christian priest daily related to me, that, in spite of the prayers which he never failed to offer up for my safety, an impression that was too strong and definite to be founded in untruth, remained upon his mind, that I should fall a victim to the fearful epidemic of the country to which I was so merrily hastening, while the conclusions of the darker diviner by means of mysteries and infernal ceremonies, and the observation of the lights in the firmament, foretold precisely the same result of the rash undertaking.

I listened for some time to the most grave exhortations and prayers to abandon the intention.

of making the projected voyage, and then replied in a manner, of which it would be needless to say more here, than that, what my anxious friends both heard of my resolutions, was not calculated to give to either the least hopes of obtaining a degree of respect for pretensions of no better authority, sufficient to change a determination which had been deliberately formed.

CHAPTER VI.

A HINT TO ENGLISH PHYSICIANS AND THEIR PATIENTS.

BEFORE I left Messina, it happened that I finally witnessed, in the case of one of our countrymen, the consequences of the imprudent advice, as it seemed to be, of his medical friend in England; and, as this report, should it chance to meet the eye of any British physician accustomed to send invalids, or about to advise a patient, to make the journey from England to Naples, may induce further inquiry concerning the climate of that portion of Italy, as well as concerning other perhaps equally important points connected with the recovery of his patient, and lead to an opinion very different from that which it is believed pretty generally prevails, it may not be amiss to be somewhat particular concerning the circumstances which attended the case that came under my notice.

While at my hotel at Naples, to which city we

must for a moment return, I chanced to make the acquaintance of a young Canadian of British descent, who had been sent there by a gentleman high in the medical profession in Scotland, in the hope that the climate of that province of Italy, might eradicate what was at least deemed a pulmonary disease.

The young man made the journey from Glasgow, where he had lately arrived from his native country, the whole way to Naples alone; and as he had not acquired any of the language of the country in which he was now residing, he had, since his arrival, been thrown, generally, among that class of persons which live by their intercourse with foreigners, and who, whatever they may be to the affluent traveller, are, in Italy, as in other countries, no friends to any other—that class, which it might not be extravagant, after exceptions, to term the enemies of all mankind, in this supposition: that a fair proportion of those national prejudices with which one people is often filled against another, have their origin in, or are inflamed by, the experience of many, and the report of more, concerning the honour and honesty of the people of one nation and another, founded upon what they have experienced in their transactions with, and even when they have least suspected it, mine host alone. And, it is probable, that none

have suffered more in the estimation of all foreign nations, through this means, than the people which have hitherto been the chief object of these remarks.

When I had made the young man's acquaintance, and indeed heard the history of his journey and of his experience, previous to this time in Naples, I made a point of calling at his lodgings, and with the interview which we then had, this little account of the leading points in this melancholy case, may commence.

He had not at this time been long in lodgings. He had continued in the hotel at which he first entered, until the confusion and noise, which were too much for him to bear, induced him to search for a private apartment, and he found that which he now occupied, the best suited to his purposes of all that he met with. The street in which it was situated was narrow, with the houses on either side, from seven to nine stories in height; and at one or two of the balconies were placed French advertisements to let the apartments, which had been the only guide he had had during his search.

As soon as I had found out the house, I mounted the stone stair-case to the seventh story, where I found a string which came through a small hole in the door, and served for a bell-rope. This

I pulled, and the bell rang, and the young man himself made his appearance. The door at which I had rung, opened into a small passage, through which we passed to another door that led into the chamber which he occupied. The apartment was large; but its furniture, consisted only of a French bed with curtains, a small chest of drawers, a single chair, a small piece of carpet which was laid by the bed-side upon a stone or tile floor, and a looking-glass about a foot square, which was hanging against a damp stuccoed wall. There was no want, however, of two of the more essential blessings which Heaven has given us in the proportions in which we choose to enjoy them, the daylight and space, which no supposed necessity for the expense of decoration, and no consideration in the eyes of the builder, ought to be allowed to obstruct or curtail. The young man offered me his sole chair, and he seated himself upon the bed.

After a little preliminary conversation, he took the opportunity, in answer to an observation I had made, expressive of my surprise at his choosing Naples for his residence at this season of the year, to give me the few particulars, which are about to be stated.

He first informed me, that he was born and educated in Montreal, in Canada, and that he had

never been out of that province until he embarked to make this present visit to Europe, and that his objects when he left America had been twofold, the transaction of some legal business, for he was of the profession of the law, and the re-establishment of his health. He had caught a severe cold during the little rebellion of a misled party in Canada, while under arms as an officer of Militia; and this, having settled, as the term seems to be, upon the lungs, he had accepted an offer to proceed to Glasgow to conduct a law-suit, in the hope of combining the profits of his profession with the advantages of the change from the rigorous climate of Canada, to the less cold, but not less generally severe, region of Scotland—from the dry 47th degree of latitude on the eastern side of the American Continent, to the stormy region of the 57th degree upon the eastern coast of Europe. He arrived in Glasgow late in the summer; and with the first approaches of autumn, he began to perceive an increase of his disorder; and he put himself into the hands of a medical gentleman, whose reputation appeared to him to be of the highest; and he was recommended, as he particularly informed me, at once, to try a more southern and better climate, the time for which, it was quite certain, "the law's delay" would easily admit. But his physician hesitated for some time, as to

which he should send him of the two spots of the globe of which he had the more favorable opinion, in all the necessary relations, at least, of all the places that were attainable without any great difficulty, and these were, Naples and Madeira. At length he decided upon Naples.

Enough has already been said concerning the climate of this part of Italy, to render it unnecessary to make a further reference to the patient's situation in that particular relation; we will, therefore, pass to what is thought equally essential, in reference to our proper comforts, more especially, as invalids; and the disadvantage, in this respect, under which we may labour, should be considered in conjunction with the effects of the climate.

Concerning his manner of living, the young Canadian informed me: that when he rose in the morning, his first necessary business of the day, obliged him to descend to the bottom of the last flight of steps of the seven stories, in search of an old man upon whom the charge of the room rested, for the warm water which the effeminate fashion of cutting off the hair with which nature has furnished our faces, it might be presumed for some good reason, rendered absolutely necessary; and, the accompanying and other ablutions being performed, his next yet more necessary step, was

to find the coffee house, where he went to breakfast. Having finished this meal, he returned to the comfortless apartment in which he had passed the night, sans friend, sans fire, "sans everything" save the pieces of furniture above enumerated, here to pass the time until the hour of dinner, when the weather, which he must then necessarily brave, was very bad, and at all times, all that space of time, save a half hour that he walked, during intervals, between the torrents of rain, which was as much as his strength permitted, in the most perfect solitude—a solitude, not even relieved by the entrances and exits of the attendant above mentioned, who alone was able of every one with whom the youth had communicated since he had quitted the hotel, to speak a word of any language known to both of them; and this good man's learning did not extend beyond the knowledge of a dozen or two familiar phrases in French, and hardly ten times as many words. His dinner had been some little relief; but it will be easily conceived, that in his condition, he could not seek for the acquaintance of any of his countrymen that he frequently met, who might have comforted him by an occasional visit—so greatly are the customs of society, and especially those which we have, above all other people established, at variance with the natural dictates of the heart

—so greatly do they restrain us in the exercise of those charities of life, which are among the foremost of all the duties that Christianity enjoins.

And as to the Neapolitans, so much indeed are they given to unmanly fear of contagion and disease, that out of about a dozen gentlemen whom I beseeched to accompany me to pay my countryman a visit, there was but one, who did not ask at the first intimation that my friend was an Englishman, whether he was an invalid or not, and that one, who was the sole Italian, that went with me to see him, reproached me as long as I remained in Naples for the little consideration I had shewn for the safety of his valuable life.

Before leaving Naples, however, I had been able to find a Swiss, who resided in a large house, which he let out upon a better principle than that upon which the miserable rooms above mentioned was conducted; and here the young man was received without hesitation; and this was all that I knew of him, until I was surprised by his appearance at Messina.

He now informed me, what I had not anticipated when I left Naples, that his new landlord, after my departure, had learned from the doctor, that Death had in his case marked his victim, and that his delay would be short; and this had brought to the Swiss' mind, that certain white-

washing and other preventive purifications must follow the event, and moreover, that although he had not any Neapolitans at the time with him, some might be hereafter prevented coming; and even his hardier countrymen, might perhaps, in fraternizing with, and breathing the same air as the Neapolitans, conceive the same species of terror, which could not fail to be injurious to the interests of his establishment, in which there had happened no death since it had been opened, and none before, as he informed the young man, that he knew of, although his stories were occupied by, he was not able to say whom, always excepted, however, one case of murder of ordinary character, which was nothing against the reputation of a house at Naples.

Many persons might not, in these circumstances, blame a landlord, for conceiving a strong impression that his tenant would die more comfortably among his countrymen in the Island of Malta. And his advice, to that effect, which the invalid had not power and spirit to combat, induced him to embark for that island; and having my address, he was able to make me this visit which I received from him at Messina, where the vessel touched on her voyage.

Of the future sufferings of the young Canadian it will suffice to add, that he had no sooner

reached Malta, than he was advised to return to England if he would die there, and which he made an effort to accomplish; but he died a day or two after he had embarked.

Returning, then, to the apology offered at the beginning of this relation, it remains only to remark, that, one situated as this young man was situated, might, it may be, gain more in the balance of advantages between Glasgow and Exeter, or the sea-coast in the vicinity of that city, than between Glasgow and Naples. It ought not, however, to be omitted, that in the case we have seen, the patient made an essential deviation in the plan of his journey from England to Naples, from that which had been marked out by his physician, in going across France, while he was recommended to make the entire round by sea.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FROM SICILY.

I TOOK leave of the Sicilian preceptor and priest, and embarked on board the Columbo, on the eve of the day which had been originally fixed upon for her departure. A strong sea-breeze, had for some time rendered it difficult for ships to leave the port during the day, which determined the master to take advantage of its cessation at night, to get the ship beyond the narrow channel which conducted to the open strait; and as a gentle air swept down the slopes of the lofty hills which lie in the rear of the town of Messina before the second watch of the night, the attentive pilot took quick advantage of the change; and, by the aid of the ship's higher and lighter sails, we attained the broad waters of the strait of Messina before the appearance of day.

The morning was propitious; but the elements

were at perfect rest; and, as the sun, yet invisible, lighted the irregular peaks of the snow-topped mountains on the side of Italy towards the east, and shone with his full beams upon the whole region of Mount Etna upon the side of Sicily, in the west, the broad strait presented the appearance of a vast basin of pale or transparent waters, bounded on either side by these mighty and impassable barriers. But as the bright orb ascended into the cloudless firmament, the waters grew darker and darker, by the more distinct reflection of the deeper azure from above our heads, while their surface remained as plain and unbroken by any visible agitation, as the face of heaven was free from any vestige of a mist or floating cloud.

But while the day was yet little advanced, the waters of the strait began to be rippled by the gentle northerly breeze, to which all our canvass was soon spread; and the Columbo, with her prow turned in the direction of the south, now glided through the liquid element, without any perceptible motion, and there was every prospect of a favourable voyage. Yet, ere we were free to proceed, we had to bid adieu to the pilot, who had now brought us to the limits of his empire, and given the order to his men who accompanied him, to prepare the boat for their departure.

The parting between the Messinians and our crew, and the first act of our voyage, were affecting, even to one familiar with voyages from the tenderest age, and with the feelings that more or less affect or touch every one, when we leave the port, and our secure dwellings on shore, for the uncertainties which attend our progress across the dreary waters that separate islands and continents, and cover so large a proportion of the surface of the globe.

When the moment of parting arrived, the pilot, and our captain, a venerable Genoese, first embraced, straining each other in the arms, and touching either cheek; and this was the signal for the boat's crew and the whole of the ship's company to follow their example. The farewell which preceded the departure of the famous compatriot of our seaman, when he set sail upon his first memorable voyage, could scarcely have been more tender than that on the present little occasion. There was embracing, such as I had never seen men perform till now, and of which it was impossible to doubt the sincerity; nor did the boat's crew quit the ship, until a longer stay had been as imprudent as it was unnecessary.

The Messinians now jumped, one after the other, into the boat; and as they pushed from the side of the vessel they waved their caps, which was

responded to by the Genoese, and we were now free to proceed on our voyage.

The first act of the voyage was not less characteristic and affecting than had been our parting with the Messinians. As the pilot departed, the order was given to square the yards; and this was no sooner performed, and the ship fairly on her way, than it was followed by the order, "to prayer," which was as promptly obeyed.

The seamen now fell upon their knees on the main-deck, while the captain and his chief officer knelt upon the quarter-deck, and all told their beads with greater or less rapidity, while I was left to contemplate the gratifying spectacle of a ship's crew engaged, as the first act of their voyage, in offering up their prayers to Heaven for our safety, and for a happy termination of our adventure.

Prayers were now over; and, as the breeze freshened, we proceeded rapidly through the strait, which opened wider and wider as we advanced; while the surrounding scenery presented a combination of almost every object of the picturesque and the beautiful in nature, in company with the congregated dwellings, and the isolated habitations of men.

Sitting upon the tafferel which surmounts the ship's stern, you might see, at once, with every successive degree of altitude, all the indications

and the vegetation of every variety of climate, from the snow-capped top of Etna, down to the ever-fertile plains which border the sea, with every variation of form in the hills, from the highest volcanic cone to the lower steeps of the inflammable rock, in combination with all that most adorns the landscape, or could excite our admiration or interest our curiosity in the works of men, from the walls that encompass a town, to its palaces within and without, with a thousand of humbler cottage-dwellings upon the side of the mountains or along the sea-strand.

The scene which is here presented to the tourist, and the reflections which accompany it, should be altogether of the most agreeable kind; and while the eye receives impressions of the present, that must touch every heart, the imagination calls up the former races of men that once cultivated the same plains which we behold, and looked upon the same unvaried scenery around them. And as we enter the broader sea, making our way along the mountain coast of Calabria towards the southern extremity of the peninsula of Italy, we open a more distant view of the extending coast beyond Catania, even to Syracuse, and our thoughts rest upon the city of the great Mechanist and Philosopher, and the important struggle, "when Athens' armies fell at Syracuse," and the memorable con-

sequences of their defeat, in the history of the most polished ancient people.

As the day advanced, the breeze freshened; but the sky was without a cloud that might indicate change. But the wind was fair, and we soon doubled Cape Spartivento, the extreme south point of Italy; and steering directly for the coast of Greece, dashed through the seas which with increase of wind now tumbled from the Adriatic gulf, in a manner worthy the great name which our vessel bore.

As soon as we had well entered the gulf, the Genoese master mustered his men, and examined their arms, that had been laid aside while he had been navigating the somewhat surer waters of Italy and Sicily; and the rest of that day was spent by the crew in renewing their polish, and preparing them for service. Side-arms, muskets, pikes, cannon, were all made ready, in anticipation of meeting some lawless rovers, still not uncommon to encounter upon the waters that wash the beautiful islands of the Greek Archipelago.

We continued to advance at the rapid rate of nine and ten miles an hour, throughout the day; yet, when the sun went down, the snowy top of Mount Etna was still visible, although the rest of the Island of Sicily had long disappeared below the line of the horizon. At sunset the mariners

assembled again near the quarter-deck, and led by the officers, they sang the usual hymns to the Virgin, which are appointed by the church; and if these could be more impressive at one time than another, it should be at this hour, and in this very situation. There was an unaffected solemnity in the simple worship of the Genoese seamen, that might have subdued the better reason of the sternest Protestant, even to raising his voice in praise and adoration of the earthly mother of the Saviour: and He who made, and regardeth the heart as well as the understandings of men, could not be displeased, that its warmer dictates had for a moment suspended the use of the better attribute, and doubtless, generally, more safe guide.

The breeze continued fair all the next day, and on the following, we made Cape Matapan, the most southern point of Greece; but, the wind now veering from north to north-east, and hourly augmenting, until it attained the fury of the Equinox, all our efforts to enter the waters of the Archipelago, by the Strait of Elaphonisi were in vain, and we run up the Gulf of Marathonisi, and anchored under the land, in an open cove.

As soon as the anchor was down, the guns, already shotted, were made perfectly ready; but of danger from the quarter from which it had

been anticipated, there was probably little cause of alarm. There had been few pirate-vessels of any burthen seen in the Archipelago since the English and French fleet had been in so strong force in those seas; though in some of the many inlets upon the coast, and in the isles of Greece, the imperfectly suppressed race still survive, to practise the same honest profession, and follow in the foot-steps of their fathers for centuries, as closely as the time and occasion will permit. We had, indeed, on board our vessel, an inferior officer, who had been already in the hands of the roving gentry, and the stories of his hair-breadth escapes while in their power, with which he entertained us, served to keep alive sufficient apprehension to induce at least a proper caution against surprise.

On the second day that we were at anchor, we saw a boat come out of a small harbour or bay, and perform prodigies in contending against the elements that opposed her progress; but while we were full of conjectures, whether she might design to visit us, and whether for friendly or hostile purposes, she suddenly disappeared, leaving us as uncertain whether she had slipped into some obscure inlet, or perished, as we were before astonished at the manner in which she had gone to windward against the fury of the gale with which she had been contending.

We could observe, only, that the bay was surrounded by hills, that were on the 16th, and two following days of the month of March, in which we were at anchor here, covered with snow, and that the face of the country consisted, generally, of wild incult lands, on which we could scarce discover the remotest signs of cultivation, and we saw no human dwelling.

As the weather slightly moderated, the gloomy character of the scene around us was yet more apparent. All was dreary and death-like. No smoke of any fire was seen to indicate a human dwelling. No tree bent its head before the gale. There was nothing in motion. The site of a past world, seemed to invite the traveller to weep over the ashes of the great cities which once adorned Greece, but of which nothing remains, even of their very stones, save the ruins of a few temples, and nothing of the philosophy of the Schools which, if it could not perish, survives, only, in other lands.

We were three days and nights at anchor in this bay, without being able to communicate with the shore, by reason of the force of the gale, which remitted but little of its violence, until it suddenly abated during the watches of the third night.

The weather being sufficiently moderate on

the morning of the fourth day, we weighed anchor and sailed from the bay before the sun rose, and passing through the straits between the islands of Cerigo and Elaphonisi, upon the following day, before sunset, anchored in the good port of the Greek island of Syra. And here we will for the present leave the brave Columbo and her crew, in order to recur to whatever may appear the most appropriate to notice of the many objects of interest which came under observation during a little excursion which the detention of the Genoese vessel permitted, even to the ancient capital of Attica—the metropolis of Modern Greece.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATHENS.

THE PERIÆUS—THE CITY—THE ACROPOLIS—THE PROPYLÆA.

As soon as I had learned from the Genoese master, that he would be some days longer detained at Syra than he had anticipated before we arrived, I determined to make the most of the time for the excursion which I now contemplated; and while making arrangements to obtain a Greek caique or shallop, to perform the short trip, an Austrian steamer arrived, that was bound directly to the Periæus, and as she had clean bills of health, and might, therefore, land her passengers without subjecting them to quarantine, I embarked by her, directly for the port of Athens.

You no sooner enter the gulf of Athens, than the eye is attracted by an object of classic interest. Like the first tower which we distinguish when we approach a land whose day of glory, and

whose short season of pride, is the present, and where the ensign of nationality is seen floating over battlements, indicative of separate existence and independence, so in like manner, as we approach the ancient capital of Attica, we are first greeted with the symbol of all that of Ancient Greece now remains, even in the ruins of one of those proud temples of which the fragments of many still attest the former glory of once free and independent Greece. Upon elevated ground, at a short distance within Cape Column, which forms the eastern arm of the gulf shores, stands this fitting ensign to greet our arrival in the memorable land, whose magnificent edifices in the time of its pride, have become the sepulchral monuments of the departed genius of its former inhabitants. Even in the remains of a temple of Minerva, do we first recognize the lovely land, whose face, once so fair and full of intelligence, we are presently to behold, inanimate, decayed, and with scarce a trace of its former intellect and its departed beauty.

The very day after my arrival by the Columbo at Syra, we anchored in the Periæus, at all times the grand port of Athens. We found ourselves in a spacious well locked-in harbour, the south side of which is formed by the peninsula of Munychia, the outer coast of which is indented with another port called the harbour of Muny-

chia, a short distance east of which, is also the port of Phalerum.

As soon as we were permitted to land, I inquired for an interpreter and guide, which was easily procured; and we were in a few minutes already riding over the tract of ground which surrounds the port of the Periæus, which we found covered every where with rubbish, and the remnants of former buildings, with some foundations, which should be of public edifices, confirming the reports of antiquarian travellers, that this whole vicinity, which it is found, was connected with the ancient city of Athens itself, by two long walls of unequal space apart and flanked with towers, was once thickly populated, and covered with habitations.

The port of the Periæus, has, at the present time, the greater part of the shores and the land immediately surrounding it, occupied by new, private, and public buildings, forming the beginnings of the streets of the future chief commercial town and sea-port of the new kingdom of Greece. The lazzaretto and the arsenals are placed advantageously upon the side of the peninsula; on which side of the bay, also, the merchant-shipping lie moored very near the shore, and in front of a great commercial depôt, with almost the same safety that they might lie in an artificial dock.

Satisfied with a slight inspection of the vicinity of the port, I discharged my guide, who did not appear worth carrying further, and, in company with several of my fellow passengers from Syra, who had not yet proceeded, hired a four-wheeled carriage, and took the ordinary road to Athens.

The road between the port and the capital, lies along a fertile vale, which was lately covered, for the most part, with plantations of the precious olive, but the fairest portion of which, was destroyed in the wars during the late struggle of the Greeks for their independence. The plain is not, however, in appearance, of great extent, and is bounded within the view, on all sides, except that of the sea, with higher or lower hills, the more irregular and picturesque of which, lie in front of the traveller as he approaches Athens from the port, and extend in a north-easterly direction from the Acropolis and centre of the ancient city.

Our interest, when we approach the site of the former Athens, and obtain the first view of the spare remains of the ancient monuments of this earliest seat of the arts and of science, the very birth-place of whatever is most worthy of our study in the history of European civilization, should not be inferior to what we experience on that side the Tyber, when we first see the spires and domes that have supplanted the former

temples, raising their heads above the ruined edifices of the ancient capital of the world. Whether, indeed, we regard those institutions by which men dwell together in society, for security, good government, and the convenience of transacting the general business of life; or whether we regard the arts which polish their manners and become the source of their enjoyments; or, whether, above all, we regard those first trials, and earliest tests of the power and the progress of the understandings of men in that state of society in which first appeared any worthy ideas of a beneficent Creator, who could not have formed a race of intelligent creatures for no other objects than those which appear in a reference to this short life alone:—in a word, whether we regard thought, and the first bold essay towards the development of the powers of mind, or the chaster works of men's hands, we should find a like interest in every memorial that remains in the capital of Attica, every monument of this ancient and refined people.

Full of the thoughts which the very name alone of Athens should be sufficient to inspire, as you approach the modern city, you come into nearer view of the memorable Acropolis, changed indeed from its former grandeur, but still raising its head above the modern town, and the wreck of the an-

cient, and presenting an eminence crowned with the remains of battlements, and with the ruins of temples, the magnificence of which, even in advanced decay, must still excite the wonder and admiration of every beholder. But as the hill of the Areopagus, the sites of the Museum and the Pynx, and the beautiful temple of Theseus, and other objects, are at the same time pointed out to us, we come to the entrance of the present Athens.

The more ancient part of the modern town, at which we first enter, only reminds us of the late Ottoman rule. It consists, for the most part, of miserable houses, and streets ill-paved, or without pavement, here and there, only, relieved by better houses of two stories with balconies after the Italian fashion; but as you advance, you open neat and well finished streets, which more resemble some in our modern towns, than those perhaps of any town in any other part of Europe. Beyond this, directly north of the Acropolis, have been regularly laid out, fine, open, and broad streets, and even squares or public places, which already contain a considerable number of houses, some of which have neat gardens; while, towards the east of the town, stands a newly erected spacious palace, now the residence of the Sovereign of Greece.

But as this visit to Athens, was not for the

purpose of observing the progress of the new kingdom, or to make acquaintance with the subjects of the German King, all that it may be incumbent to say concerning whatever is of yesterday's birth, may be dismissed with one single remark, which cannot fail to express the opinion of every tourist who should visit Greece, whatever may be the object of his travels, and the subject of his investigations.

It is to the effect, that if the greatest genius had been employed to study how a building of any extent—and the palace above-mentioned is of great dimensions—how a building of such extent, might be erected, without, at least, as far as regards the beauty of the structure, the application of one rule in the noble art, founded, it may be almost said, by the very examples before his eyes, of what, when complete, should have formed the perfection of that art, it is impossible that he could have succeeded better than the architect of King Otho's Palace, if indeed, it had an architect in the design. Our own country, not considered, if we do not think of a few great exceptions, to be rich in specimens of this art, had been ashamed of such an expenditure without one point to please the eye, to touch the fancy, or to elevate the mind.

We may now proceed to the hasty review which

it is proposed to take of the more remarkable of those ruins which hallow the sacred limits of the former Athens. Many learned travellers, with other objects, have given the most minute details concerning every stone extant of the works of the age of Greece; but such as may be here touched upon, will be the most remarkable only; and such remarks as may be made, will be but the impressions of a mere tourist, without any pretensions to emulate the more worthy accounts of the remains of ancient Athens.

The morning after my arrival, I engaged a guide; and though it would not, perhaps, have been exactly the course the most advisable that could be taken by a traveller bent upon the complete study of the antiquities of the place, I requested to be conducted, immediately, to the Acropolis, or Citadel of the ancient city.

We commenced the ascent of the Acropolis upon the north-western corner, where the road, as you proceed, winds round the western end of the hill, until you enter a first, and afterwards a second gate upon the side of the south, and finally, attain the ruins of the grand ancient approach, which is termed the Propylæa. But a few general remarks concerning the position and character of the Citadel, may conveniently precede the notice that will follow regarding the present con-

dition of such of those ancient monuments of Art, as have not wholly disappeared from the solid base upon which their foundations were laid.

With the exception of the approach already mentioned, the Acropolis is surrounded by cliffs and declivitous rocks, which support, at the height of about one hundred and fifty feet above the plain, a table base of oblong form, about three hundred yards from east to west, and in the middle, where it is more open than towards the ends, about one hundred and sixty yards in breadth.

Whoever may have been the founder of Athens, there can be no doubt that the city was originally built upon, and long confined to the limited platform of this rock; and that it first took the name of Cecrops, which was that of its supposed founder, which it continued to bear, after its former bounds enclosed no more than the citadel to the extended town, till it was subsequently changed to that of Athenæ, after the virgin-deity Athena, or Minerva, the patron and protectress of its inhabitants. It is at least certain, that from the remotest period of the records of Athenian history, this same rock has been the citadel and chief arm of strength of the city, and, that it from time to time became the depository of the more valuable of all the precious works of this refined people, until its

entire dimensions were crowded with every kind of architectural and sculptural ornament, from the beautiful temple of Minerva, or the Parthenon, the most admirable of all the works of antiquity, down to the minutest sample of the basso relievo, of which the hand of Time has left any remains. In a word, of the highest specimens of human genius in the exercise of these arts, that any nation has ever yet been able to produce.

Historians make particular mention of the Erechtheium, the temples of Diana and Venus, and several others, as well as the Propylæa, and of an incalculable number of statues and other monumental structures. But such has been the effects of time, conquest, and the destructive hands of barbarism, that of all the edifices that once adorned the Acropolis, there remain but the scattered and incomplete exterior and basement of the temple of the protecting goddess, with some fragments of the Erechtheium and the Propylæa; while almost the entire platform of the rock which they surmount, is covered with the indistinguishable broken remnants of architectural edifices and sculpture, which doubtless still bury many valuable specimens of Athenian workmanship that might be even yet reclaimed. And it is these three nobler remains of Antiquity, that will chiefly engage the present concise notice,

with a few further remarks concerning the character of the scene amidst which they stand.

We had, before commencing these general observations, already arrived at the grand entrance to the Acropolis, which is formed by the Propylæa. This once conspicuous building, following the learned Mr. Stuart, who had not however, the opportunity of thoroughly inspecting it, during the Ottoman dynasty, which was absolute at Athens at the time of his examination of the ancient monument of the city, was formerly of a magnificent description. It seems to have consisted of a grand portico with two wings advanced; that on the left hand as you enter, being, without doubt, the temple of Victory without wings, and that on the opposite side, being, in construction, nearly, if not wholly similar.

This grand portico of the Acropolis was attained by a great flight of steps, in front of which appeared the eastern wall of the fortifications; which, however, did not rise to a sufficient height to obstruct the view of the Propylæa from without. But, whatever may have been its former magnificence, attested by what we find remaining, it is at present but a mass of indistinguishable ruins, which the imagination is not able to represent to us in their former order and beauty. Yet the taste of the good people who now inhabit

Athens, which, since the tyrant has been expelled, has delighted in the study of the works of antiquity, has been here well displayed in filling up the spaces which the crumbling walls of this edifice enclose, with a thousand of the lesser specimens of ancient sculpture, which have been gathered from among the rubbish and massy ruins of the mightier temples of the Acropolis, making the Propylæa a fit outwork of the citadel and conservatory of the grander objects of interest which we are about, when we enter it, more narrowly to contemplate.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARTHENON—THE ERECHTHEIUM.

From the Propylæa, we entered within the sacred inclosure of the very throne of the fine arts, and fit palace of the Deities which should have first inspired the genius of men, to whose gratitude, and by the essays of whose art, they owe so large a portion of their individuality, if it cannot be said, immortality; and it is here, that for the first time, you have fully under view, the noble ruins of the great temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon, which we have before seen in the distance; and it is here that we first feel at a loss to define the character of the sensations which the remains of the foremost work of Art, and perhaps the nearest to perfection, of all the works of mens' hands, may inspire.

The ground rises as you advance towards the centre of the Acropolis, near which, inclining to

the south side of the base of the rock, once stood in its full glory, and still stand the remains of, this magnificent edifice. The way, as you mount, presents on either hand, enormous heaps of rubbish, the remains of generations of frail dwellings, and the scattered massy fragments of columns and other imperishable portions of temples or public edifices, which, as already observed, almost cover the whole surface of the Citadel; and it is between the two grand edifices, the Propylæa which we leave, and the Parthenon which we approach, that the great Statue of Minerva in ivory and gold, the work of Phidias, once stood.

The base of the great temple, is found to be nearly upon a level with the capitals of the columns of the eastern portion and proper portico of the Propylæa, the effect of which, must have been to shew the superb edifice to the greatest advantage, as its stately proportions arose in the midst of the statues and the lesser edifices with which the whole platform abounded.

All, or most travellers in Greece, which should be sufficient authority for what has been already said of the Parthenon, proclaim this temple of Minerva, whether as a whole, or taken in detail, as the sole perfect work that the hand of Man has ever accomplished. It would exceed any powers of imagination and knowledge of the subject that

might be pretended, and not less so, the limits and character of these inquiries, were any attempt here made to place this noble edifice in its original glory before the eye of the most susceptive fancy; nor would it be consistent with the desire of avoiding all pretensions to the full inspiration or impressions of more exact and capable observers. It should suffice, in this case, therefore, to recur for a moment to what we are told the Parthenon was, and after, to make a slight sketch of its condition at this time.

This master-piece, then, of human art, was erected, as we are informed, 445 years before the Christian era, by the great Pericles, with whose name we associate all the greater objects of Athenian excellence in the arts. We learn, also, that Callicecrates and Ictinus were the architects employed in its construction, and the yet greater Phidias, the sculptor engaged in the more important of its decorations; and that it was called the Parthenon, after the virgin-goddess Athena or Minerva, the protectress of Athens.

This choice monument of antiquity, and best specimen of Grecian perfection in the arts, is of the simple doric style of architecture, and is composed entirely of white marble. In dimensions it did not equal many edifices both of ancient and modern construction. But its reputation and

glory proceeded from truer sources of commendation, and the justice of which, is confirmed by the universal assent which has been given to its claims of unrivalled excellence.

The superb temple appears to be 228 feet in length, by about 102 in breadth, while the interior of the cella does not exceed 146 or 7 feet, by 63 and a-half. It was completely surrounded, when entire, by a broad peristyle formed by 46 columns, 8 of which, at each end, supported the back and front pediments, while the remainder formed the North and South sides. Besides these, 6 columns at each end, stood within the peristyle, opposed to the 6 which, less the two corner columns, formed the front and back of the edifice. The frieze of the outside of the walls of the cella, and the pediment were covered with the choicest pieces of sculpture, executed, as we are told, under the superintendence of the great master above mentioned, while the interior presented the noblest exhibition of pieces in relievo, with many statues, the works of Phidias' own hand. The chief of the latter, appears to have been a statue of Minerva, 39 feet in height, which stood within the shrine or sacred inner-court of the temple, and was ornamented in gold to the amount of 40 talents, or according to some to 45 talents, or about 120,000 pounds of our money.

It is impossible to contemplate this gem of human workmanship, with its former precious contents, without being impressed with a sense of the happy construction of the government, that could in that early age, direct the genius of a people towards the study of the arts, which have ever been found hand in hand with those sciences, which raise the condition of a nation to the highest state of refinement, and result in the greatest degree of security and happiness that men have yet been able to attain; and we might perhaps attribute much more than is apparent in the progress of civilization generally, to the effects of the enlightened and liberal administration, even in that remote age, of the refined Pericles of Athens.

Such, then, was this surprising example of Athenian excellence in the arts, in the day of its full splendour. We are now to see what the once magnificent edifice presents to the eye of the traveller, more than two thousand years after its erection. We are to look upon the remains of the Parthenon, after all the vicissitudes of barbarian warfare, and after those changes have taken place in religion or superstition, wherein the fanatical zeal of the party triumphant, always sees the faith of the one which preceded it, with hatred or horror, and is more ready to destroy, than careful to retain any memorials of its existence.

Of this very throne, and richest shrine of the virgin-goddess with its unvalued contents, the external shell, or the greater part of it, roofless, mutilated, incomplete, is all that now remains. Yet is this not an inconsiderable relic of the labor of so remote an age; and if it present to the eye of one who now beholds it, but little of the beauty it should have possessed in its perfect state, enough remains to enable us to fill up in the imagination, at least the whole of what is externally wanting, and to judge in some degree, of the effects of the beauty of the noble edifice, when contemplated at one view, in all the simplicity and grandeur of the original fabric entire.

The whole front of the temple save the pediment, the portico at the opposed end, and the entire peristyle save seven of the columns on the North, with a portion of the walls of the cella, still remain.

It was above observed, that the Parthenon has been generally declared the sole perfect sample of all ancient or modern human labor. As unrivalled before in the magnificence of the structure, and the beauty and richness of its decorations—perfect as a work of art, complete; so is it at this time, unequalled in interest—perfect as a ruin. To speak more clearly, the once beautiful temple of the Acropolis is at this time precisely at that period

of its decay or state of demolition, that we may at the sight of its remains, call up at once the entire of the edifice, while it does not exhibit anything that should suggest to the mind, the possibility of renovation, or of the reappearance of the reality of what the imagination with so much ease presents. It should resemble a tree, felled by the axe of the woodman, in the day of its perfect growth, and left till its lesser branches have been removed by the necessities of the traveller, or by the tempest, while its roots, and a great portion of its more solid parts, remain, to discover perfectly the form of what once flourished there, but which has fallen to the ground, to erect its head no more.

We mounted the steps, still entire, which lead to the pavement of the peristyle, from which we entered the building at the broad aperture caused by the demolition of a part of the wall, and we were now unexpectedly presented, in the very centre of the interior of the ruins, with a new object of some interest, even a small edifice, but lately a mosque, or temple sacred to Mussulman worship. It was the first sensible object, the first substantial evidence, that I had beheld, of the certainty of the existence, of a once powerful and still fanatic race, which, if they deny not the divine origin of the religion of civilized men, pretend that its force has been abrogated and its

authority superseded by another revelation, and a clearer law. But it is not the time, nor is the Acropolis the place, to express, or good or evil thoughts, towards those, of whose institutions no influence was at present felt, and of whose moral character, there can be no means of judging, without a sojourn among them; and this object was shortly to be accomplished.

Of all the chaste and perfect works of Phidias and others, with which the Parthenon was decorated and sanctified, nothing now remains within it. But since the late revolution, many precious objects which once adorned its interior have been recovered from beneath the rubbish, both within and without, and have been deposited at the Propylæa, or with the larger collection in the temple of Theseus, to be more particularly mentioned presently. But the far more valuable of all that have survived may be seen in the Elgin room in the British Museum. Yet the heaps of stones, broken fragments, and rubbish, even within the walls of the temple, doubtless yet conceal many precious pieces of sculpture, and, the ruins of the rest of the temples and other edifices which cover the platform of the Acropolis, perhaps yet many more.

We now mounted to the top of that portion of the roof which still exists; and here the traveller

is gratified with a noble view of the undulated plains of Athens, bounded by the blue sea, on the bosom of which appears the memorable Salamis, directly in the west, and with the higher hills and peaks of a mountain country, which raise their heads above the regions of fertility and cultivation in the direction of the north-east.

The wonder, even to veneration, with which the very ruins of this temple have been generally regarded, has been already concurred with; but it is not until it is seen in conjunction with the surrounding objects of parallel interest, that a true estimation of its grandeur may be properly formed; or at least, that the same high idea, was, in the present instance, believed to be more than one of those impressions which we receive with ease and confidence, because they agree with the general report, and determine to entertain, without caring to be exact concerning the grounds upon which our motives of admiration are founded, and our accord determined. It is both safer and easier to agree, than to dispute, with those whose judgments are more capable than our own.

But, standing upon the top of the temple of the virgin-goddess and protectress of Athens, the traveller of the coolest fancy, could not remain without some excursive original reflections concerning the memorable events of which the ruins

beneath his feet, and around him on every hand recal to his recollection. The first conviction that may strike the mind, is the perfect concord and harmony which appear between the surrounding objects; but in a special manner, in regard to the relations of this great master-piece of human art, with all that lies about and beneath it, through which, it may be, that we are impressed with the admiration which possesses us, even before we suspect the cause of our agreeable sensations. And thus rapt, as when our senses are taken captive by the pleasing concord of harmonious sounds, we no longer remember the objects as they appear around us. Our free fancy has repeopled the temples, and the memory supplied the agreeable power of the soul, with everything necessary to its proper enjoyment. We go back to the age of Pericles, and of his refined compatriots; and having peopled Attica with its ancient race, we imagine collected within the short scope of our view, all the worth and virtue, all the learning and philosophy of the ancient capital. The patron goddess, seated at the shrine of her most beautiful dwelling, among her children her peculiar care, seems to watch over and protect them. She hath chosen her abode amidst the first of the sons of men, whom she instructs and protects. The *èlite* of the Athenian people crowd the Acropolis. The poet,

the artist, the philosopher, all her children, press to present their offerings—their adorations.

But if we choose another course of thought, and, commencing at the source, follow the Athenian tale down the slow current of events, until, like a stream that loses itself in the waters of the ocean, the instructive narrative is lost in the great volume of the world's story, what a picture do we behold of the affairs of men, what a lesson read, in the events of this important era in human affairs —from Cecrops to Solon; from the great legislator's establishment of the constitution which resulted in democracy, to Pericles; from the great patron of the arts, to the Sicilian expedition and the decline of Attic influence among the free states of the world; from the predominance of the Lacedæmonians, and the reign of the Thirty Tyrants, to the events which inspired the Philipics.

And if we continue these thoughts, we are led even to the contemplation of the Athenian institutions in their more lasting influence upon human affairs. They do not need our examination for their own sake, nor could receive justice here; yet, it may be simply remarked, that whatever may be the history of the progress of European civilization, we do not live in an age that we have to learn, that all the social blessings we enjoy, have been the result of that happy, and often

chance, combination of events by which freedom of thought has been at different periods enjoyed, under equal laws, and an administration, powerful enough to repress those corrupting elements, which more or less mix in every human institution—freedom of thought under laws and an administration, that have been able to restrain the licentiousness of the enemies of order, which in a greater or smaller number every where abound.

But what a train of perplexing circumstances we should follow, were we to attempt to trace even the leading events from which arose constitutional government and its happy results. Yet where shall we learn, as in Grecian history, that neither popular government has always been free, and attended with the more common results of liberty, nor absolute authority always productive of tyranny, and always inimical to social happiness. Where shall we be so surely taught to mix and reconcile the oft contrary elements of theory and practice—to justly balance the natural or existing powers of the state. In a word, where more certainly learn political wisdom and moderation, from which spring the happier social institutions and all the greater national virtues, than in the study of the history and the institutions of the Athenian people. Pericles, whose power had certainly not political liberty for its source, or its

object, was the great patron of those arts which so essentially contributed to refine and polish his countrymen. A popular or democratic assembly, condemned and executed the first mere mortal who taught men to know themselves, and instructed them in the nature of their relations to the Supreme Creator. But it is time to turn from these thoughts, which, if pursued further, would yield with difficulty, to any just prescription of limits; and we may now proceed to such observations as arise in the examination of several other of the objects of interest, which lie within the compass of the view we have just taken, from the pinnacle of the temple of the goddess-protectress of Athens.

Descending from the top of the Parthenon, we proceeded to view the ruins of the Erechtheium, which lie north of that great temple, near the wall that defends the Acropolis in that direction.

The Erechtheium was an edifice in the Ionic style of architecture; and its ruins are among those of which sufficient remains to enable the skilful artist to restore the original in imagination, with at least a degree of probability.

The chaste structure seems to have borne high rank among the nobler edifices of Athens; and, following the authority, before quoted, contained three temples under the same roof, which were

approached by three several entrances. On the west, a grand portico led to the temple or department dedicated to Erechtheus, and near the west end, on the side opposite to the Parthenon, was placed a portico of six columns, leading to the cella of the Temple of Minerva Poliar; while on the north appeared a lesser portico supported by six caryatides, which led to the cella of the Pandarus. At present there remains but inconsiderable shattered fragments of this double or treble temple, which present no such view to the ordinary visitor, as that which the eye of the artist's imagination, is able to himself to present.

Besides the ruins of the three great edifices which have been separately noticed, there remains nothing of the former structures of the Acropolis, that the most skilful might in any sort venture to restore: yet, the whole base of the heights on every hand, is covered with the indistinguishable and shapeless fragments of the once superb and massive buildings, with which the genius of architecture had decorated this choice citadel of the arts, above every other spot, within the wide compass of the ancient or modern world.

Where once reigned order and beauty, "confusion now hath made his master-piece," and the marble remnants of the Athenian age, as they lie strewn upon the solid rock before us, remind

us of the instability of every human performance. Here lie columns, there their broken capitals, on this hand the plain surface of the architrave or fluted triglyph, on that side a morsel of the sculptured frieze, confounded with the base materials which the sacrilegious hands of the Moslems, have from age to age employed in their works of defence, or for the construction of their mean and temporary dwellings. Some Greeks, as we walked amidst the precious waste, were collecting the cannon balls thrown into the Acropolis during the last siege. It was an apt illustration of the dark page which we read in the ruins around.

Satisfied with this imperfect review of the ruins of the noble structures of the citadel of Athens, we returned by the same route we had ascended; and, accompanied by the same guide, I proceeded to examine some of the sites connected with events to which we shall presently recur, of an interest, of a different kind from that which the architectural remains of the seat of the Muses inspires.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRISON OF SOCRATES.

THE somewhat forced thoughts which were indulged in, near the conclusion of the last chapter, were in part there recorded, that the places which we next visited, might appear the less strangely chosen, in the midst of so many striking objects of just curiosity, and as it might seem to some, of so much deeper interest.

Among those objects which come under the view, as you sit upon the highest stone of the temple of the protectress of Athens, are, some cells or excavations in the cliff of the rock which forms a boundary between a somewhat higher tract of land, and the arable plain immediately beneath the Acropolis, on the side of the south and south-west. It was an indication, by the guide, of the existence and the locality of these remarkable cells, to which he pointed from the

Acropolis, and which he called the prison of Socrates, that suggested the next research. But, before proceeding to the spot which will presently be with some niceness examined, it may be proper to protest against that over-scrupulous spirit which induces travellers to cavil at tradition and probability, even to requiring exact evidence concerning the precise inch of ground upon which occurrences took place, as if this were as important as the date, or even the reality itself, of events in history. Would the ambition and the death of Cæsar be more certain, if the Capitol stood entire at Rome? or would the act of the conspirators be less credited, if the very site of the "eternal city" were a matter of doubt?

In a different frame of mind from that usually possessed by the class of travellers, which it is, now, in turn, proper to compliment, in entitling them, as it is believed, may be justly done, the aids of the historian, I desired to be conducted to this reputed site of one of the more sad and more degrading to our nature, of all the events we find registered in the moral history of the human race.

We took the road, which, after a short turn, led towards the range of cliffs above-mentioned; and turning into a path which followed the course of the cliffs, we soon came to those cells

of which the occasion now presents itself to make particular reference, in company with such few thoughts as suggest themselves in one form or in another, at the very mention of the name of the great moral philosopher of the ancient world.

Upon our arrival at the cells, we found three distinct entrances, the first of which led to an apartment excavated about twelve feet square, and beyond which, there is an inner chamber round in form, and about fourteen feet in diameter, with an hemispherical arched roof, eighteen or twenty feet high, at the top of which, there is at present an aperture conducting to the field which forms the upper step of the higher plain: and this, it is supposed, is the very chamber in which the greatest of the Greeks, if not, of mere mortal men, lay thirty days bound in chains, and finally suffered a violent death.

Coming out of this double apartment, you find two other chambers adjoining, with separate entrances. That which is nearest to those already mentioned, comprehends a small space between the outer of the former two, and one of equal size on the opposite side. In this smaller apartment, on the side of the double chamber, there is at present an opening in the mass of solid rock, but which has never been a door-way, while

on the other side, it is connected by a door with the larger apartment which it adjoins, and it has also a sort of recess excavated at the extremity fronting the entrance. Without the cells, over the doors, there are plain marks of the rock having supported the frame of buildings which doubtless formed the apartments of the guards, and the attendants upon the prisoners.

It has already been protested, that sufficient reasons seem to exist, to shake off the fetters that would bind us to unnecessary nicety in enquiry, and in arguments for or against the evidence concerning the exact or true site of every ancient monument or memorable event. It will, therefore, suffice in this place to remark, that the fact of the vicinity of this cluster of cells to the Acropolis and the Areopagus, is, in itself, sufficient to render it a matter of the greatest probability, that it were at least a state prison, and if a state prison, there is little doubt of its being that of the memorable event, which must be for ever considered among the greater, in the moral history of mankind, and in the contemplation of which, it is proposed to hazard a few remarks. These would not, however, have been introduced, were it not under the impression, that though they should be of novel character, they can have neither a tendency to evil, nor run the risk of being supposed

to arise from any want of respect for things that are divine, and above human reason.

Novelty in any thing relating to Socrates! The very indication were like an alarm to critical judgment, did any thing, dropped in the course of these remarks, seem to claim more consideration for any opinion herein expressed, than the flitting visions of a mere traveller might be entitled to receive. Yet, who hath been within these cells, who hath sitten in their inner chamber, with a copy of a work of the greatest of the disciples of the injured Greek in the right hand, and one of another in the left, and had no reflections cross his mind, received no impressions, that he might not remember? Or, who hath here entertained thoughts that he might shame to transcribe? But, before venturing further, it is thought necessary to make some general reference to the leading co-existent events in the Athenian history, during the period at which the great philosopher flourished, who should have yielded up his breath within the walls of the cavern in which we now sit.

Athens, at the commencement of Socrates' career, seems to have been generally, in the enjoyment of pacific international relations. The battles of Marathon and Salamis had freed her from all apprehension of further aggression, on

the side of the barbarians, and the degree of influence which she had attained in the counsels and common affairs of Greece, had placed her in a proud position with relation to the other states, and the reputation for wisdom which she had acquired, had made her the moral capital of all Greece. Thus, in a word, while she was making such progress in political influence among her neighbours, as threatened to amalgamate all the states of Greece in her own name, she was, at the same time, equally eager in the pursuit of every thing that contributed to augment her moral influence among her neighbours, by the protection and the encouragement given to the cultivation of science and the arts, even to the abuse, for this end, of the wealth which her pre-eminence had enabled her to acumulate.

If any one was eminent for his learning or his virtues, or filled with the desire of knowledge, or remarkable for his inventions or skill in the arts, it was to Athens he repaired. He that would instruct, and he that would learn, found in the capital of Attica, a ready audience or certain preceptor. Whatever was refined or estimable in the pursuits of men, or worthy their researches, although, not less, also, whatsoever was degrading to our common nature, were all concentrated within the walls of Athens. Here were found at

once, the elements and the fruits of the noblest systems of philosophy, and the vices which are the offspring of luxury, in the most relaxed state of the moral principle among men.

The better motives of ambition, so long rife in every Athenian breast, whose objects were political virtue, excellence in the arts, reputation for wisdom, and commercial enterprise, were at the time of our philosopher, fast degenerating into the love of riches, and the effeminate pleasures which attend luxury; and it was the prevalence and increase of the vices which spring from this relaxed state of manners, that had subdued the grand principle of virtue throughout Greece, and more especially in Athens, against which the great teacher's discourses were directed. And, as we now come to the immediate actions of the philosopher, with their influence upon his countrymen and upon mankind through all generations, and all conditions of human society, except that which does not admit any knowledge of the history, either of the co-existent states of the world, or of any societies of men, which at a near or at a far period of time have preceded us—as we are come to this point, it is time to declare the objects to which the remarks, that may occupy the rest of this chapter, it is intended, should particularly tend; but which declaration, must be yet pre-

ceded by a further expression of trust, that the observations to be offered may not be deemed wantonly conceived, or thought to wear an air of impiety, in seeming to compare what is earthly, and no more, to what is heavenly and earthly also.—The sum, then, of all that follows, should be a notice, and no more, of some striking points of resemblance in the circumstances which attended the coming, and of some memorable points of similitude between the character and the labours, of the instructor of the Athenians, the great moralist of the Heathens, and the advent and acts, even of the Author of Christianity, though in His mere human character of perfect man and not God: and, the moral, if any, should, at least, be of a character to elevate our thoughts in the contemplation of perhaps the highest example of our nature, unassisted by supernatural intervention.

The epoch of the coming of the philosopher has been already noticed, as an era in which a great degeneracy of manners prevailed in Athens. But if we were to begin a comparison between the great Teacher of the Hebrews, and the teacher of the Heathens, by a notice of the external events which immediately attended the advent of each, there might not appear sufficient resemblance, whereon to found any suggestion, tending to the

proposed end. It would require, however, no violence to history, to place the inhabitants of Jerusalem and those of Athens, upon something like a parallel in their moral condition, though the one was a free, and the other a subject people, at the time of the appearance of their great moral instructors; but it is enough, that the same degeneracy of the time in the capital of Attica and throughout Greece, may be with equal facility discovered to have prevailed at the parallel time, in relation to those great events, in Jerusalem and in all Judea.

Nor, indeed, was the advent of this choice spirit of the ancient world, without some seeming preparatory signal, which, if we would commence our comparison from the earliest, might be said to resemble that warning voice which preceded the appearance of the Teacher of the Hebrews.

The precursor in Athens, which immediately preceded our philosopher, was Anaxagoras, whom we learn from the great Roman orator, was the first that taught that all things, whether within or without the sphere of our observation, were under the government of an infinite mind. But the career of Anaxagoras was short: and he was condemned to die for his opinions like the greater teacher that followed him, though the sentence, in this case, at the instance of the refined Pericles,

then absolute in Athens, was changed into banishment, which he accordingly underwent.

We will next allude to the early lives of the Greek philosopher and the Hebrew Teacher, in the character in which we are regarding them. And here we have to contemplate the one and the other of equally obscure birth; and afterwards, after the manner of men in their forms of society, and in the classification of their citizens, equally of mean rank, and, the Athenian, at least, and it is most probable the Hebrew, also, engaged in their mechanical occupations, while the mind, bent upon higher objects, was, as the body increased to manhood, impressed with a belief of divine appointment, and was preparing to soar above the ordinary thoughts of men, and to promulgate moral truth, to the knowledge of which none others had yet in any age attained.

But we have now arrived at the epoch, beyond which, the parallel could not be directly pursued, without magnifying the merits of the one much too high above the degree of importance which should be attached to mere human wisdom, and placing the other in a point of view which religion might not sanction. All that we venture, then, to insist upon, in the few further outlines to be sketched of the character and teaching of the Athenian, is no more than to present the philo-

sopher, as the defective heathen symbol of the Perfect Man with whose short history we are happily more familiar.

As we proceed with the examination of the character and actions of the heathen philosoper, we find him no sooner embarked in the course of teaching to which he believes himself to be appointed by divine inspiration, than the highest powers of his mind are employed in the endeavour to turn men from the contemplation of the external signs, and the name of wisdom, to its true principle and just application—to knowledge, indeed, considered as a means, only, by which men might be made more virtuous, and more happy.

But in order to attain his great ends, he does not proceed to condemn all the ancient institutions of his country, nor do we find him engaged in the attempt to establish formally any new. He chose rather to watch the course of human events; and, as he cast his bread of truth upon the tide of Athenian philosophy, as it flowed from the sources of false principle through the corrupted channels of sophistical reasoning, the bitter waters of error became a sweet and clear stream of intelligible moral truth.

Before Socrates' time, philosophy, or every branch of knowledge that might bear that appellation, seems to have been too often regarded, like a pro-

fession in which we wish to obtain reputation for skill or proficiency, and after, become careless of communicating what we have acquired, if, we are not, indeed, even jealous of the progress and reputation of others; but the Athenian teacher, at the same time that he exerted his efforts to inspire his compatriots with equal desire, and to afford them equal means of acquiring all the knowledge he possessed, declared, that he knew nothing; thereby, perhaps, intending to indicate, that he believed he had arrived no nearer the bounds of the full compass of all our nature is capable of comprehending, than to have seen the value of knowledge rightly applied, and by this means to turn men's minds from the sense of shame of ignorance which often becomes the means of perpetuating what it fears to expose. We will not be taught, because we would not that it should be known that we were ignorant. His very method of teaching, was by interrogation, by which he perhaps, also, intended to impress upon the minds of his hearers, the conviction, that if we would find wisdom, we must seek her—we must enter the secret courts of her dwelling, even the innermost chambers of her dark abode, and not believe we shall find her at the corners of the streets, or in the public thoroughfares of the capital seats of learning, nor in sitting

idly expecting her to approach uninvited to our door.

As he despised no means of knowledge, so he scorned the company of no man, but went about teaching, in adapting his constant interrogative method of instruction to all degrees and classes, both in intellect and in condition; and in his endeavours to accomplish his great ends, he was found mixing with the people in all the ordinary pursuits of common life, hearing and asking them questions—What is virtue? What is vice? and what is the means to attain all good? How shall we so raise the characters of men, that they should forsake those base pursuits in which we all but too often engage? Thus he infused into the mind the desire of knowledge which he possessed, with at the same time the necessary spirit of inquiry, in order to attain it.

He disputed, above all, with those who speculated upon systems founded upon principles concerning the government of the universe, which, though they should not be beyond the scope of human knowledge, seemed to have no influence upon virtue and vice, and upon human happiness.

Two lines of our great philosophical poet, should express the very essence of Socrates' teaching:—

> "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is man;"—

and to promote which, he made use, even of irony, for which the follies or vices of his opponents afforded sufficient materials and a full field.

And here the opportunity occurs to ask: Who has followed any course of human learning, to the exclusion of that which the heathen philosopher taught his hearers, above all others first to regard, and has not weakened or confounded his clearer conceptions, or, by an unmanly solicitude about the frivolous modes and pleasures of the time, sacrificed that better state of tranquillity which a just regard for the moral man, might have secured against every evil? Who is there that has acquired honors, though "purchased by the merit of the wearer," and has found them, more than, "what the poor heart would fain deny and dares not?" Who hath accumulated great riches, that had been less happy without them? Who, indeed, passed the bounds of competence, that has not decreased his true portion of enjoyment in proportion to the increase of his accumulated wealth?

Such were the occupations of this intellectual light of the heathen world, such the nature of the lessons he had been engaged in teaching, during the whole course of a long life, and still continued to teach, when the criminal hand of human violence was suddenly raised up against him, to destroy him. The attack of the enemies of truth was successful; and he to whom, not Athens only,

but all Greece, were more indebted, than to any citizen who had hitherto adorned the annals of their land—the benefactor of his country—was suddenly arrested, and stood before his unjust judges, upon three grand charges—contempt for the established religion, the introduction of new divinities, and corrupting the youth of Athens.

In this memorable scene, of the philanthropic teacher's career, we behold him before his judges, calm and dignified, and acting in every respect consistent with the character of his whole life. If we look at his defence, where we might have expected to find the occasion call forth, not only the greatest eloquence of which the philosopher himself was capable, but also the efforts of his great contemporary orators and friends, we find him rejecting all aids whatsoever of art, and above all, any appeal to the passions of his judges, to influence them in any way in his favour: nay, even refusing himself to study any defence beforehand, under the impression that the Divine Being in whom he trusted, would secretly instruct him in all things which it was proper that he should say.

Nor, when the sentence was pronounced, do we find him exhibit any other emotion, than a lively indignation towards the unjust judges by whom he was condemned, accompanied with pity for the future condition of each of them, when the

reproaches of conscience, which would not fail to appear, should, hereafter, upbraid them for the crime of which they were now guilty. And in this spirit did he console himself, that it was the will of the Deity that he should die; closing his defence, if such it may be termed, by exhorting his hearers to continue to walk in the path he had pointed out to them, as that which was most worthy the dignity of our nature, and the place which we fill in the great compass of the Creator's works.

In the same spirit did he reproach and admonish those who accompanied him, weeping, as he was conducted from the seat of judgment to this very chamber and fatal prison, the threshold of which, he was doomed, never again to cross.

But if we follow him, even to the last scene of his useful life, we shall discover the same remarkable character, the same consistency. Here, we observe him, during a month's imprisonment after condemnation, unsubdued in spirit, taking every occasion to enforce, even by the example which his case afforded, all the moral truths, and the great principle, of his previous teaching. The means even of escape were afforded him: but he only considered what was right and what wrong, in all the relations of the circumstances in which he was placed. His escape might not contribute to show truth in the pure form and simple undress in

which he would have her regarded, but might confound her features, and render her character too indistinct to be easily comprehended. He chose, therefore, rather to die, than to live, and deny by his actions, what he had, by his teaching, during a long life, constantly upheld.

To conclude this little sketch of the events of the philosopher's life, we may sum up all that regards him in a few brief words. His life, it may be said, and his actions, even to death, exhibit one uniform course of teaching, tending to establish the true principles of moral truth, in place of the false philosophy which prevailed in the schools and among the people of Athens; and these he seems to have conceived might be discovered in the study of human nature, rather than in the speculative theories of the sophists and others, which were directed to matters beyond the reach of human comprehension, or which did not tend to make mankind either happier or better. To self-knowledge, he held, that all art, all science should be subservient; and he appears to have thought we had advanced far towards the full attainment of a just knowledge of ourselves, when we had been able to substitute gratitude, as the grounds of our adoration of the Deity, in the place of superstitious fears, and care for our state hereafter, in the place of anxiety for the passing good

of this temporary state of existence: and in the last stage of the journey of this life, we find him believing himself about to enter into that state of felicity which it was his opinion awaits the just in a future life.

Having thus considered the leading features in the character, which we will assume to be the nearest approach to perfect excellence in our nature, of which mere history gives any record, we may now further recur to some passages in the life of One, beyond whose human character we need not extend our inquiries, to discover excellence, as far, indeed, above that of the Athenian sage, as perfection should be above the earliest essays of unassisted humanity in its efforts to acquire a knowledge of itself, and of the relations of a dependent being, to its unseen, unknown, Creator.

If we were here considering, what fully carried out, would not lead us beyond the bounds of natural events, as we will term all those incidents of which we perceive some connexion in their cause, and their effect—if we were occupied with events unconnected with any of those consequences, between which and the apparent means, we see no relations, and which, though they should not, in reality be more wonderful than what is familiar, yet more astonish our finite understandings, and

which we term supernatural events, it might perhaps have been a more consistent, and an easier course, first to contemplate what is perfect, and afterwards, whatever it were desirable to exalt step by step in the degrees of excellence, till we arrived at the highest point to which we might carry the comparison. But, the different situation in which circumstances here place us, suggest such a mode of proceeding as should leave no need of more than such reference to a few passages in the life of Him who was perfect, as may serve to recall the more apposite of the above mentioned several incidents, in that of the mere human character.

It should not be uninstructive, nor any act of irreverence, after contemplating the noblest example of our nature, in its absolute unassisted condition, to compare this with the same nature, combined even with the spiritual essence of the Deity himself. It should rather tend to raise our estimation of our importance in the creation, in leading us to reflect upon what humanity is capable, with the aid alone of those faculties or attributes which were originally implanted within us—upon what we might be, did we but study attentively, even without any other instructor than the book of nature, whose pages lie at all times open before us—did we study, without any other aids, the

character of our relations to all we see about us, and the nature of all we feel within us. At least, it belongs not to the present time, to make further reference than has been already made, to that additional knowledge in which the Creator has been pleased to allow a portion of his creatures to be instructed, in all things which concern our happiness, both here and in a future life. And it may be here remarked, that whatever should tend to lead the mind to the exercise of its natural powers, even to the utmost stage, upon the path in which we meet the barrier beyond which human reason cannot penetrate, must necessarily prepare the understanding for a more worthy acceptation of what we are after to receive, without the evidence of sense, or the use of that attribute which distinguishes us, above every other, from the creatures which are below us. In a word, were self-knowledge more studied, we might surely escape many of those errors which have rendered, what should have been religion, mere superstition; and we might learn, on the other hand, to avoid those extravagancies which have divested religion of the calm and dignified character which should appertain to every intercourse, and how much greater, to a direct intercourse, between the Supreme Mind and the creatures whom He hath made: but above all, in contemplating, not a mere message to esta-

blish laws for the guidance of life, but even a communication to assure us, of what reason could, at least, only have discovered in the highest order of intellect—to assure us, that, what might have been deemed death, is no more than a transfer from this world to a state of existence for which we were from the beginning designed.

To approach, then, a little nearer to the point at which we are aiming, let us first, without special reference, consider together, the most palpable broad outlines and substance of the teaching of the Athenian and that of the greater Hebrew.

It has been already asserted, and it is trusted upon sufficient authority, that it was the eternal truths which regard the moral Being, that chiefly engaged the attention of the philosopher, and for which his system was principally distinguished from those of his contemporaries. That these same truths, were what chiefly engaged the Hebrew teacher, need not be insisted upon; but a further observation, may here be made, concerning the immense importance of self-knowledge and moral-knowledge over every other, apparent in this especially, that,—speaking after the manner of men in our relations to each other,—even the Creator himself, could not give us these, or our understandings were in vain, and the bitterest

portions of life without a purpose, whereas we might be made to possess every other, intuitively and in a moment. Instruction acquired through discipline, or temporary pain, forms the man, and wisdom, which is the result of study and reflection, the virtuous man. Had we then known all we do know, intuitively, or without the operation of second causes, where were the merit of our virtue, that is, where our virtue itself?

It could not be supposed, that it is here meant, which would be more absurd than impious to assert, that there could be limits to the power of the Deity; but as we know all moral attributes, by their very nature, must partly owe their attainment to the being that should possess them, we cannot conceive that they might be acquired in a state of absolute perfection. Or to be more homely in this proposition: we may have no difficulty in perceiving, that the knowledge which we acquire by experimental philosophy, or our knowledge of abstract science, could be intuitively given, either now or at the very hour we should awake from the state of repose which we call death; yet, we might not conceive how we could acquire and reap the fruits of moral knowledge, without a state of imperfection, in which alone any merit, if such ever belong to humanity, might be attained. And this might be a powerful argument, with

those to whom it should be wanting, for the consistency of our nature with the great design for which we know we are formed, in thus accounting for the existence of the defective character which we find absolute within us; and it might display the justice of the Creator towards the beings that he hath formed, in the very imperfections which we seem to perceive, and perhaps, also, tend to confute the gloomy apprehensions, which some men in all ages have conceived, of the condition of a large portion of the human race in a future life.

But we may now proceed to such points of resemblance, as have been deemed sufficiently remarkable to regard, between the teacher of the Heathen, and the Teacher of the Christian, world, without pretending to claim the merit of having discovered any thing unknown before, or contributed any thing to the advancement of moral truth.

It has been considered, that the broad spirit of the Hebrew teaching, and of the Athenian, were the same: and it has been asserted at the beginning of these discursive remarks, that both the imperfect and the perfect of the moral revelations, were preceded by preparatory messengers, bearing resemblance proportionately adjusted to the spirit of the systems of the great masters that followed.

It may not be proper to apply the term "revelation" in the manner it has been here applied, without, at the same time, explaining the sense in which it is employed. This often indefinite term, is here taken in its broad application, and may not be unjustly defined to be that knowledge which we find precede the proofs that the sequel affords of its justice and its truth. Not, indeed, that what we observe, even in the ordinary course of nature, or what we learn through common experience, is less wonderful than any knowledge to which is usually given that appellation, even accompanied by what we term miraculous events, it being doubtless our familiarity only with certain relations of cause and effect, or at least the effects, that does not admit our wonder; for all the true difference in knowledge, merely human, out of which different conclusions result, perhaps, properly speaking, arises from our more or less indistinct view of those links in the continuous chain of operations, as well in the moral as the physical world, which, if they were clearly perceived, would result in the equal apprehension of all things which it is given, or permitted, to us to know. Look, for instance, upon the combination of material elements of which the pen which traces these lines is composed, and such of the sequent operations by which it was produced, as we are

familiar with; and what can we say we perceive distinctly, save the indisputable result? And should we go beyond what is material, and inquire how the thoughts and conceptions of one mind may be by this means communicated to another—how, what is immaterial, and it may be, the impregnate principle of the human soul, may be transported by a vehicle of material substance from one spirit, to become a portion of another spirit, to what distinct apprehension shall we arrive concerning a full series of causes and effects?

To return to our proper subject: sufficient allusion has been already made to the similar obscurity of birth, and the mechanical occupations, in the early lives, of the Athenian and the Hebrew; we may, therefore, proceed to notice a few circumstances connected with the later history, of those, towards whom, it has not been thought, to "extenuate," in the one case, nor to "set down aught in malice," in the other, to class, in certain relations, as parallels, even to the last scene of their memorable lives.

From the beginning of the teaching of the Athenian and the greater Hebrew, we find sufficient evidence of their equal respect for the moral as well as the civil institutions of their country. Manners and morals were in both lands, where

these teachers appeared, in a degenerate state at their coming; and religion, as with the false, so with the true, had become little more than an instrument of government, which it administered, not without the unfailing weapons of superstition and terror. We do not, in either case, find any attempt at abolition of the established religion; but a mere endeavour to reform abuses and advance all lawful knowledge. And for this purpose, we find both teachers going about, doing the greatest good they could accomplish, not only, without present reward, but at the sacrifice of all the goods of this world, even to the commonest comforts of the poor.

We scarce find the mission of the Teacher of the Hebrews commenced, before we discover a marked resemblance in the tolerant character of his preaching to the anti-fanatical spirit which we have observed predominant in the lessons of the Greek, in the reproof of those who thought any time improper for the performance of good. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," nay, even to the interrogatory, the very essence of the manner of teaching practised by the philosopher. "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life or to destroy it?" And after: "Whose image is this?" "Which was neighbour to him who fell among thieves?" "Who shall throw the first stone?"

Interrogation, indeed, it could not be said, does so frequently occur in the Scriptures from which we are quoting, as to give that decided character to the manner of teaching, of the Author of our religion. Yet, it cannot be said, that a less original and simple method, was in the second, as in the first instance, under the different circumstances chosen, which we observe in the frequent use of the parable, by which every essential moral truth was promulgated and engraven upon the minds, of men who were perhaps not capable of receiving knowledge through any other channel of communicating it.

The heathen, as the Divine Teacher, represents a grand era in the moral history of the world. Religion, and the favours of Heaven, were by neither held exclusive or confined to any particular people or sect. None were so mean as to escape their solicitude. They watched the dispositions and the peculiar aptitude of their countrymen, each adapting the manner by which he promulgated the knowledge of truths, which, to a certain extent, were essentially the same, to the circumstances in which they were externally placed; and the interrogatory with the Greek among his shrewd countrymen, was what the parable was afterwards among the Jews.

But there is perhaps nothing which tends more

to assimilate the character of the teaching of the Heathen to that which was divine, than the absence of any formal system or establishment, that might give just cause to any sect or party to found temporal power, or claim exclusive application of that which was intended to rule and moderate the passions, and regulate the moral conduct, of men of all.

The heathen left the world no written code—nor did the Divine Teacher leave any indisputable text from his own hand; and, upon the authority of the historians of each, arose an endless variety of opinions and sects, and schools, the effects of which, in the latter case, we see in their full vigour, even at this day.

The catastrophe, even to the very last scene of the lives of the Athenian teacher and the Hebrew were the same. The heathen as the Divine Teacher, would not study any defence before he appeared before his judges, relying upon Heaven to inspire him with the knowledge of what he should say. The very commands of the Teacher of the Hebrews, even forbad those of his disciples who might be accused, to meditate before hand what they should say. Both were constant, even to persecution and death, though the one as the other might have escaped an ignominous end. Life to the Athenian, had no charms, if procured

at the sacrifice of the principle that governed his actions. We know yet better how the Author of our Religion died.

But we cannot contemplate, even the last sad scene of all, in the history of the mortal life of the one and of the other, of those whom we have, to certain limits, associated, without yet beholding a point of resemblance, which as we are speaking of human things and of mortal men only, it should not be profane to compare. Though both were destroyed by the hands of violent men, neither were deprived of life without the time to contemplate certain death, almost immediate dissolution; and the poison was drank in the one case, and the nails were driven in the other, when the last proof appeared, that humanity could not be without a portion of human weakness. Contemplating the actions of him whom we might reverence as the nearest to a perfect example of our species as mere man, we do not so much start, at the instructions given to his friend Crito, in the hour of his trial, as we are at first surprised to contemplate at a parallel moment an apparent want of faith or confidence in God, in Him whom we regard as both God and man. But we reflect but a little, before we remember, that, though perfect God, He could not be perfect man, without human feelings and human weakness,

of which we are given at this the last moment of His mortal existence, the indisputable proof, that He possessed.

Such will probably be the general character of the thoughts of every traveller, from the remotest regions, who may visit the sites of ancient Athens, and enter these cells, when all that now remains of the architectural edifices of the city has crumbled into dust, and no vestige any longer marks the hallowed ground where the noblest works of men's hands once flourished in their original magnificence. Every rock, cliff, hill, height, every foot of ground, will be here, for ever full of associations concerning whatever is most admirable in the characters of men, and most interesting as the first essays towards the establishment of those institutions, which we, above all other nations of the earth, have moulded to the purest forms, and from which we have obtained the fullest satisfaction and enjoyment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PNYX—THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS—THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

The somewhat undue length, to which the course of reflections introduced into the last chapter has extended, leaves it incumbent, only to mention such few of the remaining objects of interest without the Acropolis as might not be consistently passed by unnoticed, in the most general review of those antiquities, which, by the more capable hand of other travellers, as well with the pencil as the pen, have been clearly and completely delineated.

From the prison of the Philosopher we proceeded to the Pnyx, the site of which, lies about a quarter of a mile due west from the front of the Acropolis. The Pnyx, we learn, was the earliest place of popular assembly at Athens, whether it were during the elections of the public magis-

trates of the city, or the occasion on which the orators delivered their popular discourses: and a stone seat is here even now shewn, which is said to be that from which the public speakers appealed to the passions of the people, in that simpler age, and early period of the Athenian Government. Of the edifice, the Pnyx itself, however, there are but a few uncertain traces remaining.

From the site of the Pnyx we passed by that of the Areopagus, and thence directing our steps northwards, we soon came to the temple of Theseus.

The temple of Theseus, presents, with the exception of a part of the roof, an exterior entire. This beautiful specimen of Grecian art, and of the Doric order of architecture, is constructed, like the Parthenon, entirely of white marble. It should be at least an object of the highest curiosity, from its great antiquity, alone, having been erected about 470 years before the Christian æra. And it was, doubtless, the first considerable essay of the same style in the art which thirty years afterwards reached perfection in the greater work which surmounts the Acropolis; and it, probably, owes its preservation to its being more fortunate in its position than that once noble specimen of human art. Detached from the defensive works of the city, it has stood apart from the scenes and immediate effects of the destructive wars

which have almost destroyed the superior edifice above it.

The more important of the proper decorations of the temple of Theseus which remain, do not extend beyond a few specimens of sculpture in alto-relievo, which are found upon several of the metopes of the frieze, and the subjects of which have been discovered to be the exploits of the Hero to which the edifice was dedicated, and those of the worthy Hercules his companion and friend. But this beautiful temple, has now, very properly, become the chief depository of such precious specimens of ancient sculpture as are from time to time gathered from the rubbish which happily concealed them from the great destroyer, who for three centuries and a half possessed the soil of Attica, as well as from the pirate or guardian hands, of our British Lord Elgin.

It will suffice, to mention briefly, the spare remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, that should have been the most magnificent structure, not in Attica alone, but in the whole world.

Of this once mighty and superb edifice, only a few columns now remain, which, as they stand in the midst of a cultivated field, serve but to mark the site of the former edifice, and to show us the order of architecture in which it was composed, which was the most decorated, and the

most opposite to that which was employed in the chaste work of the chief edifice of the Acropolis. But we see not enough of the temple of Jupiter, to enable us to make any comparison, or weigh the different effects upon our minds, which the appropriate and beautiful dwelling of the feminine Divinity, and the magnificent abode of the Father of the Gods, should severally inspire.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM SYRA—THE DARDANELLES.

On the evening of the day after I joined the good ship Columbo, we sailed directly for the capital of the Ottoman Empire. There was little wind during the first night of our voyage, and all the following day; but on the morning of the third day, a breeze sprang up from the southward which increased to a gentle gale before the sun had reached the zenith; and, with the evening of that day, we obtained the first sight of the coast of Asia, stretching from the island of Metelin along the shores of Troy towards the entrance of the grand channel of the Dardanelles.

Of all the situations, which at every degree of our progress, more or less engage our feelings while travelling in the east, there can be none at which we experience deeper moral interest, than that at which we pass from the coasts of Europe to the coast of Asia.

We are about to embrace the soil of that quarter of the globe where the rational inhabitants of the earth, which now cover its surface, were first planted fresh from the Creator's hand. Shall we see any new majesty in the human figure? Any feature that carries conviction to our minds, that we look upon the form, among the varieties with which the earth now abounds, that should resemble that which was originally moulded by the Divine hand? We are about to touch the soil of that quarter of the globe, the most dearly connected with our earliest associations, whether we regard the transactions related in sacred history, or the earliest successful efforts of men, in the institution of laws, by which the foundations of empires were laid, or, whether we contemplate the spare history that has reached us of once populous and flourishing cities, their commerce, their knowledge of the arts of civilized life, while the rest of the world was uninhabited, or peopled with barbarous hordes of men unacquainted with any right but that of force, any social bond but that which we possess in common with the brute tribes, or, whether we have our thoughts turned to the state of the present empire, the strength of whose governments lies in the ignorance of the people or in religious imposture, everything excites in us, strong natural feelings concerning many

objects of curious or intense interest, and with some of which, we trust we are about to make ourselves more familiar.

Full of these thoughts, we consider the effects of tyranny, superstitious and priestly dominion, luxury and effeminacy, and, what we, who destroy each other by rules of science, term barbarous warfare, all of which have contributed their portion to reduce so much of this once fairest and most populous part of the earth to a desert, where nothing remains to mark its former condition, save a few fragments of once magnificent edifices, which often serve but to excite wonder rather than throw any useful light upon the history of the race of men whose kings or priests dwelt within them, but whose very names they have survived.

Oppressed by these reflections, we are led to fix our minds more especially upon those particulars in which the Asiatics, and ourselves at this time most differ from each other, and those which exercise the greatest influence over the social institutions of both—our belief in, and as it follows, the superior respect above human reason which we equally give, to revelation, or the knowledge we respectively believe we receive directly from the Creator of all, with the code of laws, which he has prescribed. And here the first occasion occurs of making a few general remarks,

concerning the moral or religious position in which we stand,—the nations of the east and the west,—in regard to one another.

If, then, we are not very nice in our definition of what we are accustomed to call civilization, the civilized inhabitants of the earth may be divided into two parts—into Christian and Mahomedan, whose differing institutions throughout all the modes of life, owe their more essential variation to the different belief of each concerning revealed knowledge, and the nature of the divine laws. All beyond the pale of the professors of one or other of these two systems of faith and morals, we must regard as wholly barbarous.

There seems a reason for the distinction here made between this portion of the Asiatics, and that of the world beyond our line of demarcation, especially in remembering, that we, the world within the boundaries at which we have set the limits of civilization, comprising these two grand divisions of the Christian and Mahomedan people, all acknowledge, to a late period in the world's history, the same apostles and messengers of the will of God to man, and the force of the same code of laws, however different our reading of them, and the same sacred history from the beginning. And greatly as the two people may differ, both worshipping the same Deity—for no

faith can be more opposed to idolatry than the Mahomedan—we are, at least, about, to step upon the territory of men, whose social institutions, whatever the origin of the greatest in the one, and that of so great influence in the other—of a people, whose institutions, have been the result of events in civil and religious history, which have had little, or no direct influence over those of our own. We are about to sojourn among a people whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, among a race with whom we have morally little in common, few of the same gifts of the beneficent Being whom we yet equally worship, besides the impression of that one eternal truth, denied by the Creator, to the other nations of the earth—the knowledge of His unity, and that He is the same which created the world and all that inhabit it—though this approach, is not near enough to beget charity sufficient, in general, in either, to save the other from the power of the same evil spirit which the devotees among each, pretend has been permitted to prepare for every other, without reservation, as well as for the wicked among themselves, certain and eternal damnation hereafter. But, it is time to return to the course of our voyage, which was not without incident before we arrived in the Turkish capital.

The wind had changed after we made the island of Tenedos. The southern breeze, contending for the supremacy which the season now demanded for its complete establishment, was overcome by the cold northerly gales from the Marmora and the Black Sea, which, as they maintained their dominion over the temperature of the atmosphere, at the same time denied all access to the gut, down the narrow course of which, they rushed with impetuous force, till they entered the more southern sea. For two days, we strove against the contrary gale, without losing more ground than a favourable breeze for an hour was sufficient to enable us to recover. On the third day, the wind veered a few points; and as it became more moderate, we were enabled to work our passage into the sheltered waters, which afford good anchorage, between the island of Tenedos and the shore so familiar in ancient song, and in view of the undulating land and the plain, where it is said, still lie some fragments of the ruined edifices of the once towering and proud Ilium.

It was while striving against the last efforts of the northerly gale, before we entered the roads where we now lay, that our curiosity was first gratified by some indications of that mighty difference, in all that externally, as well as morally, exists between the Asiatics and the Europeans.

Some gallies, or caiques, as every thing of the shallop or boat-tribe is termed in this part of the east, were seen passing to and fro between the Dardanelles and the island of Tenedos, and the ports south of the waters between the island and the continent where we afterwards anchored. One only of these came near us; but although we indicated by signal, and by signs which could not be misunderstood, that we wished to communicate with her, she did not alter her course, or even seem to notice us.

We had anchored too late in the evening to admit of our then going on shore; but, as there was every prospect of a few days' detention, I had great hopes of gratifying my wishes, in being able, at least, to walk over the site of the memorable city of the famed country, in whose story, romance is history and history romance; but my hopes were frustrated by a change of wind. The southern breeze, which had doubtless, all this time prevailed in the latitudes where we first experienced it, had, during the night, reached far enough northwards, to cause a calm between the island and the continent; and with the day, the soft gale seemed to gain the full mastery in the struggle between the two opposite currents of air, and by sunrise it had increased to a breeze deemed sufficiently strong to enable us to stem

the stream of the gut before us; and we weighed anchor, and proceeded with all our canvass spread, towards the entrance of the famous canal.

On entering the Dardanelles, you pass castles or forts on either hand; but it is not until you have advanced about a mile within the strait, that you reach the great forts, which form the proper guard of the pass. As we slowly stemmed the current between the batteries on either hand, and at which point, the canal should be more than a mile in breadth, we were boarded by an officer, from whom we received permission to proceed; but we had scarce made another mile, before our advance was again arrested by the prevalence of the northerly over the southerly gale; and we were compelled to anchor in a cove upon the Asiatic side of the strait, in front of the village of *Boghax Hessar,* and which is that in which the Turkish fleet moors, when within the shelter of the forts of the Dardanelles.

The excited curiosity, and the gratification of the stranger, are here great. We recur to the many historical events of which the Hellespont and its vicinity have been the scene, in all, but especially in the ancient time. A crowd of recollections of history cross the mind, from the interview of Solon with the rich King of Lydia— from the tyrant who fulfilled the prophetic

warnings of the Athenian Legislator, to the marshalling and the passage, of the hosts of Xerxes, the Roman conquests, the Holy Wars,—and finally, the expedition of the later conquerors, who subdued the same land, and established the faith which is now the bond by which the institutions of civil society throughout so fair a portion of Asia are held together, and the foundation upon which they rest.

The next day, we advanced, by the prevalence, of the southerly wind, for a few more hours, as far as Lampsaki, where we again came to an anchor.

On the third day after our entrance into the Dardanelles, the north winds rushed down from the Marmora with renewed force, bringing dark and thick clouds, with thunder and lightning and heavy rain; and this weather continued, with little intermission, and accompanied by extreme cold, for three more entire days, during which time we had no communication with the shore.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO A TURKISH VILLAGE.

Upon the fourth day after that upon which we had anchored off the village of Lampsaki, the wind moderated; and, before we prepared for again sailing, I took the opportunity of, at least, putting my foot on shore,—of treading, for the first time, upon the soil of that quarter of the Globe, which will be the greatest in interest in all time, and to men of every race.

Accompanied by the boat's crew of the Columbo, whom I afterwards learned had a strict injunction from the master, that they should, upon no account, quit me while on shore, I proceeded to make a hasty survey of the small town or village of Lampsaki. The commands of the good Genoese, might, on some occasions, have been a necessary precaution, to prevent the consequences of any act committed, through ignorance of the laws or cus-

toms of the people; and, I did not the less estimate the attention, that, in the present instance, the familiarity with the Europeans which the frequency of ships anchoring in this cove, had given the inhabitants, together with the influence of some Greeks which were among them, had rendered the usual precautions which are proper to be observed by a Christian among Turks, less important here, than they might be, in general, throughout Turkey.

In our way to the village, we crossed an extensive burial ground, where every headstone of every grave, surmounted by the turban, presented the first sensible image which I witnessed, of the great moral difference between the people whose shores we had so lately left, as it should not the less strongly express the sincerity of the children of the Prophet of Mecca, and of the force of that faith under which so many millions of our fellow men live, and by which they are instructed and governed, and in which they die.

Before entering the village, we came to a coffee-house, in front of which, under a viranda, several Turks were sitting or reclining, and smoking, and sipping coffee: but as the time which we had to remain on shore was limited, we passed on without stopping; and, great a curiosity as the Turks were, at least, to myself, I remarked, that they

seemed studiously to avoid so much as to look upon us. Yet there was more the appearance of indifference, whether real or dissembled, than of hatred or jealousy, or of any other of the bad passions which the Mahomedans are usually described as entertaining towards Christians, and which I was prepared at the very first glance to observe. For my own part, I was not solicitous to conceal the curiosity, and even intense interest, which I felt, in looking for the first time upon a coterie of Mussulmans, in their own fair land, engaged in the manner in which travellers describe them as usually occupied during the more important hours of the day.

From this coffee-house, a few hundred paces brought us to the entrance into the village, which was by a narrow unpaved street with mean houses of wood of two stories on both hands, with no windows on the ground floor. The houses had generally projecting windows, with close lattice work, but no glass, in the upper story; but as we advanced, we found the street broader, and there were open shops, in which were exposed all the articles of village domestic economy, whether the product of the manufactory, from a nail to a spade, or from a slipper to a turban, or for consumption for food. Neither were there here to be seen any windows on the lower floors. But, in general, the goods

were exposed upon a platform about the height of the chest, which crossed the whole of the front part of the shop; and upon this, the venders sat or reclined, occupied in smoking, with, apparently, the most perfect indifference whether any customers came or not; and in several instances I observed the workshop or manufactory, immediately behind the platform for the exposition of the goods, whether, as it was apparent in some cases, it occupied the whole, or as it seemed in others, only a portion of the lower part of the house.

We seemed, as we passed through the streets, to be to every one, objects of the same indifference or contempt. Not a shopman seemed to think us worth inviting to purchase, though we sometimes stood gazing for ten minutes together at his goods, nor a passenger in the street worth so much as a scowl, which, however angry, would have been preferable to the indifference with which we appeared to be every where regarded. Those who have been great in Christendom, may, when they have "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour," and found them vanity, here, indeed, feel the "blessedness of being little;" but, when we have not "been in place, and in account" of trust and honour, there should be no special enjoyment in finding ourselves perfect nothing.

As we lounged through the streets, we were met by the sheik or chief magistrate, as we supposed, of the village. His horse, richly caparisoned, was led by two gaudily-dressed domestics, but he was himself walking. Another domestic bore a richly adorned pipe; and several more were in immediate attendance upon his person; while a company of soldiers, in double file, followed. But what was most striking to an European, was, that in all this troop, composed, doubtless, of all grades in life, and of all shade of character, and of the several degrees of intelligence and knowledge, not one that we were aware of, deigned by any sign or token, even to indicate that he knew any friend or foe was present, besides his associate dependents, though six Genoese and a Briton stared every man of their whole body directly in the face. One that should have been walking alone, as well as for the first time, in Turkey, might have thought himself invisible to mortal eyes.

About the centre of the village, there was an ample coffee-house, that had glass windows extending across the whole front; and here, I was determined to try if it were possible to attract, at least the look of a Turk. Indeed, I determined for a moment to be great: so desiring the Genoese seamen to place themselves in the same order that we had seen observed by the servants

of the Great Turk that had a little before passed us, I marched into this coffee-house thus attended.

The Turks, as we entered, were sitting or reclining around the room, upon a matted, raised ground, all engaged with the pipe and coffee; so I took my seat in the same manner, and desired the seamen to sit at my feet, and as soon as the occasion occurred, nodded to a black fellow who was going about replenishing the cups and pipes of the Turks, who now brought me pipe and coffee also; and upon another sign being made, he brought also coffee for my marine attendants, but no pipes, which I did not order, judging rightly, that it might derogate from my importance, to smoke, though I sipped coffee, with my domestics or slaves. On the platform immediately opposite to that which I occupied, sat a grey-bearded smoker, with one end of his long pipe on the ground, while the other seemed to rest upon his lips, without the assistance of either hand. I watched him for a few minutes, doubting whether he was awake or asleep. At length, a long stream of the sooty vapour issued from his mouth, and continuing almost as long as "while one with moderate haste might tell a hundred," decided that the Turk was awake. On either side of him, sat, it would seem, his familiar friends, all of whom, with more or less power of the

TURCOMAN.

TURKISH FOOT SOLDIER

TURKISH PASTIME

breath, threw forth the odoriferous dark stream, at equal intervals of time, while beneath them, upon the ground, sat several ragged fellows, probably slaves.

We remained some time in this good company, amused with drawing comparisons between the Turks, which were seated, or upon the ground or upon the platform, in every part of the coffee-room, and the inhabitants of an European village, and contrasting the occupations of the parallel orders of the population—the busy artizan of Europe, and the village gentry, with those before us and in the streets. But the character of the place with its taciturn tenants, was too wearying to be long endured; and I gave up my brief appertinents to state, paid for the pipe and coffee about the value of three farthings English for each, and issued again into the free air, without having heard so much as the sound of a Turk's voice.

The village is upon the slope of a hill, and we now took the street that led to the upper part of it; but we found nothing further remarkable, or varying from what we had seen, except a stone mosque, which is agreeably situated on the highest ground. The building has been placed upon a platform, so high above the houses about it, that it might be entered without any one in the street discovering the intrusion; and this, it

was my desire to do: but being well aware that it would be a manifest breach of custom at least, we first took our seats upon benches which were on either side the portico of the building, and set a special watch. It was the first temple of Mahomedan worship that I saw, and my curiosity was in proportion to the novelty of the occasion; but upon drawing back the curtain that concealed the entrance, we discovered that the doors were closed and locked; and I was forced to be content with a peep in at one of the windows, which was performed by standing upon the shoulders of the tallest of the Genoese. But there was nothing to be seen within the mosque, except a carpet of various patterns, covering the whole of the floor, some coloured lamps, hanging from the roof, and a kind of pulpit with steps to ascend to it, all of plain workmanship, without decorations of any kind.

After two hours spent in parading in this manner through the streets of Lampsaki, without seeing so much as the form of a woman of any class, and without, certainly, attracting a tithe of the notice we should have enjoyed in any village in Italy, we returned on board the Columbo, and, at least, myself, with the proud pulse of a free Briton, not a little humbled in the presence of village slaves.

The European traveller who should leave Athens, after many days stay upon that spot of thrilling interest, without the conviction of the great philosopher of antiquity, that he *knows* nothing, will at least not find any difficulty in a much shorter space of time in Turkey, in discovering the yet more humiliating truth, that he *is* nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the morning after our making this first acquaintance, if it were acquaintance, with the good Ottomites, the Columbo, once more, weighed anchor, and with a light breeze from the southward we entered the Marmora or White Sea.

The Marmora is a sea of about one hundred miles in length, and about twenty-five in breadth, with many islands set at different distances from its shores; but it is not surrounded with sufficiently bold and mountainous coasts, to form the striking and varied scenery, which more or less prevails throughout the whole of the shores of the Mediterranean.

The wind that had enabled us to get clear of the current of the strait, as the day advanced, died away; and we had made but little progress across the broader waters, when the sun went

down. During the night, however, the southerly wind again freshened, and carried us before the following morning into the midst of the sea, where we were once more becalmed; and, we floated, almost the whole of that day, upon the glassy bosom of the motionless waters, without advancing a mile. But the breeze again sprang up during the middle watches of the second night; and as the sun arose on the morning of the third day after our leaving the strait of the Hellespont, we were within a short distance of the capital city of the Moslems—the seat of the representative of the author of their religion, and the founder of that great moral empire, which, nor Crusade, nor political revolution, nor national individuality and independence, have been able to dissolve.

A deep mist now covered the surface of the water, and concealed the shores upon either side of the Bosphorus, entirely from our view. But as the day advanced, and the welcome solar rays began to draw up the dense cloud that had obscured the land, and still hung upon the surface of the waters, we perceived above the margin of the lighter vapours, the first faint shades, and indistinct forms of the high and rugged summits of the distant mountains, which Nature's own hand, seemed but now engaged in forming from her imperfect elements, into order and beauty; and,

as the upper mists gradually dispersed, the domes of the finished works of men's hands, began to peer above the thicker vapours beneath them, as if a new seat of empire were springing from the smoking ashes of the ancient world: and, when we recognised among the taller and prouder of the edifices which we beheld, the dome of Saint Sophia, we seemed to see the physical sign of the first triumph of the new moral principle, which, having but now overthrown the idolatrous abominations of the world, raises the first standard of union, and fellowship, and love, among all the sons of men—the emblem of that religion, which, as divine, though it include but a small proportion of all mankind, we call universal.

But the mists no longer intercept our view, and we survey more narrowly, the scene before us. And what are those obeliscal forms? We have gone too far back in our reminiscenses of the world's history, or we have anticipated what none may foresee. The minaret instructs us; and from the mosque we learn the true period in the moral history of the world, at which we live; and no fresh object reminds us of the capital of that empire of which nothing remains, save the history of its rise, its glory, and its decline, with the virtues and vices of its rulers, which should teach us a lesson concerning the instability of all human

institutions not founded and established in the true principles of civil liberty and moral truth. And thus forced upon these reflections, we are led to inquire, of what none shall inform us. We ask a question, which, though no one may answer, should not be without relation to the present and the future. What, we demand, would have been the power of fanaticism and the sword, over the vast countries through which the religion of the Moslems so rapidly spread, had they encountered the truth, in all the beauty of its original form, instead of the shadow of a substance which was concealed under the dark robe of ignorance and craft, the joint work of the clergy, and the kings and rulers which governed the Roman empire? What would have been the strength of those agents of evil, had civil liberty, and the just ascendency of the laity over the clergy, been maintained? Could the religion, which in its purity, is, in reality as inseparable from freedom, as freedom is inseparable from the higher degrees of civilization, have fallen before the force of a religion or superstition which is equally as inseparable from tyranny, as is tyranny from moral darkness, and all the causes of the barbarous and degraded condition in which we find the inhabitants of so many fair and beautiful lands? At least the reflections to which we give way upon

our first sight of Constantinople, should abound in instruction which ought to advance the cause of civil liberty and moral truth.

But the freshening breeze, now aided the efforts of the sun; and we had soon a full view of the vast mass of buildings which cover the seven hills of Stamboul or Constantinople, crowned by the grander mosques, with the whole of the walls that extend along this side of the city, and the towers and grand forts, which on either side the Bosphorus, guard the pass by this channel to the waters which extend beyond the Turkish dominion and empire.

As we approached the Bosphorus, we met the current of the strait; but the Columbo, with every sail spread, advanced majestically, though slowly, towards the entrance of the canal which gradually opened before us. With our telescopes we were now able to distinguish sheds and pavilions between the walls of the city and the water, beneath which we observed numbers of the lethargic Turks, sitting or reclining, and enjoying the pleasures of the *chebuck*; and about an hour after noon, we anchored under the walls of the famous Seraglio, so well known in history, so well known in fable.

When our sails were furled, we had leisure to make a full survey of the varied and gay scene

which here presents itself to the view. And what a contradiction now appears, when we behold the gaudy fabrics, and the masses of human habitations, disposed, as by enchantment, amidst the most beautiful natural scenery that perhaps the world any where exhibits, and in the same spirit, reflect upon the character of the moral fruits displayed in the sleeping intellect of the people of this vast empire, over which a few directing and haughty minds, here seated, exercise dominion, and exact homage.

The Seraglio, off which we lay, occupies the extreme point of the peninsula, formed by the river or port of the Golden Horn, and the shores of the Marmora. The famous dwelling of the Ottoman Sovereign and the court, with its gardens, occupies a considerable space of ground, and is defended on every side, by high walls, now crumbling with age, and beneath which, on the side of the sea, there is an ample platform or quay, which is in some parts overshadowed by the wide spreading foliage of the trees which rise from within the Seraglio walls.

The land rises as it recedes; but as the gardens are thickly planted with the cypress and other evergreens, you are able to obtain but too slight a glance at the palace or cluster of palaces which appears at intervals in passing, to distinguish any

advantage they possess, save their secure position against the inquisitive survey of any profane or too curious eye.

Immediately beyond the Seraglio, at the summit of one of the seven eminences or hills comprehended within the walls of Constantinople, stands that Saint Sophia, which an occasion has already occurred to mention, and the lofty description of which, every reader of the history by our great author of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the seat of which it once adorned, must retain deeply engraven upon the mind. The massy edifice is now a royal mosque, with the addition to its architectural decorations, of a minaret or high and slender tower at each angle of the outer courts within which it stands.

Turning towards the north-east, you see a great portion of the Golden Horn, or proper port of Constantinople, crowded with the shipping of almost all nations, beyond which, in the same direction appear the suburbs of Galata and Pera. But as you still turn in the same direction, both sides of the Bosphorus are seen replete with forts, and palaces, and gardens, intermixed with lofty eminences, sometimes covered with the natural vegetation of steeps and craggy heights, and sometimes relieving the too rich character of the scenery, by obtruding and sterile rocks.

Immediately opposite the capital, appears Scutari, or the great suburb of Constantinople in Asia, covering the lower degrees of a graceful slope, from the summit of the hills in the back ground, to the banks of the Bosphorus and the coasts against which the waves of the Marmora break with the westerly gale.

But as we here survey the varied prospect around, our admiration is not more excited by the novel sight we behold, than are our thoughts overwhelmed by the recollections of history and of romance, which the scene, the place, all, vividly revive within us; and, we turn from gazing upon the gorgeous picture of oriental palaces and plantations—from a scene where the prodigal hand of Nature and Art have combined their efforts to inspire us with wonder and admiration, to find relief, in looking upon the deep blue surface of the Marmora, interrupted only by the fainter outlines of its beautiful isles.

While the captain of the Columbo was occupied with his crew, in securing the ship for the night, and myself engaged in the contemplation of those near and distinct objects of interest in the works of nature and art, the quarantine officers arrived; and, contrary to our expectations, we received permission to leave the ship immediately, and, without any other restriction, than that of calling

at the health-office adjoining the receipt of the customs, for a pass to land and inhabit Pera, which is the suburb situated on the opposite side of the Golden Horn, from that on which the great capital is seated.

The present was now one of those moments of affecting interest that must occur in the course of the experience of every tourist. I regretted quitting the good company of the worthy master of the Columbo, and his fine Genoese seamen, and I scarce knew in what manner to bid them adieu. I had been nearly a month on board. The generous spirit, and the capabilities of attachment, in the sons of the storm are proverbial. It could not be greater in the breasts of any of old Ocean's children, than in those of the crew of the Columbo. We had been as brothers throughout the voyage: but they knew now, what they did not know when we quitted Messina, the manner of the farewell which an Englishman is wont to give, and that which he is alone prepared to receive. I had amused them, by relating the particulars of, and telling them how long I had remembered, a touch of the cheek which I once unexpectedly received from a German, and which I had, with disadvantage to the honest man's kindly meant embrace, compared to the hug of a bear. And when the boat was ready, as the master and four men

jumped into it, to conduct me on shore, I shook hands very heartily with the rest of the crew, and I am able to say, that after many longer voyages, I never left a ship with equal regret.

As we rowed up the port, we passed ships lying moored in tiers on either hand; and as it was Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath, every bark was decorated, and the flags of all nations were flying; but there were very few fine vessels in view. A frigate, with the crescent moon at the main, kept the middle ground between the shore on either side; and as she floated upon the stream, she did not materially differ in appearance from an English vessel of war, except in the superior, or more gaudy, decorations of her stern.

We soon came to the health-office, which was indicated by an inscription in French; and as the chief officer was a Frenchman, we experienced the attention and dispatch which travellers are accustomed to receive, from the public officers of that people in their own land.

I now took the same affectionate leave of the master of the Columbo, and the boat's crew, which I had before taken of the seamen we had left on board; and having put my luggage into the hands of a porter which the sailors had procured, and whom I afterwards found was an Armenian, the French officer gave him instructions to conduct

me to an hotel which he called the "French hotel," at Pera; and, I was in a moment confounded with the busy crowd of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and it might be, people of many other countries, which here carry on, at least all the foreign traffic of the great capital of the Turkish Empire. But another opportunity will occur to speak of the scenes in this surburb, which is not, indeed, properly a part of Constantinople.

My guide now pushed his way through the motley groups, with some difficulty, as I followed, for perhaps a quarter of a mile, when he tnrned up a less crowded street, and we proceeded, mounting ill-paved, steep, and narrow ways, till we arrived at the highest, and the main street, of the suburb of Pera, in, or near which, all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the European merchants reside.

No communication between the guide and myself could take place; neither, did there seem to be any inclination that way, on the side of the Armenian, who, faithful, however to his charge, regarded nothing, and spoke to no one, until we arrived at the hotel. An European servant, who was sitting at the door, received us; and the Armenian, who demanded no more than the French officer informed me I ought to give him on arriving, was paid off, and I was shewn into

a chamber, furnished, though poorly, in European style.

I was not many minutes in my apartment before the landlord attended, and I was glad to find that he was from that mountain land, whose hardy natives are often found in this capacity in the Southern countries of Europe, and who perhaps fulfil the proper duties of this station of life more considerately and faithfully than any other people. My commands, at present, however, did not exceed a request, that the attendance of a dragoman might be procured for the next day; and, the good Swiss having undertaken to perform this behest, retired, and I was left to the first night's reflection and repose, in the capital city of the Ottoman Empire.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRST DAY'S TOUR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

When the waiter, who was an Italian, brought my coffee in the morning after the first night I had slept in Constantinople, he was accompanied by the dragoman that the landlord had promised to procure for me, and whose services I immediately engaged, upon the assurance of the Swiss, that the good man was an honest Armenian, with whom I might converse with perfect safety; and, as soon as I had breakfasted, I set out with my Christian guide, to make an irregular first promenade through the high and by-ways of the Ottoman capital.

It might be advisable, to moderate, as much as possible, that intense curiosity which should be natural to an European upon finding himself for the first time in the midst of a great Mussulman population; and more especially, when he may doubt the probability of all his desires being gra-

tified. But in another mind, I requested the dragoman to proceed, immediately, to make the tour of the principal streets of Constantinople itself; and we set out for that purpose without delay.

The first day that a western European may spend in Constantinople, should, at least, be one of intense interest, which may pardon the notice of such minor subjects of observation, as those which will engage us during the first tour through the streets of the Mussulman capital.

The moment we left the door of the hotel, we saw wherewithal to illustrate the sad condition of civil economy among the Turks, in, at least, the most material of all arrangements in relation to the internal commerce of a great city. A gentleman of middle age, and of the equestrian order, was passing by, mounted and armed; but such was the difficulty with which he sat his horse, owing to the rugged state of the way, which was more like the bottom of a fissure in a torn rock, than any handiwork of art, and such were the twists and contortions to which the horse was subjected, that it was only by the aid of a quick attendant on either side, who actually held him on, as they themselves leaped from one stone or lump of dirt to another, that the good Turk was enabled to keep his seat.

I stood and looked on, as they made their way, remarking only to the dragoman, that I could not conceive how any society of men whatsoever, and much less, when composed of hundreds of thousands collected together into one city, could exist without ways, if not adapted for wheel carriages, at least in a condition to enable an equestrian to pass through them without the danger of being thrown from his horse, or of the animal falling with him at every hundred steps. But the dragoman only replied: "We are not in Europe." And we continued our way.

Apart from the above-mentioned inconvenience, this high way of the foreign suburb of Constantinople, the profane rendezvous of the Christians, has, in comparison with the streets it will presently occur to mention, upon the whole, an European air. From the sign of a hotel, indicated in French, you turn to an inscription in Italian, advertizing English wares, French paper, pens and ink, Florentine books, and the like; with, sometimes, the goods exposed in the window or at the door. But the most remarkable feature of this quarter, consists in the mixed character, and variety of the costumes of the inhabitants and the passengers in the streets. The turbaned Turk, with gloomy or thoughtful air passes by on foot, marching in slow state, between his domestic slaves on either hand,

and his pipe-bearer behind; but before the eye has had the time necessary, satisfactorily to survey the novel object, a Frank, by which is signified an European, dressed in the costume of his nation, with quick step, rushes by, regarding nothing but the ground over which he has to pick his difficult way. Two beings of a different order in the creation, could scarcely be more unlike than these. They do not so much as look upon each other. Indifference or contempt, possesses the breasts of both. Next comes an Armenian; and, such is the slight variation in costume between the Mussulman and the Christian subjects of the Sultan, that a stranger will hardly know that he does not look upon one of the good Mussulman children of the representative of the Prophet. But when we approach the Christian a little nearer, we find him, nor in air, nor in feature, nor in anything that appertains to him, save his external habit, resembling, indeed, any more the one than the other of those already mentioned. If we observe how he passes the haughty Turk, it is not enough that his look is humble, his eye depressed. The attendants upon the Turk, perhaps, do not compass the whole of the way. It is in his power to pass directly by; but he is prudent. He might accidentally derange the step of a favorite slave, or jostle one armed with an offensive weapon; so,

returning upon his steps, or putting his back to the wall, by the moral force of humility, he disarms oppression itself of a portion of the malignant elements which compose it.

But as we proceed, we meet a Greek in Albanian costume, with air and step little less proud than those of the Turk, but with a countenance of the gayest in the world. He objects not to go to the wall; but it is with a merry leap out of the way; and if the Turk, whom he eyes as haughtily as if he had no kind of fear, has passed him before his slaves, he perhaps seeks rather than avoids the occasion to dispute with his abject inferiors the better path.

But what shall be said of the poor Jew of Pera? —oppressed by one race or other, every where else, the descendant of Abraham should scarcely expect compassion in Turkey. Yet not the Turk alone is his oppressor here. Among all the motley inhabitants of the suburb of Constantinople, there is no exception in his favour, save that which will be presently named. All breathe scorn or contempt of the Hebrew. The Mussulmans, possess a faith, not without the excitement to humanity. Moses and Jesus, after Mahomed, are with these, the greater of the messengers from Heaven; yet, has the "dog Jew" no friend among the children of the Prophet. The Armenians, the Greeks, the Franks,

are Christians; and we know the Christian virtues, affections, passions—there is no commiseration there.

Many passengers of other nations and costumes than those which have not been mentioned, were seen going to and fro, as we passed along the highway of Pera. But we now descended towards Galata, by nearly the same route that I had ascended upon the preceding day.

As you quit the street above mentioned, you descend by steep and narrow ways, on either side of some of which, are large warehouses and depôts of goods, while others are formed, for the most part, of private houses, chiefly of the Mussulman and Armenian subjects of the Grand Signior.

But we soon came to the lower street, which is a narrow way, running parallel with the water, but shut out from the view of the port; and I had now more time than when passing it after landing, to observe what is most remarkable in the eyes of an European stranger.

The scene here presents all the varieties of every character above named, and many more; but all seemingly divested of every national, or peculiar passion, prejudice, or feeling, as if to facilitate the transactions which their commercial intercourse renders necessary. Here the Turk is observed in familiar intercourse with the Christian, and even,

to form the exception above mention, with the contemned Hebrew. Nay, all of every nation, and people and tongue, inhale here, and vomit forth the same dark exhalations from the intoxicating herb, and without shame, submit in the presence of one another, to what had been an abomination elsewhere.

But who shall distinguish the number and quality of the accents that here enter his ear? Those in more frequent use, after the Turkish, are, the Arabic, the Italian, the French, the Slavonian, the Wallachian, the Russian, German, English, Maltese, Hungarian. And here we may see the evidence this affords of the judgment of the Roman Emperor, who chose this spot for the seat of the government of the world. Had mankind been designed to be of one grand tribe of many classes, and every nation, but the individual member of the same family, there could not be a better seat of empire, or fitter throne, upon which the monarch and father of all the scattered branches of the original progenitor of our race might sit and command the world. A lesson we may at least learn in the streets of Galata, and one not unworthy the study of the philanthropic, yet illiberal politician. He might learn the means to unrestrained intercourse in observing the effects upon the moral interests of mankind.

This busy quarter is filled with shops of every description. We see the Syrian seated on his feet upon a platform in front of his stall, selling the silks of his country, or shawls from Bagdad. A little further, and we find the Italian, the Frenchman, the Egyptian, the Maltese, the Greek, all vending the produce of their own country or some other; while porters, supplying the place of wheel carriages, and horses, pass and repass every where in parties of four or six, carrying, by the aid of poles which rest upon their shoulders, and to which the goods are slung, the most enormous loads, for which there is no other means of conveyance, even to a hogshead of sugar, and equal weights of iron wares.

When we arrived at the end of this busy, crowded, irregular way, I was informed, we had pretty nearly seen the whole of the foreign trading quarter of Constantinople; but we had yet visited no bazaars, nor had we seen any thing either of commercial, or domestic, or even of religious character, that should be purely oriental. At length we came to the end of the street at which there is an irregular, open space, in which several other streets terminate, and from which a floating bridge of recent construction, which opens between the Pera shore and the centre, to admit the largest men-of-war without disturbing the

moorings, passes to the opposite side of the Golden Horn, which is here, at its narrowest point, about a quarter of a mile in breadth.

We took the way of the bridge, upon which you no sooner step, than you have again that open and general view of the greater objects of interest of the capital, so picturesque and grand in prospect, so disappointing and even offensive, in at least all the details we had at this time seen.

From this point, the great city, in front, presents rather that view which is calculated to impress the observer with a more correct idea of its vastness, and of the admirable position which it occupies, than with any new sense of its beauty or strength.

If we look directly upon the town, the whole summit of the promontory is seen crowded with its myriad buildings, crowned by the grander and nobler of its mosques; while, on the declivity appear the ramparts and proper walls of the town, rising behind the numerous and mean dwellings which form another suburb, and occupy a narrow space between the walls of the city and the water, stretching out uninterruptedly on the left hand, though sometimes concealed by the shipping, along the banks of the river towards its outlet into the Bosphorus, and upon the right to the abrupt termination of the city. But if we turn in

the opposite direction, the shores along the whole front of the suburb of Galata present a confused mass of warehouses and work-shops, and quays, crowded with numberless vessels which lie with scarce the order of tiers. But if the eye of the observer is turned directly down the stream, the port is seen to its opening into the Bosphorus with a part of the straggling suburb of Scutari, separated from the city by the waters of the strait, and spread over the declivity of the hills upon the Asiatic shore. But if we turn towards the source of the Golden Horn, the chief of the fixed objects that attract the eye, is the grand arsenal of the war marine of the Turks; and at this time, we counted twelve line-of-battle ships of the Ottoman navy afloat upon the waters of this inner port. Both sides of the river are here replete with mean private buildings; but the sight, tired with the varied shows which we have stood to contemplate, carrying us beyond the limits of the city, rests upon the green sloping banks, which the turn of the river to the right hand, places immediately under our view.

We had not passed half over the bridge, before a moving novelty appeared in front of us; and this, not the less in interest, that it is expected by the traveller, as a characteristic feature in the scenes which he should behold, and perhaps the

greatest in the dissimilar mode of carrying on every species of intercourse which takes place between the people of the same, and those of different nations, in the east, and of the modes of intercourse which prevail among the Europeans. It was that caravan and train of camels, so familiar to us in idea, from the time we acquire our first knowledge of the habits and customs of distant nations, and dwell with such intense interest upon tales and histories concerning a people which scarce resemble us in any thing save in that attribute which marks our common origin, and assures us that we are but different branches of one family, to every member of which has been given the same elements of civilization, but which external circumstances, the effects of which cannot be eternal, have perverted, and to a certain degree, equally on all sides, even till sometimes we find less remaining of the charities of the same species to one another, than might be found among the orders of beings that have neither a common nature, nor that envied reason by which we boast we are distinguished from our irrational fellow-habitants of the earth.

As we approached the Constantinople side of the bridge, the camels, in a long string, were descending from the gate of the city to an open space, similar to that upon the side of Galata, and upon

the front of which the bridge in the same manner abuts; and I hastened to make my first slight acquaintance with the tall quadruped which I knew not then, as at the time at which this is written, was destined to become of much more familiar character, long before the close of this protracted tour.

The first, of a train in which we counted four and twenty of these stately yet grotesque beasts of burden, was led by a youth, and loaded with enormous packages of wares inclosed within rope net work, upon the top of which sat a turbaned Turk, whose feet did not reach the neck of the enormous animal; the second, was tied by a rope of two or three fathoms, in length, to the tail of the first, and the rest successively followed attached in the same manner; so that the first had very nearly arrived on the Galata side, before the last had attained the commencement of the bridge.

From the open space above mentioned, where we landed from the bridge, we proceeded to the gate of the city called the Egri Gate, which is close at hand; and which we entered, without perceiving that any one took any account of my European dress, or any thing else that might be particular in our appearance. Any special or dangerous notice, indeed, the Armenian informed me, would

be only likely to occur, at least in the immediate vicinity of the river, in times of some excitement, when the dress that he wore, which differed no more from that of a Mussulman, than in the symbol of his despised faith, would be little less likely to incur the displeasure of the Moslems than that of an European.

You advance but a little way up the street which leads from this gate to some of the busier quarters of the great Ottoman capital, before the disparity which exists between the condition of the city and of the suburbs is apparent. For the sort of pavement which it were no exaggeration to say is an absolute obstruction to the ready passage of man or beast at Pera, you have, already, a more even, superior way; and one passing from Galata, soon finds he is exchanging the confused and noisy scenes of the haunts of the lowest traffic that can be imagined, for those of the more sober intercourse of the lethargic, indeed, yet more temperate Turk—for scenes, for the most part, of legitimate commerce and intercourse between Turk and Turk.

You are, however, some distance within the walls of Constantinople, before you may enter any of the bazaars, which will in their turn demand notice. We are now upon a mere tour of the more public streets, and we are directing our

steps towards the street of Adrianople, which is the most notable of any in the Mussulman capital.

Upon entering the city, we had observed but little in the private buildings, differing from those of Pera, and we saw only a few mean shops and coffee-houses; but as we proceeded, we passed public baths, khans or great depôts of wholesale merchandize and exchange; and also mosques, none of which, we, however, at present, stopped to examine. I was solicitous of becoming in the first place acquainted with the general outlines and leading features which most strike a stranger in the great capital of the Turks.

Arrived at the street of Adrianople, which seems to lie along the ridge of the chief eminences of the city, we turned upon the right hand, in directing our steps towards the wall which defends the town on the side of the land. And here, we found yet much greater improvement in the ways than we had before seen, though but very little in the external appearance of the dwellings. The streets and public places in this immediate vicinity are paved in a manner little inferior to our own, while the private houses, which even here are built of wood, mud, or coarse unhewn stone, are low and without windows on the ground floor. There is, usually, however, a second story, though no more,

and the windows are in this, for the most part, of lattice work finely wrought in wood, but which, little relieves the general gloomy aspect even of the main and principal street. The grand thoroughfare of a city, is, by no means, usually the chief seat of commerce in the East, as it might be in a capital city of Europe, and there is little in the amusements of the Turks to lead many beyond the coffee-houses, of which there are every where fewer to be seen in proportion to the distance you remove from the commercial depôts and the bazaars, the whole of which seems to lie in the opposite direction from that which we had now chosen for this first promenade in Stamboul.

We followed the same street, scarcely meeting a passenger, for about a mile from the part where we had entered it, to the gate of Adrianople, which is that by which the chief intercourse between the country and the city is carried on, and which we passed without any questioning.

Nothing can be more in unison with the present condition, or serve better to illustrate the past history of the Ottoman Empire, and of its great capital, than all that comes under the traveller's observation within the quarter through which we had passed. As you approach the gate, after leaving the more populous quarter, the openings caused by the destruction of houses, enable you

to overlook a great portion of the vicinity of the walls, which is, for the most part, covered with heaps of rubbish, where wild dogs sit and howl by day or dispute over the carcass of some dead horse or camel, and after, bay the moon for the entire night.

As we proceeded, we saw an athletic Turk, with a rope round his shoulders, dragging, with great difficulty, the most disgusting parts of the interior of a camel, towards the vicinity of the ruins, beyond which, the dogs, appropriately called the scavengers of the city, do not often venture during the day. The fellow was labouring with a perseverance that superstition could not but have had some share in exciting, and we respected his just right of immunity from the idle questions of a curious stranger.

Arrived at the gate of the city, we were able to contemplate the endurable memorials of the past, even to the age of the Christian Emperors, in the once magnificent, now decayed, and crumbling walls, that formerly defended Constantinople on the side of the land.

We did not spend much time in the examination of these walls; but they have been sufficiently described by tourists and others, whose objects have been different from those for which these travels were undertaken, or for which they

were continued upon this side the bounds of civilization. It may be remarked, however, that they do not seem so materially injured, or by war, by time, or by the yet greater destroyer, the earthquake, which has nevertheless in some places rent them with deep fissures, but that they might be made a fair line of defence, were their standing battlements mounted with the formidable engines of modern warfare, and their many towers manned with disciplined troops.

At our issuing from the gate, we found the site upon which we here stood, commanding an extensive prospect of the country around, without any indications that any suburb ever existed beyond the walls of the great city on this side. The view is agreeable; for, although presenting a country generally barren or incult, the land is undulated and the scene varied, by occasional groves of untrained trees, which were now in the freshness of their spring colouring, and contrasted advantageously with the scenes of gloom and desolation that prevail within the walls.

It had been our intention to continue our tour beneath the walls on foot; but we were hardly out of the gate, when we found some lads holding horses to hire, and which it appears are kept in attendance for the better class of Turks who pass and re-pass by this way, between the city and the

villages in its immediate vicinity; and considering, that the day's promenade which we had contemplated, seemed scarcely within the compass of a walk, together with the Armenian's opinion of our superior safety, as equestrians, without the walls, on account especially of the additional rank and dignity we should thereby establish, I determined upon embracing the occasion, and we engaged the two best we could select; and, followed by the lads from whom we had hired them, we proceeded on horse-back, in a southern direction towards the boundaries of the city upon the sea coasts.

We found the road good, and lying, generally, between one and three hundred yards from the walls. We passed several gates before we came to the last, which is near the sea, and is called the Golden Gate, at which we re-entered the town. But we met only four passengers, in two parties, one of which was on foot, and the other mounted. Both were well armed, but neither took any notice of us.

The seven towers mentioned by all travellers, are found at this angle of the defences of the city; but the sun was upon the decline when we reached the Golden Gate, and the way was now so bad that we did not stay to make any particular observations in this quarter. We now passed amidst the rubbish within the walls, and proceeded

by narrow, irregular streets till we came to another gate through which we passed beyond the walls again, to visit that quarter, where it will be remembered, the Turks were seen from the deck of the Colombo, sitting or reclining under sheds or pavilions enjoying their pipes and repose, before we anchored under the seraglio walls.

This part of the city, though remote from the busier haunts of commerce, is not deficient in coffee-houses; and although those places of resort are not, in this quarter, of the first order, they should be better adapted for the indulgence of that strange, and in excess, most vicious habit, which ever accompanies the sober cup, and is universal in Turkey; and they are more frequented by that class of persons so common in the east, who recite stories, and whose occupation should have been designed to counteract the sedative effects of the pernicious herb in which all good Mussulmans so much delight. There is nothing, however, in these coffee-houses, that might induce a second visit; save their position, which could not have been better chosen for the rendezvous of the contemplative, if contemplation be, indeed, the state of mind of a Turk, when he seems plunged in the profoundest stupor and insensibility, and should be the lamentable but just type of the deep slumber of the national intellect, and of every

motive to ameliorate the moral institutions of his country.

But those who think, as it might be advantageous to most travellers to think, that some good may be extracted from every object that meets the senses, and every adventure we experience, will even stop and examine the discriminating signs which mark the features of a passenger found sleeping by the way side; and though we should have chosen the most uncertain of all the sources of human knowledge, yet will the external evidences which betray the passions or emotions of the never slumbering soul, give some answer to the enquiries he should make. If the journey of the weary traveller be to seek, or fly from a foe, or if it be to hatch murder and treason, "the two yoked devils, sworn to either's purpose," shall we read pity and gentleness pourtrayed in the signs we interrogate—see peace and complacency seated upon the lineaments that involuntarily betray the inmost thoughts? Or, if he be on his way to propagate the divine law, which teaches us all the charities of life, will the generous expression of sincere and ardent zeal which his energetic spirit, ever working within, hath indelibly inscribed upon his brow, be mistaken for the emblem of a turbulent dream? Can a countenance of humility look like the image of fear—the spirit of resigna-

tion or martyrdom appear that of heedless indifference?

With the mind full of such reflections as the new spectacle engendered, it was my wish to have entered one of these abodes of listlessness, and of the slumbering spirits of a people that seem to wake not, but to conspire, to act not, but under the blind and fierce guidance of some despotic chief; but my Armenian guide, whether from over prudence, or just suspicions, refused to cross the threshold, insisting, that we should be at least insulted in a part of the town from which it was most likely we should not be able to make our escape without receiving also blows.

We dismounted, however, at the entrance of one of the coffee-houses, directly fronting the sea, and asked for sherbet and the *chebuck*, which an attendant immediately brought, and we sat down upon a low bench at the door, and commenced smoking, at the same time imitating the perfect indifference of Mussulmans as to all about us, whether familiar or strange. Turks were upon every hand; and with those within, for the whole interior was under our view, and those without, we had a spectacle before us, such as an interpreter of dreams, indeed, might have gloried to look upon.

Here seated, one awake, might see at a glance,

at least a hundred passengers, at every stage of life's checkered journey, all rapt, all entranced,—what a feast for the imaginings, of the curious and reflective traveller, if any such, ever alight here. All seemed ripe for the quick conjectures of the fancy. Even the very elements, the time, all appeared to favour the good occasion. The winds were still, and the sea tranquil; while from the blood-red disc of the setting sun, a last weak ray, as it fell upon the surface of the water, seemed to invite all that live to repose. Every thing conjoined to render the slumbers of the good Moslems as profound as they were universal; and with the departure of the attendant who presented us with the sherbet, such powers as myself possess were addressed to turn the occasion to the fullest profit; and it is possible to be exact in speaking of the fruits which were gathered from the high cherished hopes which the time favoured, and yet be short too.

Determined then, that so good an occasion should not be wholly lost, my conjectural investigations were now directed, under the guidance of the sole indications of the contents of the closed volume, and receptacle of the thoughts, affections, passions, which in their turn, soothe or tear the spirits of men, when the more active powers of the soul repose, and this the result.

After taking, first a youth reclining near us, and after, many dreamers, even up to the slumberer of the whitest beard that sat upon his feet or reclined, within or without the coffee-house, I was unable to distinguish upon the features, the lineaments, of any one Turk, a single line that should be the most faint image of any feeling or passion that might inhabit the spirit within, nor can believe that any inhabited or agitated any bosom there.

We now remounted; and passing directly with all convenient speed across the peninsula, and through the heart of the town, we attained the bridge without accident; and having recrossed the stream we returned by the most direct route to Pera, where we yet arrived before the entire close of the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LONE RAMBLE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE day after the tour on foot and on horseback, which afforded the occasion for the observations contained in the last Chapter, I passed a day, though not inactively, somewhat unprofitably; at least, disappointment will be the principal feature in the detail of some occurrences, which it might, nevertheless, not be consistent to omit.

The guide by whom I had been accompanied, the day before that at which we are now arrived, had already informed me, that he had an engagement to fulfil, which would deprive me of his good services on this day. Partly, therefore, from necessity, and partly from some change in feelings and curiosity after the tour of the day before and the reflections that had succeeded it, I determined upon making a short ramble in the city alone.

I left my hotel at a later hour to-day, than that

at which we had set out on the previous morning; and, before quitting the chief street of Pera, I was gratified with the first sight which I had in Constantinople, of even the jealous wrappings which, out of doors, here conceal every feminine human form. Four Turkish women on foot, first passed me. They were shuffling slowly along, with their heelless slippers, under the protection of an armed guard of that kind of whose fidelity no suspicion might arise; but, such was the manner in which they were disguised, that it was impossible to form any conjecture concerning their age or their beauty, save what might be uncertainly indicated by the difference in altitude, the sole attribute of the "human form divine" which may defy common art to conceal, in the necessity for exposing, at least the height of the eye, when its sense might not be conveniently dispensed with. I stood and stared at them, in spite of some snarling observations which seemed to be made by one of the unfortunates, under whose weak protection they were securely walking.

A Turkish lady's dress, is far too familiar to every one, to need any notice, beyond a few words concerning the veil, in which, it in the most remarkable manner differs from that of European ladies; and which invidious covering, is never wanting in their dress, when they might be any where ex-

posed to the sight of any of the opposite sex that are not very near akin. It consists of muslin wrappers, which conceal every feature of the face, save the eye, which, indeed, is often so deeply set in the spotless coverings which pass around the head and the lower part of the face, that though it should see, unless it be of uncommon brightness, it can scarce be seen.

After this, I met two ladies, something differently dressed, and attended only by negro girls; and these I afterwards learned, were gentle Armenians. That in which their dress chiefly differs from that of the Moslem ladies, consists in the manner of wrapping their veils over their faces, by which the prominent feature of the human visage, as well as the eyes, is exposed; while, their slippers are yellow instead of red, which is the constant colour of those of the good Mussulman women.

I now descended to Galata, passed to one of the ferry quays of which there are several on this side the river, and also on the other, of larger or smaller extent, where I found numerous small caiques or wherries, waiting for hire. There occurred no necessity for oral language here, for nobody addressed me; and upon my lifting my hand, a handsomely dressed fellow, who was already in his boat, passed alongside the quay to

receive me: and I now descended a ladder and seated myself in what seamen call the stern-sheets of the boat, and the Turk immediately pushed off; and as soon as he had received another signal, which was a mere indication with the hand, to row across, he set about so doing, and we were at once clear of the rest of the craft, and slipping quickly across the river current, with the least possible perceptible motion.

The Turkish caique of the river, for the term caique comprehends all sorts of small craft, is a high-sided boat, very sharp at the bow, but less so at the stern. Thus, if the shape of a ship's bottom which should first have been intended to resemble the form of a fish, be the best calculated for swiftness, the caique ought, unless rowed stern foremost, to be very slow in its movements, though this does not seem to be the result. It is impossible, however, to look at one of these craft in motion, without thinking of a fish swimming upon the surface of the water tail foremost.

The harbour should be at this point, about half a mile in breadth; and it presents, in the scene of life and animation already mentioned, an astonishing contrast, to the very abodes of silence and desolation, which have been noticed as prevailing throughout, at least, a large portion of Constantinople. But we soon came to the opposite side, which we found as much crowded with small craft

as that of Galata; and the Turk turned the stern end of the boat to the shore, and pushing her through the little fleet of her kind, which we found on this side also, we soon attained the quay.

Before I left the boat, I put a piece of money into the good ferryman's hand, without having the remotest idea of the amount of his lawful demand, or indeed whether any law upon the subject existed. Without any observation, however, the Turk, smiling, immediately gave me change, which seemed to me to amount to a greater sum than the piece which I had given him; but which as I afterwards found, was exactly just to a mite. And as this was the first instance of perfect common honesty that I met with among men in this class of life since descending from the Alps into Italy, it seems worthy of this record.

I now mounted a ladder, and stept upon the quay of Constantinople, where I found great numbers of idlers standing about in groups; and there were many porters and other labourers engaged in the carriage of goods, and in other occupations that are incident to commerce; but there were no Franks, and I was for the first time, alone, among the pure Turkish populace and the more busy class of the citizens of the great capital of the Ottoman Empire.

No one took any notice of the stranger to whom

they themselves were objects of so great interest, and I entered the gate at hand, and proceeded, immediately, to mount the gentle rise of the street which seemed to conduct towards the centre of the city; but, without, in reality, any definite object beyond that of gratifying, or varying, the feelings to which yesterday's promenade had given rise.

The streets of that part of Constantinople already visited, it has been mentioned, are, wherever better populated, always more nicely paved, and more open, than those of the suburbs; and, which advantage, seeming still to prevail, where I had now entered, facilitated my discovery of the route, which, if it might not lead directly to the centre of the great capital, to which it was my wish to penetrate, should, at least, conduct to some populous quarter or great thoroughfare; and I continued leisurely to ascend directly from the gate, at least, in an opposite direction from that in which the water lay, and as it appeared to me, still, as unnoticed as unknown. The traitor, indeed, pursued from city to city, for a year together, could not have desired to feel himself more utterly disregarded by every eye.

The houses at this part of the city, differ but little from those already mentioned. Some, in most of the streets, have open stalls and work-

shops for almost every trade and handicraft; while, the private houses, present the gloomy appearance of a wall, entirely blank, or relieved only by the dark lattice frame-work which usually appears but in the upper stories of the buildings.

I was not many furlongs from the water side, before I met a gentleman on horseback, attended by three armed and well dressed attendants on foot on either side, and I afterwards learned that it was one of the Bashas of the town that I had the honor to meet. He was followed by a negro, also mounted, with the *chebuck* or pipe, which was cased in rich cloth of variegated colours, and ornamented with silk tassels, and was about four feet and a half in length.

The next gentleman that I met on horseback, was followed by one servant, only, who was mounted, also, and bore a *chebuck* like the last.

Advancing, as I supposed, towards the centre of the city, I encountered many more foot passengers in the streets, and among them, several women; and there were, every where, more artizan's work shops to be seen, than in the quarter of yesterday's tour; but the shops for the sale of goods, which are not numerous in any part of Constantinople, were here, yet more rare, on account, perhaps, of the vicinity of these streets to the grand bazaars.

I continued to thread street after street, both populous and desert, mounting and descending, without other hindrance than such as arose from the occasional opposition offered by one or two half starved homeless dogs, which it has been already said, are found in so great numbers in the ruined quarters of the Ottoman capital. But whether it was the novelty of my dress, or of the human figure, the majestic demeanour of which, they perhaps, rarely beheld, that most offended them, their attacks did not go beyond growling and barking, and they fled howling, to growl on at a more respectful distance, at the first stone that was thrown.

I had, perhaps, walked above two miles, before I began to reflect upon the difficulty that I might encounter in finding my way back to the river side, which determined me to make the attempt to return without delay; but after another full hour's walking, I came to the very same spot, as I believed, on which I had stood when the first doubt entered my mind.

The disappearance of the sun, which had been at first my guide, but which had now been for a long time obscured, was the cause of this little perplexity. I had thought for some time, that his place in the heavens, though his disk was not visible, was yet sufficiently apparent to indicate

the mere points of the compass; but the sky was deceptive; and I no sooner perceived that I had lost my way, than I became as completely bewildered, as a traveller might find himself in the profound of a virgin forest, without the presence of the governor of the seasons and the day, or the possession of the mariner's guide across the pathless seas.

What was to be done? It was true, I had a kind of map; but it was worth nothing; and though it had been passing good, it had probably been of little use. There were no names of streets written any where; and, if there had been the best indication possible inscribed at every corner, I could not have desciphered a letter of the plainest. I was, however, now in a trading street, in which it might be supposed both Jews and Armenians would be encountered, engaged in some business or other, though they were not permitted to be there established. I spoke to every person that I thought might be either the one or the other, both in and about the shops, for I was not at the time acquainted with the distinguishing features in the dress of each; and there is little doubt, that among the many with whom I tried every language of which I had any knowledge, that I addressed Jews, Armenians, and also Mussulmans: but, no one seemed to understand a syllable of any tongue in which they were

interrogated, or none deigned to make any reply. The day, however, was not yet far spent; and, I trusted, that in continually walking, I should, at length, come to some spot from which the harbour, the sea, or some elevated part of the country might be seen, and serve for a guide.

In my wandering, I was frequently stopped by the unexpected termination of a street without a thoroughfare: and, I met, in several instances, in the less-frequented streets, Turks whose discontent at the scandal of admitting an European Christian into their quarter of the town, might be plainly read in their countenances; but no one spoke to me.

At length, I passed a gateway, within which, a parcel of boys were playing: and to these, my appearance was a signal to quit all other amusements, to enjoy the pleasure of openly shewing their abhorrence of a Christian stranger. They followed me, shouting at the full pitch of their puny voices, many phrases and words which at least, could not be mistaken for those of welcome or flattery. I answered them, by laughing and by threatening alternately, sometimes placing myself in an offensive attitude; but, no means which I took of getting rid of these urchin persecutors had any effect; nor did I lose the sound of their voices, until I got quite out of their quarter.

After walking for some time longer, I came to an open space, occasioned by one of those destructive fires so common in Constantinople; and here I took the opportunity that offered itself, of mounting upon some heaps of ruins, in order to see whether I could discover any thing whatever, to guide me out of the intricate labyrinth in which I was confounded; but I could see nothing which gave any indication of the way. Several mosques were visible; but, there was no telling, by their position, in what direction they were seen, on account of the generally regular form of those religious edifices.

But while my eyes were fixed in admiration, upon the beautiful minarets of one of these massive fabrics, at no great distance from where I stood, and my thoughts were occupied in contrasting the great work of art, with the deformities or offensive character of the wretched hovels around; an armed Turk, walked up the heap of rubbish upon which I was standing, and, evidently, whether it might be for good or for evil, to address himself to the stranger in his quarter.

As the Turk approached, I perceived on his countenance, the marks of anger, too evident to be for a moment mistaken for the symptoms of any less malignant passion, and it at once struck me, that I must be defiling the site of some sacred

edifice. In order, therefore, that the savage might see, that, at least, I had not mounted upon the rubbish for that purpose, I began to stretch out my neck to its full length, as I stood upon tiptoe, and gazed at the same time searchingly around, like one, indeed lost, until the moment he was beside me. I had too little hopes of receiving any aid from a stranger, with whom I knew that I could not exchange a syllable, to feel in that relation much interest in his approach; but, there was now matter enough in the Turk's immediate presence to suggest other thoughts, and more than common caution. The fiercest anger, was plainly struggling against the restraints of even demi-civilization. I never saw on canvass, so perfect a representation of our ideas of a fiend, as the human figure that now stood before me. The poetic image of the old enemy of mankind, or foiled or successful, whether of the pencil or the pen, seems always to approach too near to one of the two extremes of all we can conceive of what should be ludicrous or what should be heroic: but the living form now before me, was neither a subject to excite laughter, nor to inspire that admiration which we have scarce power to withhold from the brave or the mighty, though his actions should be ever so diabolical.

The fellow, as he came in front of me, might,

indeed have been no bad representation of the infernal king, when after long prowling about in plotting malice, he should unexpectedly stumble upon new prey, among the perfect desolation, the work of his own hand. I never before looked upon the human countenance in which the bad passions of our nature had obliterated every trait of its divine original. Pride, envy, hatred, seemed to concentrate their malignant impression in one fiend's sneer; and, if his object had been like that of the spirit, who, to effect the great ends he so constantly accomplishes, should be often seen by us in human form, and if his will had been as unrestrained, no time seemed more favourable than the present, for the destruction, at least of the mortal portion of our two-fold nature, in one living creature more. Satan, when he first alighted

> "upon the firm opacous globe
> Of this round world,"

could not have been more safe from the observation of all save One Intelligence alone, than this his likeness in the flesh, after he should have extinguished the mortal, that looked like the last to confront him, as he seemed standing upon the wreck of the habitations of his myriad victims.

My position and my part, I thought I knew well. If offence come, there should be no arbitrary law, why the triumph should be always on the side of the assailant, even though the better armed.

I had indeed no other arms than a small brace of pistols, which I kept concealed in my bosom, to oppose to a superior pair which the Turk wore in his girdle, besides a broad sword, which hung at his side. Undecided, however, what it were proper, first to do, I waited a few moments, in hopes that he would speak, or make some indication of his will; but he looked fiercer and fiercer, and uttered not a word. Finding the fellow continue for some time silent, I addressed him with as much indifference as one might easily affect, when standing amid silence and desolation, with hardly a weapon of defence, in the presence of one armed cap-á-pie, and burning with bad passions. I demanded in the European language I thought most likely to be understood, whether he would direct me to the port, making at the same time all the signs that I could think of, to indicate that I had lost my way; but all the answer I received, was a sneer of redoubled sarcasm or contempt, which, indeed, gave me the first serious impression that I felt, that even a Briton may have too much confidence in that

personal security which we are apt to think will be respected by every foreigner in every other land; and I now placed my hand very gingerly in my bosom, as if I would not be seen so doing, although I was most desirous that the action should be observed. I knew, that there was comparatively but a weak weapon there; but, it was sufficient to relieve that state of indecision, which is perhaps the worst condition of the mind for self-defence, into which we may be thrown under so many disadvantages, in the presence of an enemy, whether of human or infernal kind and designs.

The precise position in which the parties have been described, continued for a moment or two longer; and, it was impossible to say what would have been the next step, had not the character of the relations which the two bore to each other, been somewhat changed by the appearance of a third, which was at least destructive of any hopes of escaping the observation of eye witnesses, which is commonly sufficient indemnity for a savage among savages, against the penal consequence of the most heinous crimes.

While we looked upon each other, the uppermost feeling, perhaps, in the minds of both, which weapon might be quickest, two young Turks, probably, students of a military college in

that quarter, and whom neither of us should have observed till this moment, appeared at the foot of the immediate mound of ruins upon which we stood, and "breaking the horrid silence," commenced a dialogue with the savage that was before me, which was followed by the armed Turk's descent from the hill, and some further conversation between the youths and himself.

These parties had not long conversed together, before each individual addressed some words to me, which were plainly of, at least, inhospitable character; and to which I could not of course reply in any other manner, than by the use of such signs as I deemed best calculated to express my total ignorance of what they said; which, whether they did or did not understand, became a cause of strange excitement to them, and they all began to laugh heartily, if indeed, in one instance at least, a fiend's grin and coarse guttural sounds with convulsive agitation of the features of the face, might be so termed; and turning about they walked leisurely away.

But the old Turk and his young companions, seemed yet hardly satisfied; and as they proceeded, they turned several times about, to take the pains of repeating the same delightful compound of inharmonious gesticulations and sounds, to which I thought, the wisest as well as the most

appropriate reply, was utter silence. Thus, with my back turned towards them, and the affectation of indifference, in standing tiptoe again, and stretching out my neck, as if more occupied with an interested or curious review of the vicinity, than in regarding them, I still remained upon the hill, till they had disappeared among the rubbish and the hovels that surrounded us.

The day was not far advanced, when, rid of these rascals, I sought the streets again, in hopes, at least, of meeting some European, properly so called, who, though the tongue of his race might not be familiar to me, should be as a brother in Constantinople, and this, if possible, before the night might overtake me. But there remains yet a portion of this day's little adventure untold; and which, though it should not be so happily romantic as the commencement, may not be less characteristic, and less illustrative of a stranger's situation, who should be so incautious as to promenade through the streets of the Mussulman capital, sans interpreter and sans guide.

Soon after quitting the scene of desolation last mentioned, I came to a more populous neighbourhood than any I had yet visited. The street in which I first found myself, was inferior in breadth to that of Adrianople, and the work-shops and buildings were inferior to those which are found

in a portion of that great thoroughfare, and less furnished, whether with the implements or the products of industry, or with any saleable merchandize. But I had not trod many steps in this new way, before I met a train of loaded camels, led by their guide, mounted on a small donkey. The great beasts of burden were loaded with light, bulky goods, which obliged them to usurp, and entirely shut up the way, as they passed along, so as to compel every passenger to retire into some shop or stall; and I followed a handsomely dressed Turk, with his *chebuck* bearer, into one of these, and while we stood together, I made an attempt to discover, by means which nature scarce denies to the brutes, whether there were sufficient indications of humanity in his looks, to render it worth while to attempt to make my wants known to him; but I could neither catch even his eye, which at least should afford some intelligible reflex of the spirit that was within, nor force any acknowledgment, that any one that he was not accustomed to see daily, was now in his company. There seemed no hopes, therefore, here; and, as soon as I was able, I stepped out again, without knowing in what direction I was walking; determined only, that the next adventure should not take place among the rubbish of an abandoned quarter of the city.

As I continued wandering about, sometimes engaged in observing the varied novelties which must attract the eye and excite the interest of a Christian and European, at every step of the way through the thoroughfares of a city crowded with a Mussulman population, and sometimes endeavouring to conjecture, which of the passengers might be a Jew or Armenian, or an inhabitant of Pera, who might be bending his steps towards the gates of the city, I heard the welcome sound of the French tongue, and the demand, though somewhat rudely articulated, "Where do you wish to go?" And upon turning, I found that the interrogatory was addressed to myself, and was even spoken by a Turk; and what surprised me more, by the very same gentleman by whose side I had stood for several minutes at the entrance of the stall: but he was now without his servant.

I had no time to answer the Turk, before he added to his voluntary interrogatory: "Walk on; don't stop." And I continued walking by his side, but did not immediately reply to the question which he had put, on account of some doubts which arose out of the opposite feelings which his manner and the apparent purpose of the question naturally begat. We may, perhaps, have walked side by side for five minutes, before another word was uttered. However, I now said,

by way of reply to his spontaneous demand: "I have, as you seem to conjecture, unfortunately, lost my way, which should be toward any part of the port, but I have no idea in which direction I should turn, and am therefore happy in this encounter. Pray direct me to the nearest gate of the city on the side of the port; I wish to cross to Pera, at least before the closing of the gates."

The Mussulman, with his head but half turned towards me, now said: "Continue in this same direction until you pass some smiths' forges; after which, you must look sharply for the entrance into a bazaar, to which you will descend by steps. Then, pass through the bazaar, and continue, afterwards, still to descend, until you see the shipping before you."

This was, indeed, information the most valuable; but the manner in which the Turk had uttered these sentences, was still in the highest degree rude and uncivil, so that I could not but feel some difficulty in acknowledging the obligation, under which they had, nevertheless, if true, certainly laid me; nor could I, as it seemed to me, ask any further question, however desirable. We walked, however, side by side, until, after a few minutes, we arrived at a cross way, when the Turk, as he turned, said in the same, or, in yet, if possible, a ruder accent, and without any motion of the hand:

"Go straight on;" as at the same time he took the other street. And we thus parted, without salutation; and, I was left full of conjectures concerning what might be the meaning of the great contrast that appeared between the kindness of the Moslem's advice, and his incivility, rather than with due solicitude about finding out my way to the gates of the city.

It was natural, as I now proceeded, to turn over in the mind the probabilities that existed of a little plot, to be the object of which, should or should not be an honor sufficiently great to compensate for the inconvenience or danger with which it might be attended. There should be something bordering, at least, upon the agreeable romantic, in whatever leads the imagination of a Christian, in the midst of a Mussulman population, to conjure up such prospective scenes as are the more readily suggested to the fancy; and I did not fail to use for that purpose, the materials which this short colloquy in the French language, and the time and place afforded; and, all engrossing as the conversation had been to me, I had had time to observe several fellows around us, turn their heads and regard, or myself, or what passed, with as much attention as a Turk might usually seem to give to an affair of some moment; and although this might be merely occasioned by their curiosity

to hear a foreign accent spoken, especially by one of themselves, yet, on reflecting, I was disposed to believe, that what I had taken for curiosity, was a certain scandal which they felt at the sight of a Mussulman, probably of condition, in conversation with a Christian in the very midst of the capital city of the faithful—at observing any communication there, between a true believer and an infidel Frank. My imaginings, however, the least of which had amounted to a thratching, should have been without any just foundation; for I easily reached the bazaar, of which another occasion will occur to speak; and following the advice I had received, soon attained the port, jumped into a caique, and was in a moment among the freer groups of Galata, whence I proceeded to my hotel.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ARMENIAN TURK'S LEARNING AND POLITICAL OPINIONS.

THE day after the adventures which have been related in the last chapter, if the incidents that gave occasion for the above details, may bear that appellation, I set out with my Armenian guide, to make the survey of another portion of the city of Constantinople; but we were still at Pera, when my attention was, for the first time, drawn to the noble proportions of a nearly completed grand edifice of Grecian architecture, which, upon inquiry, I was informed, was—the "Russian New Palace!"

But it is proper here to observe, that the term "palace," or its equivalents in the several European languages in use in the east, is commonly employed, in speaking of the official residence of the Ambassador at the court of the Sovereign of any

country, from any foreign power. But, as the term we associate with that alone of majesty, fell upon the ear, in the moment of contemplating a building similar in structure, and equal in dimensions, to many of those western edifices from which our European firmans issue, it may be pardonable, to have indulged in a little speculative reverie, and it may not be less so, to relate a short conversation to which the occasion gave rise.

The gate of the palings that inclosed the ample courts of the unfinished palace, stood open; and we entered, far enough to take a fair survey of the building, and I stood for some time, examining the character of the stately edifice, presented in one view, from its centre to its wings, without supposing that the Armenian's thoughts could have any other tendency than the most obvious, upon seeing a stranger, seemingly, rapt and full of admiration of any noble work of art which should be for the first time exhibited to his view, until he demanded, whether I were, as he supposed, really an Englishman. But this demand, or the manner of it, was quite sufficient to show, that the good Turk was full of other thoughts than those which were at the time connected with the mere duties of his calling; and I had scarce given the affirmative reply to his demand, when he said with the air of one about to enter upon subjects that might not be fit for every ear:

"Then, of course, you must be well informed concerning the present relations between the greater powers of Europe and the Porte."

"Perhaps," I replied, "to speak truly; in nothing am I less well informed: but more especially, in what is upon the instant passing; for, for the space of three months, I have not heard a syllable of any thing appertaining to the subject, and have indeed taken little interest in all that has recently passed;" adding to this confession, the request that he would inform me of the latest news, if he should know it, and the question of the day.

"The question of the day," said the Armenian, "is the same as that of the year, and of all time, the struggle and rumoured determination of the Porte, to reject or oppose all foreign interference, both in its external relations, and in matters of government at home. From jealousy and envy of the inviolability of the Mussulman institutions, detestation of Christians, and terror of all change, as necessarily no better than destructive innovation, springs the impulse by which every passion is stirred, and by which every movement or measure in Turkey, is governed or most influenced; and the Porte's firmness, or the triumph of its moral and political wisdom, is never too stale to be the question of the day, with all who

can or dare converse upon such subjects as these."

These free thoughts from the mouth of an Armenian Turk, greatly raised my curiosity, and led to several questions on my part, which were answered with the confidence, that it had, now at least, have availed nothing to withdraw; and the heads of what the Christian subject of the Sultan advanced, may perhaps be most easily reported, by the continuation of the dialogue, in the manner it has been commenced, with as short a notice as possible of my own questions or replies, which were merely such, as it is probable would have fallen from the lips of any other Briton upon a similar occasion. It should be, however, further premised, that, before the Armenian expressed even the sentiments already reported, he had informed me, that he had been connected, for at least the chief part of his life, with one or other of the foreign embassies; and from which source, his information, and of course his opinions, where wholly derived.

Sufficient opportunity, then, had hardly yet been given to my Christian guide, on this occasion, before he said emphatically—"The four powers slumber."

And when I seemed to show a disposition to pay attention to his remarks, he continued:—

"If they are not indifferent to the dangerous designs of the fifth, they at least seem to be so. They are too long inactive. The policy of the Bear, if it be slow, is not the less sure. The artillery of the Autocrat, during the war in which Europe will sooner or later again engage, will sound the funeral knell of Stamboul. The English and French, and their several allies, will not be long occupied with their ancient vocation, before the great northern Power will free the ruined barrier of this expiring empire, and that which, the day before this event, was a powerless pageant, will, the day after, exist but in the records of fallen states, to fill an obscure page in the annals of the world."

"But the other powers," I observed, "may unite, and succeed in opposing what you seem to think will be so easily accomplished."

"An Englishman's knowledge, Sir," said the Armenian, "should, upon all subjects, far exceed that of a Turk; but, since you so strongly encourage my free speaking as well as thinking, I may perhaps have some doubts to express upon that point. May I proceed?"

"Pray continue," I replied; and he went on with his observations.

"Since the Greek independence," said he, "I have been reading the history of the ancient

Grecian states. I was induced to this, by the reports of the bravery of the modern Greeks. For I thought that such warriors as the late revolution produced, must be of nobler blood than should run in the veins of a slave; and I have occupied my thoughts, in making a comparison between the ancient Greek states and the modern kingdoms of Europe, generally; or rather, in seeking the grounds for a good allegory to throw light upon things of modern interest, and I fancy my speculations to be in some degree successful. But, if I should be more particular," he added, in a tone of voice indicative of some want of confidence, "I shall be tedious."

But when I encouraged his still proceeding with his remarks, and with perfect freedom of speech, he continued :—

"The former condition of those states then, and of the ancient world, seems to me to bear a strong analogy to that of the modern states of Europe and the modern world; and their history affords an invaluable table of knowledge, which should furnish sufficient argument to oppose the hopes which you seem to cherish."

As the Armenian at this moment made a pause, that looked like a demand for some remark on my part, I inquired, merely by way of encouraging his proceeding, in what particular the resemblance

most struck him; to which, with augmented modesty in manner and accent, he replied.

"You will pardon, sir, my simple impressions, and also a question, which should be but my manner of coming to what I would say. Were not Attica and Laconia, the chief states of Greece during the most interesting period of Grecian history?"

"They certainly were so," I replied.

"I look upon those two states, then," said he, "as the type of the two that now flourish and hold their heads the highest above all others in Europe, and their fall, as the lesson which should teach the two modern rivals to avoid the like fate; and it is the use made of this, as we shall presently see, according as it may prevail and govern men's actions, which will have its proportionate influence upon, and determine the destinies of my own unenlightened, unhappy country. We know the history, both of the rise and the fall of these states; but it is their fall especially, which is the great lesson which their records teach to the modern world.

"But if you would wish that I should still continue these remarks," continued the Armenian, in changing his tone of voice, "you must now answer me a question that cannot be difficult to the subject of a free state, and which will make up some of the deficiency of my information; and

this is, to demand, what were the causes, in your opinion, of the fall of the two Grecian states?"

I was forced to answer to this question, that I believed there were many causes, such as the false foundations upon which their governments or constitutions were founded, rivalry and jealousy, the one of the other, the progress of other rising states; and I cut short my answer, by adding, "I know not what else;" for, I wished not, so to influence the Armenian's opinions, as to subtract from the originality of his remarks and conclusions.

"We come now then," said he, "to something a little more definite. A part of the causes of the weakness and decay of those powers which you name, seem to me to be common to all; but it is that which I conceive to have been the greatest, their rivalry, and their jealousy of one another, concerning which I now chiefly claim the liberty of speaking."

"Was it not then," he continued, "the effects of these passions, that, in the first place, caused them to disregard the encroachments of a power from without—the encroachments of a proper foreign power, upon the lesser members of this political family, which finally so enfeebled them, that they could not resist the attack of the same restless neighbour who had thus already taken the chief outworks of their strength and inde-

pendence during the disputes with another in which they were for ever engaged. Such seems, at least, to have been the condition," he added, "of the two great states of Greece, when Philip proposed to execute his long conceived and wilily planned designs."

"And now then tell me," continued my guide, stepping a little out of the direct course of his analogies, and with quicker utterance than he had been speaking before: "Does not the state of the larger nations of the modern world resemble those of ancient Greece—the condition of Europe, indeed, at this time, precisely or closely, that of the ancient world at the time of the Syracusian expedition. The modern Athenians, Sir," he now added with renewed energy, "have already landed in the modern Sicily. They have crossed the Mediterranean sea; and the Lacedemonians, watch but the opportunity to aid the oppressed; while, the hordes on that side Thrace, already in their camps, are prepared to seize upon the riches of the soil of the finest of the border countries of the modern states which represent the ancient; and this should be but the prelude to the overthrow of the present patrons of knowledge and refinement. You have seen the modern Alexander's palace. But Stamboul, is but the key which locks or unlocks the greater Thermopolæ through which

the northern potentate would introduce his barbarian hordes for the entire subjugation of every European kingdom."

These forebodings of the Turk's fancy, were towards the last, uttered with all the earnest emphasis of firm conviction; and as, however ill-founded they might be, they should at least be novel in a subject of the grand Signior, I encouraged his proceeding, and he yet continued.

"There is still, however, a remedy," said he, "if nations could be at the eleventh hour wise; but there is no precedent, no instance, I believe of that. However, I will tell you what should at least put off these evils for a time. Have I permission to speak?"

I replied, that I hoped he would continue to speak with the same freedom, which he had thus far used; upon which, he entered, indeed, upon a discourse that was altogether too speculative, as well as too long to admit of a full report, without the danger of being as tedious as the good Armenian became, before we continued our tour of the day. The heads of what he said, however, may be set down in a very few words, They were as follows:—

"For the prevention, then, of these evils," said he, "against which ancient story warns the nations to beware, I see only this means: the union of

four of the five great nations, in design and in action, in the creation of a sixth great power, which may enjoy Constantinople, and the passes of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, without incurring the jealousy of any one of the five, and without the possibility of unduly and dangerously enlarging its dominion or its influence."

Struck with the character of this proposition, I inquired where such a power was to be found, or how it might be created; at which the Armenian, as if he had not yet thoroughly digested the grand design in his own mind, or wished to use his best address in order to place so important a proposition in the fairest point of view, now paused for a moment or two, during which I did not interrupt him, and then continued.

"The new power, then, Sir," said he, "should be none other than—the Turks themselves."

"The Turks?" said I.

"Aye the Turks," he repeated, "those very Turks that inhabit, but do not possess, Turkey."

I here observed, that, I thought that, that had been the well known policy of the four of the five powers in all their latter transactions;" to which the Armenian replied.

"It is not so, and never has been so. Promises," said he, "nay, substantial support, has indeed been

given to the government that rules in Turkey; but, whether this have been in ignorance, that the power which reigns is no other than a weak remnant of what, that fanaticism—that principle—established, which is no longer sufficient for its support, or whether it arise from the greater respect shown to a party in power, over that which awaits the triumph of the superior both in physical and mental force, it is certain, that no aids can save Turkey, but the quick and firm establishment of the Christians at the Porte—the establishment of those Christian subjects of the Sultan, who are in the majority in Turkey, or at least in the Turkish Empire, and who possess, not only all better knowledge in things divine, and in what is most essential for the foundation and establishment of kingdoms, but who likewise enjoy the superior respect of surrounding nations."

I was not aware of having betrayed any special feeling or impression at what dropped from the Armenian Turk, when he quickly said:

"Establish the slaves, you would say, of the Moslems?"

"Those were not my thoughts," I replied: "I was considering by what possible events, so great a revolution might be brought about."

"Brought about," said he; "Do you know the

Sultan of England? But I forget, a Sultana, and very young I believe, at present reigns there. But perhaps you know the Grand Vizier?"

"I have not the slightest acquaintance with either," I replied.

"And the matter, then, would not interest you?"

"On the contrary, I should much wish to know the grounds of your opinion concerning the carrying out of this important proposition."

"Then," said he, "you have but to sit down upon this half-hewn stone," as he pointed to a block of granite that lay near us, of above a foot square, and three or four in breadth, "for one short quarter of an hour more, and you may be convinced of the just grounds, and the strength of the arguments which I hold. None that should hear us, that we need fear, will comprehend our discourse."

We now sat down together; and the Armenian proceeded to lay down at full length, many obtuse propositions which he maintained with a subtlety that I did not expect. But it will suffice here, merely to remark, that there was certainly no want of consistency in his plans, while no religious frenzy perverted his judgment or misled his fancy; that his arguments, in a word, at least convinced me, that if I should ever become the Grand Vizier of England: and direct the best energies of the British crown, of which I have not

the smallest expectation, I would recommend our fair and youthful Sovereign, to stand foremost among the crowned heads of the world, for the accomplishment of my Armenian friend's great and grand objects, and by means too, of the methodical plans which he laid down within sight of the Russian palace at Stamboul.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VISIT TO THE BOLACK BAZAAR.

When the Armenian had finished his political discourse, we descended once more to Galata, and crossed the harbour, in the same manner that I had passed over alone upon the preceding day: and from the quay on the side of the city, we directed our steps towards the Bolack Bazaar, which is the chief of these places of exchange in Constantinople, and that, only, which it may be here incumbent to notice.

Occasion has been taken to mention the paucity of shops, and the little display of goods to be seen, in the public streets of the Ottoman capital, which, when we remember, that we are in the midst of a city whose population exceeds half a million of souls, would, without the knowledge of the existence of the bazaars, have appeared inexplicable. But we no sooner enter, any one of the great emporiums of

the city, than we perceive the cause of the dulness of the great thoroughfares of the Turkish capital. We had no view of the building of the Bolack bazaar before we entered it. But it consists within, of mere irregular, numerous, close, low-roofed ways, imperfectly or better lighted by small or large windows, at the base of the arch which forms the roof of the building, according to the riches and rank of the merchants that here vend their goods, and of the quality of the wares for which its different alleys are severally the special receptacles.

As you proceed in the exploration of this bazaar, you find the alleys break off in every direction, forming the appearance, or giving the impression, more especially where they are not so well lighted, of a city which has been built or formed by excavations, beneath the ground. The greater alleys, are broad and paved with stone, and admit carts, camels, and every other means of conveying the heavier sorts of merchandise, while others are narrow, and have but little pavement, or none. But most of them are filthily dirty under-foot, by reason of the exclusion of the sun and the wind, as well as the quadruped "scavengers," the wild dogs, which abound every where else, and range through all the open streets during the night, when, the bazaars being closed, have not

the happy chance of their good services in common with the rest of the town.

The universal character of the shops or stalls, is that of a mere space of from twenty to thirty feet in breadth, before a deep wall possessed of shelves, and close, or open, recesses, in front of which is a platform about the height of the chest, with, or without, a little railing in front of it, and with a gate to enter the shallow interior of the stall. The platform, which should be the representative or archetype of our counter, is usually, with the Turks, the proper floor of the stall, and is generally occupied by the merchant and his attendants, who sit on rich carpets, or recline upon cushions, and are generally, when not actually engaged in transacting business, puffing the *chebuck*, or in a doze that seems as near neighbour to sleep on this side the goal of perfect repose, as death might appear upon the other.

To give a just idea of the contents of the grand bazaar of Constantinople, would be to enumerate every article of convenience or luxury known among a semi-civilized people; which, indeed, comprehend all but a few of those we see in the shops of the great commercial streets of the cities of the happier, and as we term them, fully-civilized nations of Europe. But the goods which make the greater display, and are the most costly, con-

sist of the silks and wares of India and Persia, the quantity and value of which, far exceed any thing of which myself at least, had formed an idea.

The stalls, are, for the most part kept by the Mussulman Turks, though there are many of the Grand Signior's Christian and Hebrew subjects, also, established in this bazaar. But, among the crowds of passengers and purchasers, seen creeping from stall to stall within them, may be observed some of all the races that inhabit the great capital; although we did not on this occasion meet any Franks, or Europeans, properly so called, which it has been mentioned, are found intermixed with the native dealers in the commercial thoroughfares of Galata.

But the most striking feature of the moving part of the scene which the traveller now for the first time beholds, consists of the feminine portion of the visiters. Here we find the ladies assembled in greater numbers than they are any where else to be seen in Constantinople. Women of all ages, as we passed along, were seen creeping in groups from one stall to another, throughout such of the alleys of the bazaar as are appropriated to the display of the several articles adapted to their particular consumption. But to distinguish their sex by their outer dark robe, and to feel conscious that we are in the presence of loveliness which we

are not counted worthy to behold, is all the enjoyment of their company, that Jew, Christian, and even Turk is permitted to know. All, indeed, that the most persevering endeavour to gratify the most natural wish that should possess us at the first sight of the marks that indicate the presence of the opposite sex, can possibly effect, will not exceed an adventitious glance upon a dark and sparkling eye, between the folds of white muslin which conceal all the other features, the forms of which it is left to the imagination alone to conjecture. But if we may judge of the beauty of the women from what we do see, and of their disposition, from the fair speechless messages which we seem to receive from the brilliant organ of sense with which alone we may converse, report should not have exaggerated either the one or the other, and Constantinople should cherish, unseen, some faces and forms of which any people might be justly proud.

During our promenade through the alleys of the bazaar, no one solicited either of us to purchase, save a single Jew. My guide was not by my side, when the humble Israelite, observing me to stop, to admire, as he might have supposed, his rich display of fine silks and shawls, while I was in reality criticizing his person, dress, and demeanor, which might, in combination, be compared with

so great advantage on his side, to any one of the same or any station, whether Christian or Jew in Europe—when he put down the chebuck which he had been smoking, and took from a shelf within his reach, without rising, and held out to me, a gaudy shawl, which he said, speaking an European language familiar to me, was a choice article from a splendid assortment he had received by the last caravan from the capital of Persia. The price he demanded, should be about sixty pounds sterling. But when I stated that I was not there to purchase, but merely to satisfy curiosity, he replaced the shawl upon the shelf from which he had taken it, without any obtrusive parley, and resumed his chebuck. It happened, at this moment, however, that I missed my guide, who had nothing peculiar to distinguish him from the crowd in general. I was not under any apprehension that he might have missed me, also, which had been more difficult, on account of my European dress; and indeed, he was only purchasing tobacco at the corner stall of another alley of the bazaar, with his attention all the time directed to my movements. The circumstance however, suggested the occasion of further parley with the Hebrew; and, I took the opportunity of demanding of him a few questions relative to the best mode of threading the intricate labyrinths

of the bazaar alone, without declaring either that I was, as he probably thought, or was not, without a guide; and this led to a short colloquy, during which I inquired of him whether he was indeed an Israelite. It was not that I did not know the good merchant's faith by his black turban, the badge of his race, which he wore, and with which I was at this time acquainted; but I intended this question, as a prelude to some others which the opportunity suggested. It struck me, that I might excite the curiosity of a Turkish Jew, respecting the condition of his brethren in Europe, and especially of those who were my own countrymen. In fact, I was full of thoughts on toleration and liberty, which, it may be easily conceived, would have been flattering to the Hebrew, shewn in their application to his better treated brethren, by the Government at least, of our country, which it is remarkable, has, certainly in this instance, and doubtless, if examined, which is not the present business, would be found to have done the same in others, gone before the people and their spiritual teachers, in that great Christian virtue which teaches us to think no evil of one another, in such matters above all, as concern the relations of man to his Maker, rather than of one man to another: in a word, in the proofs they have given of that respect which is due to

all men in their religious opinions, who have given no other umbrage, and been guilty of no other outrage to society, than a persistance in opinions, which, though they differ from our own, have ever been accompanied with unquestionable proofs of the perfect sincerity of those who cherish and profess them.

It was full, then, of such thoughts as these, that I demanded of the merchant, almost with the opening of our conversation, whether he was a Hebrew, to which he answered directly, without betraying any feeling that the countenance might expose: "No Signore, I am a Greek," meaning a Christian of the Greek church.

I was surprised at this reply; but, while in doubt whether I had correctly understood the distinction in dress, not long before pointed out to me, my guide arrived; and I immediately told him of the mistake which I seemed to have made.

"The fellow is a Jew, notwithstanding," said the Armenian, without hesitation; "but such is the character of the tribe among us, that that very man would bear torture, and probably suffer death, which he believes to be an eternal sleep, rather than renounce his religion; and yet, he will deny his faith to effect the sale of a shawl, or escape any expression of contempt."

We passed on through the various alleys of the

bazaar throughout which we found a profusion of the proper kinds of merchandize to which each of them is severally appropriated. Those which were more the resort of the ladies, presented a rich display of all the choice articles of dress, and of the furniture which decorates the Harems of the capital. Carpets, jewellery, lace, beads, veils, rich Morocco boots, and the heelless slippers which the Turkish women wear over them, and gilded ornaments, were all exhibited in profusion; and it was impossible to avoid contrasting the brilliant effects of what we saw, and might conceive should be displayed within the Harems, with the sombre character of the living scene, wherever a group of the fair sex had gathered, which, unless we obtain the fortunate peep above spoken of, presents nothing but a creeping shapeless black mass of moving matter, that might be almost as easily conceived to be composed of any other erect bipeds, as of beings of the same order and nature as those that sit in their gaudy dresses upon the counters of the stalls.

The women, however that were to be seen, even in these alleys, were not numerous; and wherever they were gathered, they were surrounded, either by the well-known, very trustworthy guardians of their honour, or by young slave negro girls and old women.

This short account of the grand bazaar may be concluded in observing, that its riches and its general features can scarcely fail to make an impression upon the visitor beyond any conception he may have formed concerning the luxuries of the east, and of the abundance of the climates of the sun, in what relates to elegance and ornament. But all that most delights us in this way, the eastern people, if they will enjoy, must possess, unseen, save by the inmates of the apartments in which their riches rest concealed from the world without, to contribute but little more, than to assist the slow passage of the weary hours, in furnishing every childish amusement for the fair tenants of the Harem.

We spent so much time in the bazaar, that the day began to draw to a close, before we left it. The great Exchange, by the style of its construction becomes dark at an early hour; and, as no lights are ever permitted to be brought within it, the venders of every description, are obliged to quit their stalls and retire early in the evening to their homes. We were still within the walks of the bazaar when the first movements were made to depart by the Christians and the Jews, who, not being permitted to remain, even within the city, hasten to cross the waters which separate them from the suburb where they may breathe a freer, though in a moral sense, far from purer air.

We descended with the Christian and Hebrew Turks to the water side, where we found the quay covered with numbers of every grade of traders, and boats absolutely innumerable. And here, a stranger, especially arriving from Italy, could not but be impressed in an especial manner with one of the external differences between the character of these Europeans and the Asiatics. Had we been upon the bank of any stream in any populous Italian town, the voices that had been lifted up in rival shouts for hire, would have made its

> "Tyber tremble underneath her banks,
> To hear the replication of their sounds,
> Made in her concave shores."

But we scarce heard a word spoken, and not a syllable, one note above the ordinary pitch of the voice, much less, in anger or dispute, from the time we came upon the quay, until we had rowed across the port, and landed and mixed again with the Babel population of Galata.

CHAPTER XIX.

MUSSULMAN HUMANITY.

It is not intended, in continuing these remarks upon those more striking features in Mahomedan society, which come under the notice of the mere visitor to the Mussulman Capital, to follow, day by day, the tract passed over, and the incidents of minor interest that should occur, nor to note every novel object that presents itself to the eye of the stranger, as he threads its busy or its desert streets, which would render it necessary to extend these observations, far beyond their proper limits. But as our further promenades led to the observation of several customs or practices, the examination of which may be pertinent to the present design, in serving to show that which is good in company with that which is among the more objectionable features in the Mussulman institutions, we may still profit by the notice of what may give particular occasion for remark.

The consideration of whatever might contribute to illustrate the Moslem character, should, at least, tend to strengthen the means by which alone we may hope effectually to open the closed book of eastern feelings, and to prepare the way, if our benevolent desires extend so far, to introduce among the inhabitants of those vast countries which lie without the bounds of civilization, both the sciences which elevate the mind, and those arts which refine and polish men, in a superior condition of society. With this view, then, and for these reasons, we may proceed to some particulars of a visit to a part of the town yet unexplored, and which may perhaps be appropriately commenced by the brief relation of an incident, which, if it do not serve any other purpose, than the mere gratification of our curiosity, should not be among the least worthy of a notice, of those which are detailed in these pages.

As we walked very leisurely through one of the more crowded streets of the city, my attention was attracted by the proceedings of an old man, who seemed by his demeanor, when closely observed, to be employed in gathering alms, while it was evident, from his general appearance and his manner altogether, that it was not for himself that he made his demands. I watched him for a short time, rather in curiosity to observe,

if possible, the extent to which Mussulman charity might be carried in the streets of Stamboul, than to discover any sign of its direct object, or whether it were for the relief of the aged, or the poor, or for the comfort of the sick.

As the good man went from stall to stall, and from shop to shop, he presented every where a box, into which, some charitable Mussulman, it was quite apparent, at every one, dropped a para, or piece of money of about the value of the ninth part of an English farthing: but the old man did not apply to any of the passengers in the streets.

We slowly followed him for some distance, with the ostentatious motive, it is feared on my part, of showing an European's superior liberality, rather than for any better reason; and which I only wanted the opportunity of doing, in dropping into his box, a piece of money that I held in my hand for that purpose, of the value of a fraction above an English penny. There was, however, evident desire, on the part of the old man, to avoid us. Whenever we would confront him, his head was turned on one side, and yet with such tact, that there was always something in the direction in which he seemed to look, that might have attracted observation, which rendered it difficult to determine whether he really wished to avoid us or not. In his manner, indeed, as he

seemed not to perceive us, he might have been advantageously imitated, by some clumsy sons of good fortune among ourselves, who would be near-sighted, or see to the distance of miles,as the suggestions of a vain pride or sycophantic spirit, and not a sense of the most manly way of bearing, or making account of their fortunes, alternately leads them to dishonor humanity in shamelessly feigning.

When I was convinced of what had not been instantly apparent in the actions of the old man, I told the Armenian my intentions, without caring to be particular in inquiring anything concerning the special disposal of the funds to which I was desirous to contribute. Conjecture should scarce have found " a hook to hang a doubt upon " concerning the wise and good application of the charity. It could not be to any purpose that was not for the benefit, in some sort, of the unfortunate or the wretched of our fellow-creatures. But I had no sooner indicated my intention of putting in a half piastre, the value of which has been above stated, than I learned that the collection which the good Mussulman was making, though it should be for a charity, was for one of a very different description, from any that an European might be prepared to expect. It was for an account which we might scarce even have looked for, in a society

where the true Christian spirit was indeed predominant over every selfish feeling else. It was no less than humanity extended even to some that wanted, of one of the orders of beings in the creation, which, because so much our inferior, our false pride has hardly yet permitted us to regard as a worthy portion of the works of Him who formed ourselves, and who hath not given us cause to despise any of those His creatures on whom He hath not bestowed the same bodily figure, or the full possession of the understandings, which we enjoy.

The collection, in a word, which the charitable old man gathered with so much ease, was for the necessities of one of the canine inhabitants of the city; and as my guide learnt, as we passed along, by the remarks which were incidentally made, for an especial case of one of the females of the species, whose lately-produced little litter had brought her to the verge of starvation, which should involve a half a score, at least, of both sexes of her kind, in equal perdition, without this timely interference for their preservation.

It is impossible to contemplate this little act of humanity, without being forced into considerations, that show to abundant disadvantage, the character of the feelings for the lower animals of the creation which prevail among Christians gene-

rally. If we were driven to seek a parallel among ourselves, whom we deem the highest civilized and the most enlightened among the nations, we can perhaps recal no equal instance of this species of tenderness, with that which is above recorded. Yet have we, even apart from our religion properly so called, not wanted the incitement to the same practice of humanity, and especially by our great author, whom we regard as the historian of nature, and whose characters we deem the illustration of her hidden truths. And who that hath been subjected to "the uses of adversity," hath not felt commiseration and "natural pity," even for the creatures that we kill and devour for our subsistence.

And have we, then, really no record among men whose very code of moral law was received from the hand of the Creator, and the very essence of which, is universal and perfect charity—no register of the habitual practice of such humanity—no example that might be advantageously placed side by side with this instance of refined sensibility and tenderness among Mussulmans. It is impossible, that any feeling should here be supposed to prevail, beyond the desire to show, that good may indeed be got out of everything; and as, here, or elsewhere, the occasion may arise of making other use of the code in which these humane feelings among the Moslems originated, than that which has been

now done, a few words at the present moment may perhaps not be ill adapted to beget that respect for the volume, the want of which, arising out of pure ignorance of its contents, could not tend in any way towards the earlier substitution of that better scripture which we possess.

It should, indeed, be a pleasing reflection, that in that volume which is deemed sacred by so fair a portion of mankind, and which is founded upon our Sacred Scriptures, which are, therein, at least, acknowledged divine, and to be the will of God, until abrogated by another revelation, any portion of the essence or spirit of that from which it is composed, should remain, not only generally, but even definitely, taught, and in a manner which, as we have seen, has not failed in its practical effects, and which, at least, should be adapted to open and prepare the human heart for that universal charity, which our religion upon better authority enjoins. He who is imbued with a deep sense of the unity of God, and of the importance of every work of the Creator's hand, even, to discover that the lower creatures which He hath formed are yet objects of His care and regard, can want little but the raising of the veil of ignorance, and the possession of the inestimable blessing of social liberty, the source of all our own enjoyments, to be admissible into the more select family of civilized man.

It is sufficient, that it has been hinted with scarce the liability to misinterpretation, that a Christian may learn humanity from a Mussulman, a student of the holy Scriptures find definite application of its laws in the scriptures of Mahomed, and even in the practice of all the believers in the divine character of the Arabic lawgiver's mission. And since thus much has been said, it may be even at present incumbent that we should just open this wonderful book. A more fit occasion, indeed, could scarce occur, than the above considerations afford us; nor, a better page present itself, than that which should have engendered this high species of humanity in the Mussulman mind. The text is short. After the promise of the resurrection to mankind, it runs thus:—

"There is no kind of beast upon the earth, nor any fowl that spreads its wings in the air, that shall not rise again at the Last Day. We (that is God) have omitted nothing in the Book of the Eternal Decrees. All creatures shall be re-assembled on that day."

In fine, the Koran proclaims, in the name, it may be profanely, of the Almighty, that the spirit of every living thing, as the soul of man, is immortal, and to which doctrine there seems, at least, no contradiction in the Sacred Scriptures; and, were the declaration not made in the very

pretended words of God himself, rather than by way of exhortation from the Prophet, we might, in the perusal of this passage, have been struck with yet greater admiration of this humane and truly Christian spirit, successfully promulgated, and practically triumphant.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT SLAVE BAZAAR.

RETURNING from these remarks, to the time and little incident which gave rise to them, we may now proceed with the relation of such matters of fact as presented themselves, as we continued our tour and our researches in the great Mussulman capital.

My own feelings had not recovered from the deep impression of veneration for the Koran, which, at the moment of recalling this act of humanity, has produced the above partial remarks upon that strange compound of evil and of good, when we arrived at the very public mart for the sale and purchase of human beings, the Great Slave Bazaar of Constantinople.

I would now relate precisely what we saw there, and by and by take the opportunity of making a few further observations upon the Book in which

we have found so much good, and of placing it, in its general tenor, upon the scale, and at the value, to which it may seem justly entitled. Whatever might tend to a right understanding and appreciation of the Koran, should favour the interests of truth, of Christianity, and of civilization.

I had put off going to this place of universal interest with the traveller, until this time, by the advice of the dragoman, who had diligently sought such information concerning the sales, as should enable us to select a day on which we might see the market the better furnished with its human merchandise, in point, especially, of colour and female beauty; and, as the white ladies, although they should be ever so abundant, are not every day exhibited, and not to every one that is known to be attracted by mere curiosity, it was desirable we should not miss the day on which they might, if at all, be seen.

The hour had now come, however: and after passing out of a populous street, we turned into a narrow passage, replete with coffee houses and shops or stalls of an inferior description, and at the termination of which stood the gate of the human market. There was no guard posted at the entrance when we approached it; and, it seemed as if no one watched the passage of many

we saw pass in and out; and we advanced to the gate, and would have crossed the threshold, when an old grey-bearded keeper of the way, whom we had not before observed, that sat, after the manner of the Turks, at the foot of the right hand jamb of the gate within, stretched out his staff of authority, which was of some six feet in length, as a warning to us not to enter, and which we did not fail to respect.

A conversation now took place between the dragoman and the keeper. The old Mussulman informed my guide, that no Frank could at present be allowed to enter, unless by special permit, nor indeed, at any time, for the mere purpose of inspecting the bazaar; but when the Armenian but hinted to him, which he presently afterwards informed me that he had pretty plainly done, that the Frank under his conduct was of high rank in his own country, the old fellow only begged us to retire where we could remain till the sales had commenced, which he said might occur in the course of another hour; and, during which time, he added, he would consider of the best means of admitting us, in order to our being subjected to as little observation or inconvenience as possible. We, therefore, retired to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses above mentioned, in the little passage between the longer street and the entrance

to the market, to await the good pleasure or power, of the so-easily corrupted guard.

We had not any of the difficulty in entering this coffee-house, that we had experienced at the threshold of that, at the door of which we had been content to seat ourselves, in the quarter of the city that lies upon the banks of the Marmora; and as soon as we were seated, myself upon the divan, and the dragoman at my feet, coffee and the chebuck were brought to me, but not the same to my guide, who thought it not proper on this occasion, to assume or accept the honours of that equality of rank which the enjoyment of these luxuries places indifferently upon all who use them in the company of one another. The distinction was one which upon ordinary occasions, I had not found convenient or agreeable, and had not been solicitous to maintain. "Some are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them." And if a traveller, born to high station, might do well sometimes to forget his accustomed honours, one not inured to bear its burdens, should yet learn to support the inconvenience, whenever there might be sufficient motive to counterbalance the pain of any restrictions upon the choice and freedom of his actions.

As we sat in the coffee-house we saw numbers of women of all shades of complexion except

perfect white, and still more of boys and girls, pass by, in larger or smaller parties on their way, under charge of no other guard than some unarmed dealers in slaves, and their assistants, several of whom were Jews; but we saw a very few men enter, and none with any shackles or restraints upon their full physical powers.

After about an hour passed in the negative species of sensual enjoyment of the sober cup and the chebuck, during which I heard but a few words uttered, which I found to be a brief observation upon the curiosity exhibited by the Franks, we returned to the gate of the bazaar. We were now admitted without further difficulty; and as this was the only visit which I made there, it is the more easy to give an exact account of what we saw, or such, as should be at least, free from the effects of the false light in which every custom, however detestable, after sufficient familiarity, is too apt to be seen.

The slave bazaar, or market, occupies an inclosed space about the dimensions of one of our smaller squares, and has but one entrance. It is furnished with buildings on every side, of but one story in height; and, in front of these, there is a broad colonnade, the floor of which is a little raised above the level of the ground; and this is kept distinct from the centre part of the enclosure by a

low dead balustrade. The departments severally, seemed for the most part, all to have but one chamber, which we observed to be furnished with nothing but benches of stone and of solid clay; but they have each, also, an ample window, or aperture of lattice work, in front, to admit the light and air when the door is closed: and there are, generally, both high and low benches beneath the windows without the cells, and seats also on the side of the balustrades before mentioned, standing between the supports of the colonnade, some of which are cushioned for the accommodation of the Jews and other venders by whom they are properly occupied. Besides these accommodations the centre space is furnished with high benches or tables, as well as low seats. But we may now proceed to some particulars concerning that species of living merchandise with which the great mart is furnished, the condition of which might not be, in any sort, very easily described, without the little sketch which has been thus given of the localities above enumerated.

We walked, together, directly into the area of the human bazaar; yet, not into a scene of confusion, such as I had been prepared to expect; but into the midst of an orderly assemblage of keepers, buyers, sellers, and exchangers of human beings, their commodity, that, could we forgive the

violation of the highest moral obligations of man to his fellow, and forget that the wares that are here exhibited, are even our fellow creatures, we might offer as a pattern to the managers of the more noisy places of exchange in most parts of Italy at least.

The victims of barbarity were arranged like any other articles of merchandise, according to their relative quality and value, which are regulated, chiefly, by their time of life, and the degrees, of strength in the men, and of beauty in the women. There were proportionably few women in the centre part of the bazaar, around which we first walked, of a marriageable age, yet sufficiently young to be of much value upon the chief grounds of their worth, though there were many samples of children from six or seven years of age—from the little negro, to the better favoured habitant of the Upper Nile.

The greater part of the women that were exposed in this part of the market, were sitting in small parties in double and single rows, at intervals, upon the ground beneath the balustrades which front the colonnades; while, the few men that were here, sat with less regularity, at the feet of some platforms or tables in the centre, upon which the greater part of the boys had been placed, that they might be the more conveniently exhibited and examined.

We did not stop until we had penetrated some distance into the market; for my thoughts had been engaged in comparing the picture which my expectation had drawn, with the impression made by the whole scene now before our eyes: but it was not long before the dragoman began to interpret what the old fellow who accompanied us was able, or thought proper, to communicate concerning the scene around us.

The first party to which we stood opposite, was a group of negro women. About eight or ten of them were seated and veiled, while one or two were standing upon their feet, with face, arms, and a part of the legs bare, as a broker Jew was setting them off to the best advantage to a Mussulman, who was closely examining them with a view to their purchase. They appeared, for the most part, to be women of full age; perhaps none under twenty-two or three: and from the sort of inspection which they underwent, it was evident that strength, and fitness for some laborious occupation, were the qualifications which regulated their value.

The honest merchants, seemed to be too deeply engaged with their business, to take any notice of our presence; and, as we stood by their side, I wished to collect something like a connected dialogue, from the words that passed between them

in the course of their negociation; but these were so few, and so disunited, that I found it, by means of an interpreter, impossible; besides, that we had some difficulty to get the old man who conducted us, sufficiently to protract the time of our stay, at the particular spot of the mart, which was the scene of this honest negociation. We learned, however, with certainty, that the negresses were a portion of a late importation from Egypt; that they were untaught in any art or handicraft, or any labour whatsoever; and that the Turk who was now bargaining for one or two of the strongest, wanted them, to sell again in one of the provincial towns; and that one, at least, of the prices asked for a fine strong woman, was two thousand piastres, or between fifteen pounds and twenty pounds, sterling. They were perfectly dressed, except shoes and stockings, which made the purchasers' manner of examining their arms and legs appear the more particular, though it scarce could be said to pass the bounds of that strict decency which the Turks usually observe. The Jew exposed their legs to the knee, and the Turk, severally pressed them, thence to the ankle, making the women that pleased him best, stamp upon the ground and walk a little, that he might the better judge of the firmness of their joints, and of their strength and activity.

But the arm, which was next exposed for inspection, underwent a more minute examination, though its force was not so practically attested. After this, they were made to bend backwards and forwards, and place themselves in several attitudes, that might the better discover any crack or flaw that might be either the result of accident or a natural defect: and all this they appeared to go through with the indifference that an irrational animal might have manifested, or that might be consequent to a matter of business in which they had no interest. But their position was probably by no means new to them; for, unless they were a part of the produce of the very last slave hunt of the good soldiers of the renowned Mahomed Ali, and sent at once to Constantinople, very probably they might have passed already through several hands, in the same manner they might now pass through those that so carefully examined them. There was not the least gloom, in the countenance of any of the party, while several joked and laughed, diverted, as I supposed, when I observed their merriment, by their speculations concerning the result of the bargains of which they were the direct subject: but I was much amused to find from my guide, who communicated what he had learned, with great caution and delicacy, that my grotesque self

and dress, had been the objects of their unrestrained pleasantry.

We next turned towards some morose, sulky-looking, negro men, all of middle age, and who, we were informed, had been long in the country, and were sent into the bazaar to be sold to pay a debt which their present master had contracted. But above these, upon the tables before mentioned, sat rows of boys, all of whom, who were not the immediate object of the inquiries of some one who came there to purchase, were amusing themselves with playing tricks, and in emulating each other, in jumping up and down from the tables, and in other such infant pastimes; and they appeared as happy as any school-boys might be, when relieved for a moment from the irksome restraints under which they pass the more important hours of the day.

We had not yet seen the more choice samples, that these dealers had to exhibit of their proper merchandise; but as we came upon the platform beneath the colonnade, which, as above said, makes nearly the entire round of the bazaar, we found ourselves mixed with the many venders and purchasers that were here making their bargains, several of the latter being ladies, all apparently elderly, and one that was veiled after the manner of the Armenians, most certainly so. As we

moved on, and had a better opportunity of making a few observations and some inquiries, we found a great proportion of the purchasers were the domestics of the higher classes of the Turks.

In front of the first apartment, opposite which we stopped, eight or ten negro girls were sitting, upon high benches; and we were informed, they were a choice portion selected from the last importation, the rest of which, consisting of some of both sexes and all ages, being distributed about the bazaar. The old fellow in whose custody they appeared, or whose property they might be, had at least dressed them out, to exhibit their persons to the best advantage; and several of the girls, whether by accident or not, unveiled to us before it was required. I had seen pretty negresses in another part of the world, but was not able to distinguish any beauty whatever, in any one, of about a dozen which we saw unveiled, of those now before us. But the good merchant had placed himself in a situation the most convenient for observing the effects which his carefully-disposed living wares might make upon those who came to purchase. He was reclining upon a couch by the balustrade which forms the front of the colonnade, immediately opposite to his dark sample of the *fair* sex in which he dealt; but he did not rise or seem to take any notice of us, when we stopped,

to look, at least, upon his goodly specimens. There was not, certainly, the same indifference about these, that we had observed to prevail with the greater part of those that we had already seen; and, I was in the act of requesting the dragoman to put a few questions to one of them, by way of calling forth some action that should be indicative of their feelings, when the old keeper, who still accompanied us, touched one of them on the knees with his staff, at which the damsel, so far from exhibiting a spirit of patient submission, tossed her head with a most indignant air, and scolded, in accents of which neither he nor the Armenian understood one word more than I did myself. But it was the natural language of passion, and needed not the aid of art to make its purport comprehended.

At the next division, two benches, one above another, beside the door of the cell or inner apartment, were replete with a similar sample of the same sex; and several negresses were here standing upon a lower bench, undergoing examination, but not precisely of the same kind as that which we had seen applied to those in the area of the market.

We do not, even, in Christendom, choose a wife for the same qualifications that we choose a domestic assistant: and whether the purchasers were

principals, or, as it was more probable, only agents in the traffic, they seemed not unobservant of, or insensible to, the comparative charms of these children of the sun. As the girls stood upon the bench, they examined their ankles, and then made them expose their bosoms, which, as this portion of their figures had probably never been covered till now, might be no great violation of any such idea of delicacy as the most sensitive among them could understand. And, as none can be insensible to the impression made by symmetrical harmony and beauty of figure, even under a complexion of Africa, at least it was not so shocking to see the young creatures inspected, and hear them questioned, as women, as to behold them, only considered, and treated as mere beasts of labour and burden.

A little further, and there was a mixed group of women of a sallow complexion. These were not newly imported, but were all merely sent to the market to be disposed of, for account of their masters; some being sold for faults, some for the necessities of their owners, and others to make room for younger beauties, which they had left in the harems. Of these, all might be said to have, or to have had, some portion of beauty: but there was nothing in the countenance of any of them, that indicated either the cheerfulness or the impatience which we thought we had hitherto per-

ceived. Some appeared, indeed, if this index of the mind point always right, melancholy or sorrowful; yet none betrayed any signs of deep grief. But if so poor an opportunity for observation might enable a stranger to form any judgment, the prevailing feeling, with these, as with the negroes, was indifference. I understood their prices to vary from three hundred to four hundred dollars, according to their ages and their beauty.

A little further on, there were some stout negresses sitting; but while we were looking upon these, one of the Hebrew dealers, called to a woman of a different colour who had been seated within, and whom we had not seen, to come forth unveiled; and the summons was as soon obeyed.

A fair Abyssinian now made her appearance. She passed over the threshold of the cell with the unsteady step of one that was ill, or under the pressure of such mental agony as deprived her of perfect consciousness of what was passing. Fortitude, the power of the soul by which her sex have often conquered the more terrible judgments of fortune, under which men, whom we see superior in active rather than passive virtue, have bowed down the head and yielded up the spirit, was plainly struggling with disadvantage against the feelings that should be natural to every human being, when subjected to cruel insult, and to a degree

of contempt scarcely shown by the same monsters, to creatures beneath us in the scale of the Creator's works. She seemed, however, as she felt the full effects of the air, a little to regain her self-possession; and she seated herself at the corner of the form without. It was the first moment that I saw the bitterness of slavery; and who is there so immovable, that would not have turned from the reality, with at least as much sympathy as that which possessed our great sentimental writer, when he turned from the picture, which his fancy, when awakened by the poor bird in his cage, had so sensibly presented to his mind.

When the slave had seated herself, I informed my Armenian guide, that so much her appearance had interested me, that I was very desirous of knowing, if possible, her history, or at least so much of it, as immediately related to her being now here: and while these inquiries were making, I perceived distinct changes come over the countenance and the features of the fair Abyssinian, which partook less of the self-possession which seemed a moment before triumphant over sufferings, which might be such as no physical appliances or tortures could inflict. What did she now indeed feel? What was the character of those feelings which her expressive countenance pourtrayed? What should be the passion that was

bursting within her? A little tale, which embraces the principal incidents of her history, as it was related by the communicable Hebrew, is the only explication that could be obtained.

We were told by the good Israelite, that she had been brought from Abyssinia, at the very age of first womanhood, and, that she was, at least, among the two or three first taken into the harem of a young Bey, for whom she had been bought at this very market—that she had there remained, about fifteen or sixteen years—that, however short the period that she had been the special favourite of the harem, she had lived happily enough, even amidst younger favourites, until now—that she had been sent for sale, by him whom she had not seen since she heard the news of her cruel fate—to be sold for his account!—that this was the third day of her exposure for that purpose—that no one had offered to purchase her, although she was to be sold for whatever might be obtained—that the nominal price which had been put upon her, was the same as that which was asked for the young negro girls with which the Jew had placed her, and she had nothing to hope but their common fate, which is, usually, to perform the meaner domestic offices, or to attend upon younger beauties in such an apartment as that which she had doubtless so long adorned. Yet she could not

but be beautiful still, in the eyes of every one whose natural feelings were not weakened, though the excesses that are practised by the more faithful of the children of their most amatory prophet.

It was not necessary to know any more of her history, to account for the feelings that had been visible in her countenance when she came from the cell. From the secret contemplation of excess of degradation and misery, her mind had been suddenly awakened to the near prospect of its reality. It was impossible to dwell longer upon a case of such shocking interest; and we passed on.

As we proceeded, we came to a stall, unfurnished without, with any victim of the barbarous traffic. But I perceived a white or nearly white woman within, who was sitting upon a stone or mud bench, dressed and veiled after the manner of the Armenians, and with a young child in her arms. She sat directly opposite the door; and, with her head bent, she seemed to have her eyes fixed upon the ground. But as we approached the entrance of the cell, she raised her head and regarded us; yet it was but for a moment, and she resumed her former attitude. The Jew vender would have called to her to come forth, as had been done with the other; but I had seen enough, and did not wish another of her kind to be tortured before our eyes. We had already—though

she had no chain—seen the iron of inhumanity enter her soul; and I merely requested the dragoman to discover what he might, of her history, also.

The vender, who had been sitting, with his chebuck, upon one of the cushioned benches opposite the cell, and had risen when we approached him, believing that we had no other object than curiosity, had now returned to his seat, and resumed his sedative occupation. He was at first unwilling to give us any of the information we required; but upon my guide hinting to him, which he did not at the time inform me, that although I was certainly not there for the express purpose of dealing, I might, notwithstanding, authorise him to return to purchase her, he became so communicative, that, with special permission of the keeper, we sat down for a moment beside him, when we learned that, with his instructions for her sale, he had been informed, that she had been brought from the Euxine coasts about a year ago, and sold in this bazaar for the harem of a young Basha of the city, who never kept any of his female slaves after they became mothers. Her price, with her child, was five hundred dollars. But before we left the stall, the Jew informed us, that if she should remain for a few days on hand, she might perhaps be bought for something

less. I merely inquired, after we learned this, whether instances of such excess of inhumanity, were common, and was answered by all the three Turks to whom the question was put, and I believe truly, that they were not.

We now came to some apartments, closed, and without any benches without. In other respects, they appeared to be like those we had before seen. These we found to be the depôts of the pure white female slaves of the younger sort; and that they now contained several lately brought from Georgia; but we were disappointed in our expectations of seeing them. Those in whose custody they were kept, seemed to be strictly charged, from authority, that might not be with impunity despised, not to expose them to the view of any but the domestic of a Turkish Basha. They were but encaged, however, within open lattice-work, through which they might at least perceive us, though they were hidden from our view: and we distinctly heard some of them whispering and chatting, and some indulging, as it seemed to us, in a suppressed laugh. But whether this gaiety, if they were indeed gay, was caused by the appearance of the Frank, or, as from all I heard, I was led to conjecture, arose from a little jeering, one with the other, upon the prospect which every visitor that

passed by their den, presented to their young imaginations, it might not be determined.

These were all the observations that it was in my power to make at this very centre of horrible interest in the Mussulman capital. But there is another class of slaves at Stamboul, few of which, I was informed, are at any time sent here. These appear to consist chiefly of Circassian and Georgian girls, which have been purchased in extreme youth from their own parents, and brought up and educated by the Jews, who cause them to be taught to dance, to sing, and even to play upon the pianoforte and after sell them at great prices, and even, often, it cannot be doubted, in their virgin state.

After this little experience and information concerning the most interesting portion of the commodities of these dealers in human flesh and blood, we turned our backs upon the iniquitous scene, and returned to Pera; but it were difficult to close this chapter, without a few such observations as may seem apposite to the details which have preceded them.

One of the more remarkable features which distinguish the Asiatic, or the Mahomedan and the idolatrous races, from the European Christian people, is the vast inequality which is found in the proper moral elements of the national institutions which have been productive of the several degrees

of civilization which we observe to obtain in the social as well as the intellectual history of the one and the other. Among wholly barbarous people, such as the races of Asia which inhabit those immense tracts of the globe that lie between the countries under Mussulman dominion, and the western shores of the great Pacific Ocean, the institutions whose links encircle and bind men together in society, are in the highest degree infirm and uncertain, usually conceived in the midst of confusion, established by violence, sealed in the blood of a weaker party, and perpetuated by some one engine or other, of unintermitted outrage, or of fraud or terror. But if we take a review of those societies of men, which, in a moral sense, may be said to maintain a position between that degree in the scale of intellectual progression at which we ourselves have arrived, and that of the most barbarous people, we shall find the condition of such as hold the middle place between these extremes, more or less dependent upon some principle, which, although it should or should not have attained the highest degree of good to which the elements which compose it may be susceptible, would be the more dangerous to interfere with, in proportion to the value of the institutions which should be found thereon established, the total subversion of which would be risked, with the

whole frame of established society, by any great or sudden change, before the best means of success had been advisedly determined upon, and at least the probable results ascertained.

We could scarcely, therefore, fall into a greater error, under the influence of the most benevolent feelings, than that by which we might be led to the application of contrary principles or elements, to different societies of men whose condition we would ameliorate, in the vain hope of finding them in every case productive of the same effects and success; and these considerations should teach us to institute such inquiries, wherever we would extend our charities, as may permit us, in all cases, to form a just estimate of the advances in civilization, or the progress that has been made towards that state of society where the law is respected, justice administered, merit, both in a moral sense and in the exhibition of genius rewarded, and offences fearlessly punished—in a word, to discover where those institutions prevail, from the wise or vigorous administration of which, is usually regulated the proportional amount of national happiness which any people attain, or the degree of misery to which they may fall, lest we undermine the basis of what time has sanctified, before the plan and the material are ready for the erection of the new moral fabric we would establish. Deficient

in this species of knowledge, we cannot indeed, venture one step in any attempt to raise the condition, or mitigate the sufferings, of men in any state of society, without mingling the most contrary principles, and incurring the risk of wholly destroying what has been productive of many degrees of good, before we are able to supply its place, by more effective means to happier results.

It may, now, not give offence, to be more particular in this reference, for the purpose of aiding our search for the means of making a proper estimate of the real good or evil which may be said to exist, in that state of things of which we have just seen some practical illustration; and to be most brief, we may in one word, regard, as the chief element and great principle, upon which all the institutions of this semi-barbarous people are based, and all as they exist in their several varieties, among all the nations bordering upon Christian Europe—the Mussulman religion—by special licence of which, slavery exists, and is a part, not only of the law of the land, but of course of the supposed Divine Law also, and a part, the abolition of which could not be effected without rooting up the very foundations upon which have been constructed, all the social institutions, and every other principle of order, and upon which rests such degree of national happiness, as is to be found in these demi-civilized states.

Now, if we are, indeed desirous, as it should become Christian men, to do all in our power, really to ameliorate the condition, and mitigate the sufferings of the Mussulman people, we shall at least, hesitate, before engaging in any attempt to introduce change, until we shall have well ascertained the adaptation of the means which it is proposed to employ, to effect the desired end, lest the very first step, should have a tendency to overthrow the established order of things, only to plant in its place, the broad standard of irreclaimable disorganization and barbarism: in a word, to re-establish the law of violence and the reign of terror.

Solemnly to propose any means, as better adapted than any other hitherto suggested, to effect so great an end as the civilization of the half-barbarous people that border on Christendom, would appear presumption in one who should have no stronger claim to attention, than might arise from the supposition of any importance that should attach to the observations which appear in these sketches. It is proper, therefore, to limit these remarks, to a mere opinion concerning the inadequateness of whatever has been hitherto undertaken, whether through Christian zeal, or benevolent political efforts, for the attainment of so mighty an end. All that has been effected through the first of these motives, has been no

more, under the most favourable circumstances, than the inopportune introduction of knowledge, to perish like seeds sown upon some barren soil, or, where hope has attended the first scattering of the truth, to produce fruits that have degraded and disgraced the Christian name: while the efforts of political benevolence, have been at least as ineffective as those of Christian zeal.'

TURKISH SOLDIERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXCURSION UPON THE BOSPHORUS.

All the historians whose works have embraced the history of any of those nations or people that have successively inhabited, or held possession of, the country through which the remarkable canal of the Bosphorus conveys the surplus waters of the Euxine or Black Sea, by the Propontis to the Hellespont, till they mingle with the lower waters of the Mediterranean, have been more or less explicit concerning its importance, its situation, and the scenery which its shores exhibit; and, many accomplished travellers in the East, have been particular in their descriptions of this famous strait, while they have thrown some useful light upon obscure passages of history by their learned or scientific researches. But the present aim does not exceed the humbler purpose of making such a reference to the mere scenery of this important

canal, as neither haste, nor any other reason might excuse being omitted, by the most indifferent or unobservant traveller, and the most opposite to those whose capabilities have been as much greater as their objects have been more worthy.

The traveller, at this period of his sojourn or his researches in the capital of the Ottoman Empire, will have alike overcome those perplexing reflections, which cannot fail, in any case, to oppress the mind of an European Christian, upon his first familiar intercourse with the people of a Mahommedan country, and some slight idea of which, may possibly have been given in the preceding pages; and it is probable, also, that his mind will before this time, have been diverted from such associations as we first cling to, as we recal to mind, some remarkable eras, in the word's story, and that especially, which saw Christianity firmly seated upon the imperial throne, with all the great consequences of that event, as well as the overthrow of the religion of civilized men, by that wonderful moral engine, that has operated with such astonishing power upon the minds of many nations, and had such great influence over the destinies of so large a portion of the human race.

It was an hour before the break of day, upon a clear and propitious morning towards the end of April, resembling the finest we may enjoy in the

month of July in the north-west of Europe, when my Armenian guide called to inform me, that the red sky of the preceding evening had induced him, conditionally, to engage a caïque to attend us at Galata at the present hour, and that, as the heavens had fulfilled their assurances, he doubted not, that the boatmen were at this moment in attendance at the water side.

I inquired, only, whether they were Mussulmans that he had hired; for I had by this time conceived, indeed, so good an opinion of the followers of the Prophet, that I would not upon any account have spent a day in the society, or under the conduct of, Jew, Greek, or even Armenian, that might as easily have been passed with a party of "true believers;" and finding that my guide had anticipated my predilection, his choice lying between Mussulmans and those of his own faith alone, and that he had engaged to be at the place of embarkation, or to send a negative an hour before day, I arose and prepared immediately for the voyage.

We broke our fast, only, by a cup of coffee, before leaving the hotel; after which, we descended to Galata, where we found the rowers ready seated in the caïque, and awaiting our arrival. The good Moslems were dressed with their coloured vests, large short sleeves, and the usual Turkish trowsers,

all of clean and absolutely bright white cotton, with red slippers, and their turbans on their heads, and they welcomed us with the Turkish boatman's accustomed happy, yet silent, smile.

Our caïque was of much larger dimensions than those which ply for the mere passage of the river, and gaudily, rather than tastily painted, and decorated; but she was so comfortably furnished with the softest cushions and pillows, that we were able to choose any position, from that of sitting, to that of lying at full length upon the seats or at the bottom of the boat.

We immediately embarked; and pushing into the stream directly opposite the Seraglio, readily cleared the few ships that lay at that part of the Golden Horn; and, keeping nearer to the European, rather than the Asiatic shore, for it is necessary to be near the one or the other in order to avoid the full force of the current, we proceeded, by force of six oars, to make our way up the stream of the famous canal.

The new day, as we had issued from the busy part into the Bosphorus, was just at that point, when, as it might be described in the language of fancy, the darkness is melting away before the approach of the morn; and as each minute blotted out a cluster of brilliant fires from the firmament of heaven, some terrestrial object newly broke

upon the vision, until full day placed before our eyes, the splendid scene, which the shores of the two continents, the extreme promontories of the two quarters of the globe, at once exhibit to the view of the spectator.

There cannot be any spot on earth, where the powers of nature and art have more happily combined their efforts in the production of one magnificent scene of perfect grandeur and beauty. The blue mountains, the green hills, "the cloud-cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," with all that appertains to them, are perhaps no where else brought together, as upon the Bosphorus, to form one "substantial pageant," one connected and perfect whole.

Proceeding up the stream, the first striking independent object upon which the eye rests, is the new Palace of the Sultan, situated about a mile and a half above the suburb of Pera. It is a light, extensive building, bearing very little resemblance to any of the palaces of our western sovereigns; and as I wished to take a nearer view of it, we approached as close as the good Mussulmans could be prevailed upon to carry us, or indeed, as might be perhaps consistent with proper respect for eastern exclusion, as well as regard for the consequence of the violation of Mussulman customs or laws. It is not a perfectly regular

building, but has distinctly three departments, of which the centre, as the Armenian had learned, is that which the Sultan, while there, properly occupies, while the right wing towards Constantinople, is appropriated to the officials of the court, and the left contains the harem. The extensive edifice is fronted by a handsome quay, upon which a guard under arms was posted as we passed. Along all the line of the windows, there were none without a close lattice frame, as in all other Turkish houses, which left us without a hope of seeing so much as the shadow of a female form.

It was natural that the thoughts of a Christian European should be here occupied with reflections concerning the condition of the imprisoned inhabitants of this Turkish palace; but all that I had the means of learning, was, that the Sultan's full harem should contain about three hundred ladies, more or less, and that the present youthful sovereign, which should not lessen him in our esteem, had been very successful in his efforts for the renovation of the dwindled population of his dominions, having already above one hundred and fifty children, begat at the pleasant rate of thirty per annum. But the last good news of his Highness' harem, it seems, was the arrival of a beautiful Georgian, which had been reared, cared for, and

instructed in all the arts of pleasing, by the mother of the young Sultan, who presented the precious offering to her happy son upon his last birth-day.

The Sultan's harem, is not, however, all composed of birth-day presents; but, as it is well known, chiefly of slaves, purchased by his agents from dealers in captives from the countries of the Black Sea. Georgia and Circassia, it is also well known, furnish the most beautiful. When any beauty of extraordinary value is brought to Constantinople, the Grand Signior is generally advertized in time to have the best occasion. A great many of the ladies, however, are presents from courtiers, and others who have received or expect favours from his Highness.

In reference to the effects of the enjoyments of the harem in more important relations, they may be looked upon, as the lethean draught which is administered to the Sultan, to engage his time and divert his thoughts, from what we might suppose should have been his serious and proper occupations. Thus, while other monarchs are employed, be it for good or for evil, in directing the affairs of their Empires, the Grand Signior, forgetful of all save the pleasures of the palace, is found buried in the midst of the profoundest sensual enjoyments, and occupied with the frivolities of the harem and its childish inhabitants.

If we call things, then, by their right names, it will perhaps be found just to say, that the Sultan is little better himself than a slave. And, that he might not obtain his freedom, religious reasons are discovered, why he should be interdicted the use of a foreign tongue: so that, at the age of ripe understanding, he has no means, if such desire have ever troubled him, of learning any thing certain, concerning the history or present state of the world, and the relations which he bears to foreign potentates, and those that his subjects bear to the people of other lands; for in his own tongue, there exists no work that might by possibility enlighten him upon the subjects in which it is most important he should be above all things learned: and such, indeed, is more or less, the condition of the persons of distinction both about him, and throughout the empire. And need we search any further for the cause of the decline, and the wretchedness of the Turks? For, what should we expect, where learning and communication with Christians, are held to be equally baneful and contaminating, while those who possess any knowledge, or enjoy any power, rest their security for its continuance, or for the enjoyment of their wealth, or whatever benefits they may have acquired, upon the conservation of the ignorance and low estate of the people.

In the mean time, we continued to stem the current by the force of well-plied oars, until we reached the village of Ortakeon, about three miles above the outer confines of the suburb of Pera. The entire shore of the Bosphorus at this point is occupied by villages, and the palaces or country seats of the Bashas. Here we landed, and breakfasted upon fish, eggs, fowl, fruits and other luxuries, served in the Italian style, at a house which is frequented by the dependants upon the ministers from foreign courts, who pass up and down the canal between the capital and the pleasant seats of the Ambassadors, which we shall presently attain.

The Bosphorus, at this point, is flanked with towers on either side, and after you pass these, bends a little towards the left; and its banks, as you proceed, are found less abounding in gardens and Turkish villas, and the land, which is now generally higher, exhibits less fertility and cultivation; and, as the passage a little contracts, the current is here stronger, so that our advance was less rapid: and it was not until two hours after mid-day, that we reached the village which we designed to attain.

Therapia, is delightfully situated within an inlet upon the European side of the Bosphorus; and, although it had lately suffered by the destroying

element whose ravages are so common and so fatal in Turkey, merits our admiration, as a retired and romantic spot. The Sultan has a palace here, which was now undergoing repairs, and preparing for his reception; and it is here that the several European ambassadors have their country residences. That of our own representative, which had been among the rest, had at this time, however, been given up; though we learned, that his British Excellency was in treaty for another which was shown us. We passed through the ample courts of that of the French ambassador, into the delightful grounds attached to it, lying in the rear. His Gallic Excellency was not at this time at his seat: but there was no difficulty about admission; for, whatever the faults of his mercurial countrymen, want of politeness, whether to foreigners or their fellow citizens, is certainly not among them. From a hill within these grounds, we had a noble view of the remaining portion of the Strait, and of the Black Sea. The spectacle is of the grandest description, but presents too little cultivation or fertility to be compared with the unrivalled scenery of the Bosphorus nearer Constantinople. Directly in front of us, beyond the Strait, the view was only bounded by the dark line which marks the limits of the prospect over the sea, while a vast region of hills was to be seen, extending in

the direction of the south, as far as the Mount Olympus of Asia Minor, whose blue summit was hid from our view, by the clouds which hung over the intervening heights. From the gardens of the French palace we returned to the village, and after taking a hasty meal at a sort of hotel, supported like that above-mentioned at Ortakeon, we re-embarked and rapidly descending the current, arrived at Pera about two hours after night.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. SOPHIA—MAUSOLEUMS—VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF SOLYMANIA—OBSTACLES TO THE SPREADING OF CHRISTIANITY.

JUST after our excursion upon the Bosphorus, the particulars of which have been made the subject of the last chapter, I was occupied, for several days successively, in inspecting such of the standing relics of antiquity at Constantinople, as have been at all times, among the greater objects of attraction and interest, more especially to the learned and the curious traveller, in whose hands every exact and nice observation will be left, while the impressions only, which should arise from the incomplete examination of such as seem most apposite to our subject, for which, indeed, the opportunity alone occurred, will here be made the chief object of attention.

It had been very common, a little before this period, for Christian travellers to obtain the Grand

Signior's firman, to permit visits to the two greater objects of interest in the Turkish capital,—the famous Seraglio, so familiar to us in story, from the time we first listened to the tales of the nursery, and the royal Mosque of St. Sophia, known so well as a Christian temple, from the authentic records, both of ecclesiastical and general history; but, at this time, a combination of the chief part of all the European Christian travellers at Pera, after several efforts, failed, whether through ambassador or consul, or by any other means, to obtain permission to enter either of these noble structures. My Armenian guide, however, succeeded in obtaining of the chief Mufti, at least, liberty to step across the threshold of one of the entrances into the royal mosque of Solymania; and we once more passed the river or port, and proceeded, first, to make such survey as we were permitted, of the exterior or precincts of the royal residence, and the royal mosque, once the great Christian edifice of the East, and after, as we trusted, the interior of one temple at least of Moslem worship.

We landed at the quay as before; but, instead of penetrating towards the centre of the city, we took the street, immediately within the gate, which conducts directly to the walls of the Seraglio on the side of the port.

We found the streets in this quarter almost equally deserted, with those which lie at the same distance in any other direction, from the bazaars and the open places in their vicinity, within the scope of which, a stranger would suppose the entire business of Constantinople were carried on.

The Seraglio, it has been already said, occupies the promontory of the peninsular upon which the city stands, stretching into the Bosphorus, to form one side of the entrance into the great strait. It was the work, as we learn from history, of Mahomed II., and is built, as is well known, upon the precise site of the ancient Byzantium; and with its courts and its gardens, it covers a space of nearly three miles in circumference.

We soon arrived at the walls which separate the courts and gardens of the Seraglio, from the streets of the city. There is nothing remarkable in the construction of these walls, save their great height, nor in the gate and grand entrance, which we now passed by without stopping, the Armenian thinking it not prudent to remain to make any further observations or inquiry.

In the immediate vicinity of the walls of the Seraglio, upon one of the seven eminences of the city, and overlooking the sea and the whole landscape around, stands the great edifice of St. Sophia. The once noble Christian temple, is an

enormous gothic pile, built in the form of a Greek cross; but there is no such open space about it, as might enable the spectator to obtain, at once, a fair view of the details which make up the grand whole; nor were we able, indeed, closely to examine any part of the building with advantage, as we might not so much as pass within the railings and walls which enclose the scanty courts in which it stands. Thus, this solemn and venerable edifice, in every point at which we are able to contemplate it, near at hand, presents but a mass of crumbling gothic arches and towers, which it is wonderful should still support the enormous dome that still rises from the centre of the building.

The first church of St. Sophia, we learn from history, was a mere chapel, built by Constantine the Great, and consecrated to the wisdom of the uncreated God. But several edifices appear to have successively occupied the same site, and to have been all in their turn destroyed by fire, or demolished during popular tumults, until Justinian erected the stately building which at this day adorns the Mussulman capital.

Within a short distance of the royal mosque of St. Sophia, are to be seen, the mausoleums, within which have been deposited the ashes of several of the Ottoman princes. They are low

buildings, with domes covered over with lead, and supported by columns; but we were not permitted to remain so much as within the vicinity of these sacred depositories of the ashes of departed tyrants; and we now proceeded to visit the Mosque of Solymania, which we had a slightly better opportunity of examining.

The very first view, which we obtain of this noble edifice, is in the highest degree imposing; and as we contemplate the grand pile, we are struck with its general resemblance, in construction, to the great temple of former Christian worship; for, even, as the founder of that institution which turned so fair a portion of mankind from idolatry, to at least the most rational system of any that has appeared in the world, that has not been directly of Divine original—even, as he derived whatever is good in his code, and morals, from the religion which we profess, so did his followers imitate the Christians in the style, and in the magnificence, which every age has displayed, in the construction, and the external decoration, of temples which have been dedicated to the Creator, who neither dwelleth in them, nor regardeth the work of men's hands. Thus, we find the Mahomedan mosque, resembling very nearly that Christian edifice which the Mussulmans had now to purify from the stain of idolatry, which it

might not be without reason, they believed had entered into the Christian ceremonies, and defiled the edifice; for they saw no more of the worship established by the Author of our religion or his apostles, than as it appeared corrupted by its admixture with the pagan rites, and disgraced by the consequences of the worldly ambition, and the ignorance and tyranny of the clergy. And St. Sophia may be regarded as the archetype, not only of the seven royal mosques, and the rest found in Constantinople, but also of all those which have been raised, at least throughout Turkey.

This great temple of Mahomedan worship, is in form square. It is even of greater dimension than St. Sophia, and appears, at least, to the observer from without, to exceed the grand temple of former Christian worship, from which it was designed, as well in the beauty of its dome, and in the superior symmetry of its parts, as in the general magnificence of the whole structure. To produce such effects, however, as raise our admiration to the highest, when we contemplate the massive building, some obligation is due to the scope given to the genius of the architect, in his freedom from the necessity of constructing a great edifice, in a form which cannot be so well adapted to display at a single view, as much of the build-

ing as should enable us to comprehend the whole in one single idea, without which, the same impression could not be made, at least upon the feelings of the ordinary observer, whether indeed (which it is not here pretended to determine) this be, or be not, the same with such, as a more practised eye and cultivated taste, have enabled to exercise a better and more solid judgment.

The Mosque of Solymania, is at least a superb and stately edifice, so favorably placed, as to show us at one glance its fine dome, its galleries, towers, and minarets, together with its fountains and cisterns, with all appertinents to Mussulman grandeur in architectural design, without violating the simplicity which obtains in the religious ceremonial of Moslem worship.

Thus, we have only to forget for a moment, the effects of tyranny, in maintaining mankind in their brutal ignorance, and shut our eyes to the wretchedness around us, to believe that we look upon a noble offering of the grateful Muse that presides over the liberal art, to the religion through which she obtained her freedom of action, in common with her Sister Divinities which maintain their power over the fancy, if not over the higher faculties of the intellectual and moral man. We have only to look upon the mighty fabric, to be led to ask—can these things be,

without some direct communication from the Creator, to more than have received his entire message; and reflection replies to our inquiries, that we stand amidst a population that have made the first step towards the truth, even to have arrived at a knowledge of the unity of the Deity—the first step upon the path, that, favoured by such an event, perhaps, as that which the establishment, even, of the Christians of the country, in power at Constantinople, might conduct to the introduction of the purer Scriptures, without the shocking idolatry of the Romanist, or so great a misconception of our faith, as to suppose we worship more than one God.

The wide space in which this mosque is situated, is inclosed within a stone wall, which has arched cloisters, in which there are numerous fountains and reservoirs, at which the worshippers perform their accustomed ablutions before they enter the temple. This spacious court is also well paved with stone, and is ornamented with fine trees.

As we passed through the gate which leads to the court of the mosque, a soldier that kept guard, made a remark that had not been very flattering to our vanity, if we had brought with us any portion of that most inconvenient attribute. It was not quite plain what he said; but my Christian guide understood him, after coupling, as is usual

with Mussulmans, the term by which men of our faith are distinguished, with that of the quadruped which we ourselves are, or have been, too often so uncharitable as to couple with that by which we distinguish the unhappy children of Abraham among us—after coupling these two, doubtless in his mind, most apposite epithets, to add, the yet more opprobrious term which we translate infidel.

Thus, we have an instance of the Mussulmans being as wanting in that universal charity which instructs us in the only language by which we can communicate with those of a different religion, as we have the proof that ourselves have been, when we reflect upon the situation of our fellow subjects of the Hebrew faith, whom we accuse of obstinacy, but whom we may, perhaps, by our want of charity have confirmed in their ancient faith, and rejected, rather than sought to conciliate and instruct in the truth.

But it was enough, that the mere mention of the name of the Mufti, with whose hand-writing we were prepared, coupled with an inquiry for the keeper of the interior of the mosque, procured us sufficient respect to prevent any obstruction being offered to our entrance into the great court of the noble edifice.

As we crossed the open space, we saw pas-

sengers passing and repassing from the fountains where they had made their ablutions, to the mosque, and, from the mosque, to return to their dwellings; but it was not on the Mussulman Sabbath-day, which is our Friday, and the worshippers were not numerous. We observed that they all washed their hands and faces, but not all, their feet; and that every one as he arrived at the door of the mosque, removed his shoes or boots, or both, which some of them wore; and leaving them upon, or near, the steps which conducted to the entrance, they entered bare-foot.

We did not at present attempt to follow any of the devout Mussulmans; but my guide made some inquiries of one about to enter, which led to a brief colloquy conducted in a whisper, which ended in our discovering that it was the special hour of prayer, and that we had, at least a full hour to wait; before we could by any warrant whatever, be admitted within the sacred edifice.

The hour, however, which we had been told we were to wait, turned out to be a very short one; and we occupied a portion of it, in making such examination as we were permitted, of some mausoleums situated behind the church, the chief of which, is that of the munificent founder of the noble mosque, and that of the Sultana Solyman's wife.

As we approached the iron railing which separates, these, the most cheerful receptacles of the ashes of the dead that it was ever my lot to visit, we met an infirm old fellow, in whose custody the mausoleums seemed to be; but upon our demand or request to be admitted, certain doubts arose in his mind, whether our permit extended to the mausoleums, which were not satisfactorily resolved, until several others of his associate guards of the mosque or its appertinents, arrived, and had remained some minutes in council with their aged chief whom we had first addressed. All obstacles, however, were now overruled, and we were conducted, at least, within the inclosure in which the tombs are situated.

As soon as we had entered here, we found ourselves in a thickly-wooded inclosure, in the midst of which stands a building of octagon form, with a dome, and surrounded by an open covered gallery, to which a few steps ascend. We were conducted round this gallery, as several little apertures were opened, which enabled us to obtain a view of the contents of the building, through the grating which was still between us and the interior. We probably, however, saw nearly as well all that we might have seen, had we been even admitted within the sacred little edifice. The two coffins were resting upon solid fabricks, as it

seemed, of stone, and were differently decorated. Both were covered with fine dark cloth, richly embroidered, while that of the Sultan, was additionally ornamented with precious stones. But the apertures were open to us but for a few moments, when we were told, we must not make any longer stay within the limits which we had been permitted to violate, and which my guide was of opinion we should not have passed, had the guardians been of the younger sort.

We had not, however, long to wait, as before mentioned, after our peep into the interior of the Mausoleum edifice, before it was announced to us, that special prayer time was over, and that the Chief Guardian of the great mosque was ready to afford us all the gratification that he was commanded to permit us to enjoy, and which, it was soon agreed between the dragoman and the worthy official, who was a man about the same age as the chief keeper of the Mausoleum, that the little remission of the usual rigour in our favour did not extend beyond a bare entrance within, and quick exit from the sacred edifice.

We were now led by the old Mussulman, to the door opposed to that which looks towards Mecca, in which direction the Mahomedans turn in worship. And this was done, very properly, in order that we might not disturb those

who were still engaged in prayer or contemplation, neither of which being, in the ordinary way, limited to any hour, so that the mosques are rarely, if ever, entirely without some of the more devout of the faithful, either absorbed in contemplation, or in the act of performing their genuflections, when, at intervals, they bow down their heads, and press their foreheads against the ground.

But we made our entrance and our exit; and there might have elapsed about three minutes from the time we crossed, until we recrossed the threshold of the mosque. It would have afforded just time enough, had it been of the door of a cathedral of any form in Italy, that we passed, to have confounded the mind, by the numerous objects which the view had comprehended; and, we should probably have come out without an intelligible impression that the memory might recall. But a mosque and Romish church, little resemble each other within; and it is probable, that as many hours passed in the Mosque of Solymania, as we were permitted to remain minutes, could scarcely have given a more correct impression than that which we received, and which a single paragraph should be sufficient to particularize.

We took off our shoes, before we even ascended the flight of stone steps which led to the

door; and, arrived here, we stepped from the cold stones without the door, directly upon a carpet, which we observed to extend throughout the whole floor of the mosque; and before we had advanced many steps, the entire view of the interior was before us, presenting all the vastness and the harmony, adapted like the view from without, to make one simple, one grand impression—to excite one definite emotion. The walls, the dome, the vast whole, exhibited itself at once to the view, uninterrupted by any likeness of any living thing that is in heaven, or in the earth, or in the waters, or, any work of art, apart from that of architectural grandeur, save a kind of pulpit, but how decorated there was no time to examine, and, countless coloured lamps, which hung at various heights, and yet seemed arranged with order, throughout the entire interior of the building. But the touching effect of the chaste splendour of the scene, was increased by a soft purple light, which fell from the large coloured windows, through which the sun now shone, even, to producing, upon myself, at least, the most powerful impression, made of any mere work of art that I had ever beheld.

But there was another and more deeply impressive subject for reflection, exhibited within the interior of the mosque, which, were there no

more just grounds for comparing, sometimes, with disadvantage, the Christian Church in its changed and degraded condition, to the less interested, less political, and simpler system and forms for the worship of the Creator, should in itself be sufficient to excuse those remarks found throughout these sketches, the design of which, could not be conceived to be, to compare that, which viewed without the inventions of men, should be all truth, with that which has but one immutable principle, to which it perhaps owes its duration—the knowledge of the unity of the Deity, with the intelligible idea which is given of God, without mixture, or of substance, or of other spirit, and unconnected with any thing save that which He hath created, and which He might as easily destroy.

And that object, which should be of so deep an interest with the stranger, in the scene now before us, is the appearance of the pious Mussulman, abstracted in mind, and in the act of offering up his simple petition to Heaven, free from those gross or foolish symbols of spiritual things, which have been herein so often already made the subject of confident censure. Here, for the first time, at least it was the case in this instance, the traveller, weary of the pomp and shows of the Romish religion, and scandalized at the presence

not only of the images of the dead, even to the likeness of some of mankind, whom the church may be said to deify, but also, at the ridiculous or criminal attempt to place even the Creator Himself before our eyes in the form of man.—Here the inquirer has at least the proofs before him, of the possibility of impressing upon every human soul, without, or "pious frauds," or any symbols tending to confuse our ideas, the most important of all truths, the existence of a just and merciful Creator, and of leading men to some definite conception of what we are obliged to call His nature or His identity, by the contemplation of such of His attributes as He hath proclaimed or permitted us to discover, rather than in ascribing to Him the passions which belong alone to the creatures He hath formed, and to whom He hath given a character and nature peculiarly their own.

But, that the emphatic censure which is here so freely used, may not seem to be any strained effort to condemn, without reason, any of the practices of that branch of the church, from the superstitions of which we trust we have freed ourselves, it is perhaps necessary to recur for an instant, as well to the countries which have been the subject of the earlier pages of these remarks, where some customs in religious matters have

been treated of, as to the position which suggested these reflections.

There, in the Romish temple, we have often stood, and seen the knee of man bent before the likenesses of things both in heaven and earth, even from the worst up to the greatest of mere men, and before the spirits which the imagination of the devout or the simple have formed and peopled the unseen world from the meanest intelligence of this "bodiless creation" even up to the Eternal First Cause of all things. There, we have seen corruptions, so monstrous, that human language has no term to denote or describe the actions of the creatures which they have formed, that does not involve a manifest contradiction. There we have seen "pious frauds" practised upon the unwary—there the most detestable morals prevailing to considerable extent among the clergy.

But, we have departed from the shores of his Holiness' dominions, and what do we now behold? What do the heathens know? What is their faith, and practice, that we would convert to Christian men—to a faith such as that we have seen? Here, then, we see the Mussulman bow down before no image, kneel in no presence, even in his mind, of any created being, but before the spiritual image in his soul, of the increate and

eternal spirit, the attempted representation of whom, or even of any of his creatures, for such purpose, He justly aud equally abhors. Here no pretended miracles, shock the senses and contradict or confuse those conceptions which the knowledge of the unity of the Deity, and the contemplation of His attributes, must impress upon every human understanding, and every grateful heart. In a word, the traveller that shall have entered a mosque, may leave the fit temple of pure Theism with a mind big with emotions which he never experienced within a Romish temple; perhaps never felt before.

But it might be demanded, and not without reason—If these seeming encomiums, or the character which is here given to Mahomedanism be well founded, and if the Moslems have really attained so near an approach to the truth, what should be the let that has withheld from them the full enjoyment of all the advantages of the revelation which we possess? Here is indeed a difficulty, which, however great, we must not conceal. Several means, then, for its solution, offer themselves to our choice: but we must either take that by which the Romish Church is wont to solve all its difficulties, or we must give well-founded reasons for whatever solution we might seek, through other means, to establish.

We will recur, then, for the mere purpose of estimating the value of such as the Church might employ, as a means to an end, to the little history of an event, wherein as great a difficulty was once set at rest by the Church; and, if this method do not seem equal to our purpose, we shall, at least, be no further from the solution of the difficulty than before.

It is related in those pages which comprehend the early history of the Church, that one Brennus, with an army of Gauls, was on his march, for the good purpose of pillaging and destroying the Temple of Delphos, the very throne of paganism in that day, and establishing a Christian chapel in its place; but ere he was able to attain his object, a violent tempest arose, which destroyed the General and all his army.

Here was, indeed, a matter of difficulty with the spiritual generals of the Christian cause. Let us see how it was resolved:

It should at least be a miracle. But can the Almighty descend in the terrors of the storm, and with the thunderbolt in one hand, and the lightning in the other, strike down and burn up an army on its march, not to fight against an equal number of mortal men, but to root out His own enemies, and destroy their temples of impure and idolatrous worship? Alas! this had been too

improbable, too inconsistent, too unfavourable to their cause to obtain belief. It would not have been credited for a moment. It had been, at least, more consistent to have seen Jupiter himself sitting upon his throne in the clouds, and to have heard him in the winds, and to have, at once, acknowledged his supremacy. And whom, then, are we to regard, as now wielding the thunderbolt and lancing the lightning of offended heaven? What God hath wrought this great miracle? But at this very time that accumulating difficulties should have reached a climax that might almost shake our faith, we are nearest to the solution of our doubts; and presently the priests fully satisfy us.—'Twas the work of our old enemy the Devil.

Now, if we may choose this most easy method of solving all the doubts, at least, of a mind, incapable of forming any such ideas of the Deity, as to see no inconsistency in attributing the victory to the rebel angel, we shall be satisfied that Satan has marked the limits to which truth should attain, which may go no further without his good approval and sanction. But if our incredulity be great, or we are disposed to step aside from the wonted track, in our investigations, though we should not find the way so free and smooth, we may nevertheless arrive at some stops

and conclusions, that point out that better road which should lead to the most important of all things, a knowledge of the truth. And thus it becomes incumbent, after having advanced so far, to state one or two circumstances, which appear to have been amongst the greatest of those that have formed the barrier that has for so many ages obstructed the promulgation of true religion throughout the vast and populous countries that lie east and south of Europe. And since we are already in the metaphor in which we have made Knowledge a journey, the end of which should be Truth, and every conclusion at which we arrive a degree towards the attainment of that important end, it will be enough, at present, to step but one step upon that dark way.

For this purpose, then, we may return to what has been said, where it recurs, that the adoration of images and the worldliness of the clergy have been mentioned, as those evils that have prevailed in the church, which have been, and still are, the great causes that nourish the abhorrence for the Christian religion which the Mahomedans entertain—in a word, the very Devil still triumphant over the cause of benevolence and truth.

It will not savour of any desire to take anything from the will to do evil, in the infernal Spirit and original cause of sin, if we do not see the

direct operation of his power in raising these two obstacles to the promulgation of truth; yet have they not been mere passive agents to arrest the career of knowledge, but positive and active powers. So loaded, indeed, are the Romish institutions with ridiculous pomp and idle ceremony, that truth and error have become confounded together, even till the apostolic institutions are nearly destroyed. But what is more apposite or material to the present purpose to remark, the two errors above censured, especially, have infused that hatred or contempt into the minds of the Moslem nations, which has hitherto been an insurmountable barrier against the promulgation of knowledge and truth, which would doubtless otherwise have found an entrance, at least, into the bosoms of the highly intelligent Arabs of the Mussulman nations that have enjoyed the fullest intercourse with the Christian states.

But if we have solved nothing, we should, at least, in proportion as we have reflected, have increased our curiosity concerning what are really our relations to Islamism. What, indeed, the religion of this people; and wherefore those indications of piety and virtue, which we have been accustomed to believe peculiar to those who profess the religion which is divine: and we must needs pursue the inquiry further.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISLAMISM—CONSIDERED IN ITS DEGREES OF TRUTH, AND ITS EFFECTS IN THE MORAL WORLD, WITHIN AND WITHOUT ITS PROPER EMPIRE.

THE impressions commonly entertained among us concerning Islamism, are either extremely vague, or full of those sentiments which naturally first shock us, upon the report of any religious system that should be based upon, or supported by, any other authority than that of the revealed Scriptures which we possess; and thus, our inquiries into what the Mahomedan religion really is, and concerning the amount, if any, of truth which it contains, are, at once arrested, and we see everything through a false medium from the beginning, or so distorted, that, through our mere want of acquaintance with that of which we so hastily judge, we are led to conceive and cherish feelings, which should be scarcely less opposed to the promulgation of the truth, than a Mussulman's own extreme opinions of the Koran—than a

Moslem's belief in the scriptures which he possesses, and the oral traditions concerning the founder and the early followers, of the code and system to which it is certain, millions submit in faith and in practice, as the revealed will of the Almighty, and, with if possible, more veneration and confidence, than we ourselves are accustomed to show for the Scriptures which we acknowledge.

We have, it is true, yet taken no more than a tourist's glance at the capital city of the Faithful. Were it, indeed, otherwise, such observations, as it is believed, may, notwithstanding, even in this place, be permitted, without any danger of their being mistaken, would have been extended to the length which might not be at present warranted, since they should have for their object, a design too important to be materially aided by a judgment arising out of investigations of so partial and shallow a nature, as the best of those to which we have yet been able to have recourse.

As far, then, as we have been enabled, by the obscure light in which we have walked the streets of the great capital of the heir of the promulgator of Islamism, we have, at least, seen humanity, in too remarkable a form displayed, to allow us utterly to pass over all inquiry concerning its origin, and the extent and manner of its discovering itself, the right understanding of which, should be of so much importance to every design we may enter-

tain, for the amelioration in condition, and for the happiness, of so large a portion of the human race. We have, as certainly, however, seen brutality predominant in the feelings of a Turk towards a bewildered stranger, though we know hospitality to be a prominent command of the Koran. But we have seen honesty in the poor. We have seen religious devotion in all. We have seen charity extended, even in alms-giving, towards the brutes. We have seen a degree of simplicity, which should be one of the more pleasing ornaments of truth, even within the cloisters of the stately edifices of the Mussulman religion. We have seen decency and cleanliness in the courts of the mosque, more apparent, at least, than we are always accustomed to see these proper types of internal purity, in the courts of a Christian temple. We have seen many of that class, which, even among ourselves, are left in their grossest ignorance and dirt, here perform their ablutions, cast off their shoes from off their feet, and stand in the conscious presence of Him, before whom the sovereign and the peasant equally bow. And, have we seen all this, in such an instant of time, but to convince us, that the Moslems are of a character so unstable, or that their system is essentially so false, as to call upon us to unite against, or give us any hope of overthrowing their institutions, by the impotent weapons which we seem alone to have contemplated

employing? It were a shame to look upon these things, and turn from those reflections upon which they force us, or abstain from those inquiries to which they naturally lead; and it would be as opposite to the best interests of truth, as it might be to act upon the supposition, that the excellence of the religion and political institutions of the Europeans, but of our own in particular, could be comprehended and appreciated, without inquiry concerning their origin and their frame, and the relation of their special form and character to external causes and fortuitous events.

With this apology, then, let us take a short, but free, review of this religion, which we term Islamism or Mahomedanism, of its proportions of what is false and what true, and wherefore those effects which have indeed been but yet obscurely seen—and, if it may be accomplished without opening too wide a field of discussion, what the apparent influence of the Mahomedan institutions upon those fair and vast countries that are peopled with its believers, and, of course, its general effects upon the direct and indirect interests and happiness of the whole human race.

What, then, is Islamism, considered first, purely and simply in its essence as a supposed revelation from the Creator, to a portion, at least, of mankind?

It would be easy to answer this question, should

any one demand the authority for the contents of the Koran, definitely, and without its relation to any scriptures of a different character; but we are not able to open that important book—by important, is of course here meant, in its influence in the world—before we find we have not to deal with devilish inventions, and contemplate an engine of infernal manufacture, by which God is denied, and order become a chaos, but with a production, indeed human, but which, notwithstanding the corrupt state in which the sixth century exhibited Christianity, can scarcely be said otherwise, to abrogate or reject any of those scriptures which we acknowledge to be of divine authority, than as we consider abrogated, all the laws given on Mount Sinai, by the coming and preaching of the Messiah which the ancient Scriptures foretold.

We have now, then, this, at least extraordinary volume, open before us, and for the occasion, all the light which may be necessary, in order to judge correctly concerning the respect which is, for its own sake, due to its contents, without caring at present, for its effects, or what might be our judgment after a longer sojourn among a Mussulman people, and better opportunities of enquiry concerning all their institutions.

To return to our question, then: what, defini-

tively, is the religion of the Moslems? What is Islamism?

Islamism, in the first place, then, is the faith of one of those three great portions into which all of mankind that have attained the first and grand step in the moral progress of our species are divided—of all that have arrived at the knowledge of the Unity of the Deity—in a word, that acknowledge the true God, whom, though their Scriptures and their system be "puzzled in mazes, and perplexed in many errors," they worship in spirit, and in the sincerity of their hearts.

Islamism, is in short, an accredited revelation from the Deity, supposed to have been made to its founder Mahomed, from the Eternal Creator, "the Lord of all creatures," and the same that delivered the law to Moses on Mount Sinai, the same that raised Christ from the dead. It is believed by its followers, to be a new revelation from the Creator of Adam, and the God of Moses, of Abraham, and of Jesus, abrogating all His former laws, or at least superseding all ancient ceremonies, by those simpler forms which are practised indeed by the Children of the Prophet of Mecca, and instituting a new code, which gives the Koran almost the same relation to the Gospel, which is therein acknowledged, as that which the Christian Scriptures bear to those of the Jews. This

is, what Islamism is, simply considered, without relation to its intrinsic excellence or errors, or to its relative merits, put in comparison, either with what is all truth, or what is all error.

It was said, that we would next inquire, wherefore the first success of this new religion, wherefore the credit of a False Prophet, who neither concealed nor denied the Scriptures of the Christians, nor those of the Jews?

For its first success, and its rapid progress, Mahomedanism, without regard to the fortuitous circumstances which attended its propagation, was probably more indebted to the boldness of the invention, upon high-wrought and prepared superstitious minds, than to any worldly advantage which it promised; while its stability, may perhaps be mainly attributed, to its promulgation of that eternal truth, the knowledge of which, men arrive not at, and abandon, the Unity of God, which cannot be more absolute in the teaching of the author of Christianity, than in the text of the Koran.

But concerning the last of the above three propositions, embracing no less than the external and internal influence of Islamism, or its effects upon the characters of the Moslems, both in their social condition, and as a part of the great human family, though it should, if fully treated of, as it

has been already said, open indeed a field of observation, which the limits of these inquiries might not permit any attempt to do justice to; yet, such slight review of a subject so replete with touching interests, and founded upon what we have already seen of the Moslems, in the moral point of view in which we have regarded them, may not involve the necessity of pursuing the subject beyond the bounds which the objects in view seem to prescribe.

In the above little review, of what a stranger may observe in the capital, considered in a moral sense, of the entire Mahomedan world, we have even seen acts of humanity which should touch every human heart; and we have seen instances of honesty, and been impressed, at least, with the prevalence of self-denial, and sentiments of honour, among the Moslems, which should shame the practice of many of their equals in degree, or in the dignity or importance of their avocations, among a Christian people. We have seen delicacy and decency, carried, perhaps, even beyond what our own domestic economy always exhibits. We have even beheld toleration, such as is unknown in those portions of Christendom where the force of the Christian charities was first felt. And if we have seen slavery, we have contemplated that seeming or real bane of so-

cial happiness, in a milder form than we are acquainted with it, as a part and parcel of the law of almost every Christian nation. And can we reflect on these things, and believe that we have all the virtues that appertain to humanity, and that the system and code of the Moslems should have taken but such weak hold upon the spirit, that their more essential tenets and principles, might not have penetrated so deeply into the hearts of believers as to obstruct the attempt to substitute our own historical and religious Scriptures, without a single inquiry concerning the contents, and the moral practical effects, of those we would annihilate? One, at least, even in the present instance, we are bound to make; and this should involve a few remarks, in direct reference to the above proposition.

The first thing, then, that strikes our minds, and which it occurs to us to inquire, in contemplating the condition of society in any state, whether our object be amelioration or our own instruction, is perhaps—What is the grand link, or what are the greater of all those links in the great chain of relations in the constituted society, concerning the degree of excellence, and the stability of which, we are addressed to inform ourselves?

In the free states of Europe, and the remark about to be made, without regard to the end

which is proposed, would be impertinent, the works of the machine of constituted society are so complex and numerous, and the causes of effects which we perceive, spring from so many primary elements, actively producing varied and intricate forms, all bound together, by mechanism multiplied ten-fold upon the first principles that establish them, that we should place ourselves at a great distance from what is most familiar to our experience, before we can distinguish with clearness the more powerful or more active agents in the construction and maintenance of that established society in the midst of which we nevertheless live. But in Turkey, and indeed, more or less, in every Moslem land, one element first constituted, and ceases not to exercise a predominant influence over, all the social institutions of the country.

Among the Mahomedans, one simple and absolute principle sustains and governs the less complicated frame of the entire social fabric, and that is no other than what is believed to be, and revered as, a revelation of the will of God—even the revelations and the code of the Koran, to which we now draw sufficiently near, in order, less timidly, if but slightly, to review, with such remarks as the experience which produced the foregoing chapters may seem to justify.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ISLAMISM—SUBJECT CONTINUED.

It has not been left to this period of these remarks, to explain the cause of our respect for those scriptures, to the effects of which, we cannot shut our eyes, without extinguishing the prime light of which we should avail ourselves, in any endeavour to promote true knowledge, and contribute the portion that it becomes a Christian to contribute, towards every means of ameliorating the condition of any portion of his fellow-men. We are now, then, in a condition to look more nearly upon the moral practical influence of the grand principle which we are surveying, both within and without the immediate circle of Ottoman dominion.

If any one, with a much more familiar acquaintance with the Moslems, than it were just to pretend to have attained, at this period of these travels, and upon no better authority than the

little experience which has given rise to the above remarks—if any one thus situated, should design to put in the clearest point of view, the true estate of that people within the walls of their cities, or at the hearth of the most accessible of the Faithful, with all their relations to the world without the empire of Mussulman institutions, it might be consistent, and the best means to the great end, considered in the grand object of such important knowledge, to take up the subject with a determination to follow a very different course from that which the present circumstances seem to authorize. Prepared to treat the great question in proportion to its importance, we might begin by a review of the effects of the passions of men, their prejudices, their weaknesses, and the influence of heroism, and especially when united with any bold pretensions to supernatural knowledge, and more than all, when these should suppose a direct intercourse with the Creator. From this, we might proceed to consider the effects of these causes upon the excited, the uncultivated, or the vacant minds of men, ever prone to listen to the least signs of any communication from the spiritual Being or Beings, of which every uncommon incident especially proclaims the existence. We might next reflect upon what we call the attributes of the Creator, which should be no more than the mere

terms by which we would individualise what is above our comprehension, just as we speak of the nature of God, when we should mean no more than the relations in which we stand to Him, as the work of His hands. After this, we might consider, how little the wisest among us, is able to comprehend, without a direct revelation, and even, how often, while walking by that clear light, we are known to mistake the way, so as to encourage the exercise, one against another, of the worst passions of our nature, and the most opposed to those charities, which are yet, generally, acknowledged to be the very essence of the revealed will of the common Creator; and through which errors, indeed, it is probable that the course of truth has been arrested, and our religion, two thousand years after its institution, remained confined to a circle that scarce embraces a fourth part of the beings of an equal nature with ourselves, which people the habitable globe. Then, after such speculations as these, we might safely appeal to the authentic records of the foundation of Islamism, and following the course of its promulgation, proceed to inquire, especially, into the proper genius of the people among whom it prevails, with all their relations to the world without their empire. But the narrow experience out of which the foregoing sketches have proceeded, do not seem to warrant any so great aim;

while, what has been said of what might be the duty of abler hands in the pursuit of a superior object, should exonerate from censure, any such observations as might appear to some, to be too express and definite, without higher claims to the consideration of every lover of the investigation of truth, and too uncertain to be made useful in the promotion of any humane and charitable object.

Using, then, the only knowledge of the subject that the preceding chapter seems to establish, we may fearlessly proceed upon our own way.

It has been already said, that the very soul of the moral and political estate among Mussulmans, is centred in, and circumscribed by, that one governing principle, the supposed revealed will of the Creator, which, annihilating, or confounding reason, and the human understanding, has effectually submitted the nobler attributes of the mind, to the influence of superstitious terrors, which have been made the positive organs of government, and the very conservators of the errors with which they are associated.

And here, we are drawn to compare the condition of the semi-barbarous people of the present day, in the effects of the means by which they are governed, upon all their civil and political institutions, with the estate of the Christians in those ages, when the same diabolical engines which are

now used in the east, though by less simple means, were employed by those who knew their power, to brutalize the people by every species of corruption; while, the very head that wore the Tiara, and resorted to the detested means of preserving its power, possessed the legitimate means of refining the morals of men, and improving their social condition in all their institutions, in a word, of civilizing Europe, by the promulgation of the safest and easiest of all things to communicate—the truth.

In fact, the faith of which we are at present chiefly treating, is no more than a corruption by different means, rather than in a different degree, of the religion, and Scriptures, which we believe to be divine—a corruption, consisting of the invention of a false medium through which to see and understand the revelations which we possess from Moses to the Saviour, with additions, scarcely more monstrous than the inventions of Christian priests of the darker ages. To the descendants of Ishmael, or those who have embraced their faith, we stand, then, in no worse light, than the posterity of Isaac and Jacob appear in the eyes of, at least, the more uncharitable among ourselves, throughout all Christendom; and this, after these Ishmaelites have communicated only with those Christians, whose

mistaken zeal, or whose extreme opinions, have been as averse to the establishment of truth among them, as among the scattered remnants of the legitimate descendants of Abraham.

We arrive, then, at the point at which we are to take our quick survey of Islamism, in the two-fold relations which have been formally proposed, and to the full, that the preceding chapters might seem to warrant. We are to regard its effects upon the Mussulman character, and the nature of its operation upon the social institutions, in the degree of civilization which it admits, or of which it has been productive, as well as, perhaps, to make a few remarks concerning its influence upon the world beyond its legitimate moral empire.

Any inquiry, however narrow, concerning the faith, the morals, the political institutions, and the effects of their combination, in the countries which we are surveying, cannot, in any light, and more especially in that in which we are regarding them, be a subject of indifference to a Christian people. The present time, is, without doubt, an important era, both in the moral and political history of the human species. Civilization and semi-barbarism, or full knowledge and its youthful likeness, have embraced each other, and the weaker form, awaits but the moment of conviction—the apprehension and establishment of truth—to form an alliance

with the stronger, which should reclaim many millions of our fellow men, from all the horrors of tyranny, both over the body and the mind, to which they have been for thousands of years, from generation to generation, subjected, to partake, at least, of the blessings of such institutions as solace the existence of the less civilized and less free than ourselves, of the European people.

Now, although we are first and chiefly to regard this religion in its effects upon the character, and the social institutions, of the people which profess it, without reference to its influence of a less domestic kind, it may nevertheless smoothe our path, to seek at once for a position, in relation to the full extent of this little inquiry, as a ground-work for the fabric which we would erect upon a site, that should give a kind of moral individuality to what we shall first contemplate in its proper independence, while it should afterwards permit us to distinguish its relations to the surrounding objects and their proper effects. And this end, we shall perhaps best attain, by a short reference (which is the only instance in which any such appeal will be made), even to history—to the condition of the nations which had not embraced Christianity at the time of the promulgation of Islamism.

There is no one, then, whose attention need be

more than merely directed, in reference to this purpose, to two certain facts, the positive or negative effects of which, require no argument to set them in their true relative character, in regard to the Mussulman system; and these, in a word, are no other than, that gross idolatry in which the children of Ishmael were found by the propounders of the Mahomedan Scriptures, and in which the nations on one side of their empire even still remain, and the obscurity of the light by which the truth might be with difficulty, if at all, distinguished, among the people upon the other side, consisting of the nations of the Christian world.

We may now then draw near the moral fabric, as it at present erects its head upon the basis upon which we have placed it, in the midst of a wide intellectual territory, replete on the one hand, with the durable edifices, if they be not, always, clearly exhibited, of truth, with the effects of the highest degree of civil society which has attended the Christian system; while, on the other, appears the sterile and ever gloomy territory of error, with all its attendant barbarities.

The very first object that arrests the stranger's attention when he arrives in a Mussulman country, is one which should excite our sympathy and our unmingled admiration. It is, the constant exhibition of the unaffected signs of true piety and

sincere devotion. Whether we frequent the haunts of commerce, or the retirements of the cypress groves, beyond the busy hum of the city, we are continually presented with the same gratifying object for our contemplation, of our fellow men, bowed down, even to the ground, in adoration and prayer, and not before the sensible image of Spiritual Beings in human form—not before supposed Holy Men departed, but in the conscious presence of Him whose eye is over all, and whose ear is open to every prayer. And if we have previously been misled by exaggeration of the errors of Islamism, what will be our surprise when we find, that, not only do the Moslems, as is sufficiently clear, by the unity they ascribe to the Deity whom they address—not only do they bow down before the same Eternal Spirit whom we worship, but even call upon His name, as we are wont to do, as the God who created and placed Adam in Paradise, even the God of Abraham, of Moses, and of Jesus; though, would that we could not add, that also raised up, and conversed with, one they declare to have been greater than these, even the last of the Prophets, and the seal of all the revelation and divine laws, that extraordinary hero, poet, statesman, man, Mahomed.

The concise transcript, then, of the Mussulman mind, formed in this error, as far as the limited

observations detailed in the preceding chapters may warrant, and with the more prominent trait or feature of Islamism before our eyes, now forces itself upon us, in a light in which we may contemplate the Mahomedan character, free from prejudice, and with total disregard of all obscure and difficult doctrines, and perplexing dogmas. We would see, alone, what is really the composition of the Mussulman mind; without pretending, on so short an acquaintance with the institutions of the Moslems, to have discovered the means by which the blessings we enjoy, whether of a civil or political character, and last of all, religious, might be made to extend throughout their vast territory, to the myriads of our fellow creatures which we have yet only seen, and characterized in a few observations, within the walls of their capital seat of empire.

Since, then, the disposal, in the present case, of that which, an elaborate inquiry, with more definite ends and aims, might not so easily have put aside, leaves us at liberty to introduce the proper volume out of which the whole frame of society is established in a Mussulman country, we may proceed at once to the effects of their scriptures, without the obligation to consider, abstractedly, of the value of their contents; and the first thing that here strikes us, is, the unbounded influence which

the Koran possesses, not only as an organ of Government, and as a civil and moral code of law, but upon the religious faith, the morals, and the hope, established in the mind of every soul that believes, which, indeed, should be almost every soul that professes a belief, in the divine origin of this extraordinary book. With such wonderful effect, indeed, is the religion of which this volume is the spirit and the guide, impressed upon every believer, that such extravagant ideas of its nature and its excellence exist, as it could not enter into our minds to conceive, even of the most sacred of the Holy Scriptures which we possess. Good Mussulmans are not content with simply considering the Koran as the revealed will of the Deity, taken down in writing and promulgated by their prophet, but, their scriptures, they believe, existed from all eternity, and are increate. They believe—and it should be a dull spirit that might not be roused at the boldness of the thought, or at its sublimity as a figure—that near to the throne of God, remain the records of the eternal decrees, both past and to come, written in the Arabian tongue, which is declared to be the divine language, and in preserved tables, from which the heavenly edicts are annually taken and given to the angels, that every one, according to his peculiar employment, may know and accomplish

them. Further, that on a certain night, a richly adorned copy of that Koran which they possess, was taken from the divine table of records, and sent down by the angel Gabriel, to be revealed by degrees, and at stated periods, to Mahomed, the chosen servant of the Eternal God, even to this extraordinary man, who, whatever we may think of his motives, resting upon the internal evidence of the intrinsic excellence of his book, scorned all pretensions to work any such miracles as those by which the pretended followers of Christ, even up to this very hour, in some parts of Christendom, deceive the vulgar and unwary, to such scandal to our religion, as rather to raise a barrier to its advancement, by shocking the minds of those whom we talk of converting, instead of effecting its promulgation.

Without, indeed, any further acquaintance with the history of the Koran or of Mahomedanism, than might arise from the consideration of such circumstances as those which have been above stated concerning its origin, who should be surprised at its effects, and the deep-seated impressions upon the mind of every Mussulman, regarding every matter upon which it treats? Who should be surprised, that Mussulman institutions, and the Mussulman mind, shonld exhibit but the active principles of good and evil, which the code and

decrees of that extraordinary volume set forth and discover to our apprehension? The external evidences, in fact, of this result, meet us at every step in the path of our inquiries, and often, in the exhibition, of what, in the abundance of the exercise of the cooler powers of the mind, might, to the stranger, whose narrow means of observation permits not a general survey of the dependence of the effects upon their causes, and the relation of all he sees, to the grand principle upon which the base and entire frame of society rests—appear at variance with the feelings of a semi-civilized people, who had arrived at a knowledge, and through the means, indeed, of the scriptures of the Jews, and the Christians, upon which, at least, were laid the foundations of the Arabian's teaching—at a knowledge, of that important truth, in all conditions of society, even where its operations should be no greater, than to restrain the extravagances and lust of power in the priesthood, the most liable, perhaps, of all orders of the people in any state of society, short of the highest degree of civilization, to use their influence, as we have instances enough in several countries of Europe, for the suppression of knowledge, and the promotion of whatever should seem most to tend to the increase of their worldly interests—at variance, in short, with the feelings of a people who

had arrived at a knowledge of the unity of God. So sacred, indeed, is that book esteemed, of which we are speaking, that a good Mussulman will not so much as lay his hand upon the covers that encompass it, without first washing, or being purified from any uncleanness with which, by disease or otherwise, he may suppose himself to be tainted.

Now, after these observations, we may at least proceed to consider, in a brief manner, some of the greater effects of what have been called the active principles of good and evil, which it has been conceived, are to be found in Mahomedan society; for however little we may advance, we may be certain, that every thing that should tend to bring us acquainted with the character of the Mussulman institutions and people, must at the same time tend to advance the interests, and prepare the way for, the establishment of truth.

CHAPTER XXV.

ISLAMISM—SUBJECT CONTINUED—COMPARED WITH GREEK AND ROMAN CHRISTIANITY.

If we were directing our attention to what is most estimable only, in Mahomedan society, and for the purpose of finding arguments to excuse what is evil, it might be proper to take a survey of the history of the Moslems, even from the age which they term that of ignorance, or that which preceded the appearance of Mahomed, or, at least, of such records as are to be found concerning the condition of the Arabs, his proper compatriots, before the coming of their prophet. It should, in such case, also, be necessary to take account of the condition up to this time, of the barbarous nations on that side their empire, or, where the people have not yet received the Koran, or become entirely subjected to the prime dominion of its precepts over all their institutions, as in

Turkey and Arabia; but as no higher aim is here affected, than to define some characteristics of the Moslem mind, and consider, of the value of what is good in itself, and what evil, without relation to the causes of their existence or to the entire effects of them, we shall have a task of less difficulty to execute, while we may yet come as near as may be wished, to the attainment of as much as it has been proposed to accomplish.

But in order, the more conveniently to circumscribe the few following remarks, within, what should be, with these views only, their proper bounds, it is necessary to be especially general above all, in such observations as are the more borne out, and thus the more evident, by the little characteristics which appear in the chapters devoted to the promenades above particularized.

Perhaps, then, among those remarkable features which first more strongly engage the interest of the stranger on his arrival in a Mahomedan country, that of all others, is the absolute submission which is universally yielded to the governing authority, at least at all times when the subjects of the Sultan are not under the mad influence of civil or religious excitement; and it may be with surprise that he will discover, that this is by no means entirely the result, as he may have first conceived, of physical force on the one side, nor of

fear on the other. It is the genuine result, on the contrary, of the prevalence of the impression of divine right being inherent in the person of the Monarch, who not only sits upon the temporal throne of Mahomed the Second, but is alike, the representative of the greater Mahomed, by whom all the institutions may be considered to have been formed; and thus, he should be, at once, the legitimate source and head of all moral force and political power.

But one more general remark should perhaps be yet added, before more particular reference is made to those several prominent features which are thought best adapted to individualise and identify the followers of the Prophet of Mecca, and the evidence to the fact of which, is perhaps as well borne out by the details comprehended in the preceding chapters, as any of the characteristics which have been noticed, or are about to be added to those which have already engaged our attention. It is the wonderful simplicity, of the formalities and ceremonials of the Mussulman's proper religious system, which it is impossible that a Christian should contemplate, without a degree of admiration, that we wish in vain we could feel, when we witness the rites and ceremonies of the two major or elder churches of the Christian world.

But here it is proper to remark, following a

course, already, on other occasions taken, that, if a complete analysis of what is here treated of, were the present design, a better means of proceeding, than that of making a comparison between things that, considered, indeed, in their essence, and their intrinsic importance, could no more be justly compared, than could truth, and what should be most opposed thereto, be weighed in the balance of justice, with any hopes of the triumph of evil over good. In this slight review, however, of what might be worthy of inquiries of a higher character, we need scarce scruple to put in opposition, as the only way of contemplating things the least familiar, even, the management of the external forms, as far as we at present contemplate them, of the proper affairs of Islamism, and its ceremonies, with those rights and forms which so large a portion of the Christian world daily practice, and so great a proportion of Christians have inseparably connected and confounded with the very essence of the Scriptures, as we receive them, from their first authorities, though they should be as distinct in substance and in spirit, from each other, as whatever is perfect, clear, and most simple, should be, from whatever is most incomplete, obscure, and complicated, of all the branches of knowledge that move our passions or engage our understandings.

Let us, then, under the restraint which is necessary, in order to be concise upon a subject so replete with material matter for an enlarged examination, just enter, and yet scarcely more than enter, both within the sacred edifice of the Christians, and within the temple of Moslem worship.

We will first pass the threshold of the Christian edifice. And as we enter the sacred place, high mass should be in the act of performance; and a good Mussulman is at our side, that would be instructed in a knowledge of our religion, or at least, one impressed with the importance of, and desirous of discovering, the truth. Our pupil, first casts his eyes upon the altar and all that it adorn, upon the priest in his surplice, and upon the boys, one of whom holds the priest's train, while another twirls about the vessels of incense, at the same time that a third lights the tapers set upon golden candlesticks, the light of which presently exhibits more clearly to his view, the image of death, even by the agonies of The Cross; but he has scarce time to comprehend the signification of all these signs, before we are called upon to explain the ceremonials of the representation of the life and death of Christ. And we must now even inform him, that at this very instant, he sees the priest drink the pure live blood, of the natural

body of man, who was nevertheless God, and, though of flesh and blood, yet of material so incorruptible and so enormous, that though tons of the precious substance were eaten and drunk daily, there would be no diminution of a particle for ever; and that, notwithstanding these miraculous effects of the holy mass, the meat and drink of which he had seen the devout partake, still retained to the outward senses, all the appearance of sparkling Rhenish and mere bread; and drawing a little nearer, we discover to him, even delicate women, in the act of eating, as we must needs assure him, the very human flesh of that God before the likeness of whose mangled body they still kneel.

And when these things are in simple sincerity disclosed, what should be the feelings, the conviction, not of one without religion, but of one arrived at the knowledge of the unity of God, of whom, though he could not conceive the essence, he had, at least, acquired sufficiently clear ideas, to affix the same attributes by which we are wont to personify the Supreme Being, in order that we may the more easily give individuality to our conceptions of what should be spiritual, increate, and eternal, disconnected with every thing gross and material, every thing subject to, or connected with what is created and mortal? What should

be his opinion of our priests and their obedient flock? What, of the system that should require such means to its end—of the religion which we would have him believe to be divine? What should be his impressions of the faith of the Christians—of the nature of their conceptions of their God?

In a word, one, at least, of the grand obstacles which stand in the way of the promulgation among the Moslems of the better scriptures which we possess, is, the manner in which the Greek and Roman churches have confounded all conceptions of the Deity, by their absurd representations of the persons and characters of the Trinity, which they separately worship. The impression, is, indeed, indelibly fixed upon every good Mussulman mind, that we worship a plurality of gods—which, though the mystery of the Trinity should be ever so inexplicable and incomprehensible, would, it is presumed, be the last solution of the spiritual doubts of any learned Christian, not under the baneful influence of Popish or Greek craft.

But we will now glance slightly at the opposite picture. We will reverse the position of the representatives of the two faiths which have been imagined, and it is hoped, personified without irreverence towards the sacred things comprehended within the circle of the better system of divine organization, which we trust we enjoy.

We are already, then, beside the good Mussulman, within the threshold of the temple, sacred to the rites of his religion, sacred to his worship. And here, it need hardly be said, we are rather driven by necessity than led by choice, to a comparison between the two faiths, which might well appear irreverence to such as have not yet seen—and we must here fall into repetition—that the foundation of both the fabrics, the outlines of which are herein but so imperfectly sketched, are in truth, at least laid upon the same imperishable basis, and that the chief corner-stone of the edifice, however the character of the lesser materials, or the manner of their consolidation may differ, as one story, has, from time to time, been set upon another, is one and the same. We have, indeed, but to enter either temple, of either worship, or with the Bible, or with the Koran, in our hands, equally to recognise the grand revealed truths which we acknowledge, though disguised in Popish Europe, by superstitions unworthy of a rational creature, and confounded in Mahomedan countries, from their earliest promulgation, either by the ignorance, or by the mixed motives of their original propagator and his successors. Both acknowledge, and both worship, the same one supreme and benevolent Creator, whose will, it is the first duty of all His

intelligent creatures to endeavour to discover, and above all other things to obey.

With this preparation, then, even as we have already stood in the temple dedicated to what is believed by so many millions, to be fit Christian worship, or the worship of the Creator as we are instructed by the last and greatest messenger of His will, so we now stand within the Temple of Islamism, or of the worship of the same benevolent Being, according to the knowledge of His attributes and His will, derived from one, who, in the opinion of His followers, is even as Jesus with ourselves, except indeed as touching the godhead of the Saviour—from one that they esteem, as before said, as the seal of the prophecies and the revelations which begin with Moses and the Pentateuch.

But that we may not seem, insensible to the superiority of what has survived the effects of the false elements which have mingled with the truth, we must not here put upon the features of the Moslem, all the expression of charity, which, in spite of error, should have lit up the countenance of the Christian, when he stood, even in the presence of a stranger to his creed, before the altar, in front of which, his haughty companion would not, could not, bend. The two devotees, indeed, differ not more, in the desire of conversion

to the principle or passion which prevails in the mind of each, and is apparent in the active spirit to propagate in the one, and the indifference which reigns on the part of the other, than charity and the moral force by which the Gospel was propagated differ from the violence committed by the author of Islamism and his fanatical successors.

But the Christian now stands, and bare-foot, like his associate, upon the cold marble of the pavement of the mosque. And what doth he here behold? What should be his impressions, his feelings? His incommunicable companion, has removed a step to the right or the left, and has spread his carpet upon the floor of the temple. And, as the Christian, involuntarily, himself draws a step backwards, he sees the Mussulman, whose sincerity he could not doubt, now bend the knee, and bow the head to the ground, in turning at the same time to an empty niche in the wall, where it might have been expected should have stood a figure, but which indicates only the direction of Mecca, the Mussulman's holy city.

But he listens, to perceive, whether any, or what good, can come out of the mouth of a heathen—from the lips of a Turk. No noisy parade diverts his attention or obstructs his sense; and he hears his devout companion utter his unaffected prayer: and these his words:—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the Most Merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom Thou hast been incensed, nor of those who go astray."

Can adoration and prayer, addressed in sincerity, by any dependant being, in any form, to Him whom he believes created him, and on whom his existence or his extinction, his happiness or his misery, here and hereafter should depend, be heard by his fellow-being in the scale of creation, with indifference? And can the Christian here fail to perceive the resemblance of what he hears, with the prayer which he learned to lisp in his mother's arms, and feel not its force? Will he not cast his eyes on every side, for the image of some celestial being, or of some departed holy man, to whom it should be addressed, or by whom it might be inspired? And can he be sensible of the absence of all the work of men's hands, save the bare architectural edifice, and not feel, while the humble accents of the Moslem remain upon his ear, if not, his heart to throb with new emotions, at least his mind to receive new perceptions, nay, even to a consciousness of the presence of God, such as he never felt before?

And after this, need we express our sense of the happy fortune, that the day of conversion by the sword, has not, with the Moslems, as with the Christians, been succeeded by days of conversion by more lawful means. Let us rather think it happy, that the tongue of the Moslem is silent—that Arabic letters are almost extinct—or we might have trembled for the consequences, to the Latins and Greeks at least, who should have entered the mosque, and heard a few words of exhortation from the mouth of the Moslem priest, seen the devout Mahomedan upon his knees, witnessed his sincerity, and heard his prayer.

It would be a painful task, and might shock equally, the imagination that should conceive, and the understanding which should listen to, what might nevertheless in a philosophical, or more full inquiry than this, tend to good, were we to accompany the Christian to his home, and see him in the contemplation, for the first time, of God in spirit and in truth, or on the next morning, to his chapel, to hear him renounce his images, and proclaim shame upon the pretended miraculous conversion of wine into blood, and paste into flesh, that he might be made to taste the very substance of God in human form; while the Mussulman, who has received but a part of true revelation, and through immeasurably more cor-

rupt channels, has yet preserved more faithfully the most important in its effects on men's minds, of all truths whatsoever—the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, who is imperceptible to the senses, incomprehensible to the understandings, of men: and, as a consequence, that it will be according to our actions towards each other, and our resignation to the decrees of God, and not according to our vain imaginings concerning the manner of His existence, and of His government of the universe, that we shall be greater or less objects of His interest here, and of His favour hereafter.

Leaving, therefore, the good Greek or Roman to his reflections undisturbed, we shall do well, at least, to encourage the hope, that the blessings that so considerable a portion of the universal church received at the Reformation, may, ere long, extend to the entire Christian world; and that good men, under the advice, or by the aid of cooler heads and better judgments than usually possess the most active and energetic of the devout, may be enabled, even though we live not to see it, to unite at least the semi-barbarous nations that border on Europe, with the more civilized, by a bond that should be founded upon universal charity, and peace, and good will, among all nations and people for one another, for ever.

It might, justly, be considered presumptuous, in one, authorised by no greater experience than that which has led to the above observations, to set up a theory for the destruction of a great social fabric, and for the safe introduction of that which, if indeed once established, it must be admitted, should be attended with advantages of the highest order, and be replete with the greatest blessings of which perhaps humanity may be susceptible. This opinion, however, it is difficult to refrain even at this moment from expressing: that we cannot move one step in the course upon which the unrestrained zeal of many good Christians have endeavoured to hurry us along, and even believed they had already entered upon with hopes of the attainment of the most benevolent ends, even the conversion of the Mahomedans to Christianity, as we ourselves have revived it—we cannot move one step, without violating, and not in reference to religion purely as religion, one of the few, and perhaps the most important, of the truths, which it is believed has been discovered, in the intricate science of political economy—without, indeed, rejecting and setting at naught, the knowledge which teaches us, that what is good in one land, and in one condition of the minds of men, may yet be false and hurtful in another land, and in a dissimilar condition of the intellectual man: and

this opinion, it is believed, may be entertained, without yielding assent to the certainly less tenable proposition: that, that which is established, is ever the best.

Islamism, and the Koran, form the very heart of all the institutions of the people of which we are speaking, which could not cease its action, without the derangement or destruction of the entire body and frame of established society; and it may be added, it might be well, if we corrupt not, or do not wholly banish, by any such intemperate zeal, even some morals that are better than those which obtain among ourselves, and perhaps even destroy the sole palpable means that exists of effecting the ends at which we aim. It might indeed be well, if such measures did not annihilate the essential principle, whose elements should be innate in the breast of every man, and which perhaps requires but real and perfect toleration, to appear in, and impart its blessings to, all human institutions—the great principle, which, in the more civilized countries of Europe, where the governments have alike freed themselves from the baneful ascendency of the clerical order, and from the influence of the irregular passions and the fanaticism of the people, has appeared under the conduct of the understanding in all the native and fresh beauty of truth, and taken the form

of a calm and persuasive guide; while, the likeness under which it appears in Mussulman countries, to which we cannot nevertheless deny the name of religion, is one under which it must reign, until better means be found for its guidance and direction, than have been hitherto thought of, or it must cease to maintain one element of the degrees of civilization which the good subjects of the Sultan enjoy, and of which it should be the sole stay.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISLAMISM—SUBJECT CONCLUDED. SOME OPINIONS FOUNDED UPON IMPRESSIONS FREELY AVOWED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

After the free remarks contained in the preceding chapters concerning the character of Islamism, and its influence upon the social condition, generally, of the Mahomedan nations and people, the subject may be closed by a notice of one or two of those features which are especially apparent in the institutions and customs of the Moslems, and which, at least, will not be contradicted, by any thing that fell under observation, during the course of the walks, of which the incidents have been above given in detail.

If religion, indeed, be, as it has been said to be, the basis of every Moslem institution, it must needs contribute, in a greater or less degree, to modify the rigour, which, under absolute governments in demi-civilized states, should pervade every depart-

ment of civil economy; and, it should greatly influence, if not wholly determine every important feeling or action, in what it may not here be improper to term the moral domestic economy of civil life. In a word, in proportion as we find this to be the position in which civil and religious affairs here stand to each other, in the same proportion may we expect to find the influence of Revelation, or that which is so regarded, upon the minds and the actions of its believers, and also the degree of uniformity, with the standard of character, and the prevailing morals of the people.

To be concise, then, with these few remaining remarks—under such influence as we have considered, the young Mussulman enters life, subject above all other things to submission to his father's will, which, never indeed during the life of the parent, loses, or its authority or its influence, the effects of which, need it be said, with few exceptions, must be to train up a child with so great respect for his superiors, that he must imbibe the more readily the moral lessons which parents of all religions inculcate, and which do not quit us after mature age; and accordingly, we find honesty and high value for truth, and other essential virtues, so remarkably obtain among Mussulmans, that they are proverbially the distinctive sign of a follower of the Prophet of Mecca, even in a popu-

lation, or among a class, of which professing Christians form a considerable portion.

The temperance of the Moslems, which is equally derived from the code of the Koran, is too well known to dwell upon; but if we would recognise it in its effects, we should have no harder task to perform to that end, than to conceive in our estimate of the Mussulman character, the absence of every vice or evil consequence, the source of which we trace to the opposite practice among ourselves, and add the more positive advantage, of the superior health which the Moslems unquestionably enjoy, above even the Christians of the most civilized nations. But, if the practise of "drinking," as it is termed by the Arabs, the sooty exhalations of the fragrant or nauseous herb so common, and the use of the yet more pernicious juice of the poppy, be some deduction from their merit and its good consequences, in this particular, it is certain, that the former of these, can bear no proportion in its deleteriousness, to the wine-cup in which we indulge, and that the latter is by no means a prevalent habit, if, indeed, much more than known, beyond the bounds of the metropolis, in the Moslem Empire.

But, as we are not in a condition to carry the encomium, as it might be considered, any further than the illustrations which preceded these remarks might seem to warrant, it may suffice to

add, that no moral attribute of the Moslems is more conspicuous than those personal qualities, which cannot be too much praised—great natural modesty and delicacy, personal cleanliness, and, well-managed, because well-founded, dignity both of, character and the mien.

Thus far, indeed, we have certainly considered Islamism, or the Koran, in its more favourable point of view. We have seen, that its foundations were laid upon the same basis as the religion of the civilized world, and of truth; and were it otherwise, it had not been worthy, either that consideration which has been here given to it, or of our doubts or precautions, concerning the terrible consequence which must ever attend any violent change in the structure of any long established, and still firmly cemented, social institutions. But we will just glance, before we conclude, upon the darker side of the painting, which has above been seen in its more favourable light; but, without pretending to draw the curtain any further from off the scenes and figures of the moral picture so imperfectly displayed before us, than the realities which have been earlier presented, might still seem to authorize.

What are then the darker features of such a portion of the piece as we have had the means of discovering—what the most forward evils in the system whose great whole is centred in one

active principle—in Islamism ?—We will not expressly dwell upon more than two; which shall at least be among those, the more certainly licensed by that moral engine, by which, if they were not founded, they were at least confirmed, and have been for so many centuries upheld.

We will then consider Slavery, and Polygamy. They should be the evils of all those in the Mussulman system, the most opposite in our ideas of right, justice, and civilization, while they are those from which we are happily the most free.

Is it possible, that we should need to follow the savage among savages, through his scenes of massacre of his own species, upon the Nile or upon the Black Sea, or contemplate the tyrant disposing of his subjects for the possession of a few gilded baubles, with all the accompanying details of inhuman warfare the barbarous traffic? Have we to place before our eyes, the captive mother, weeping over the dead bodies of her slaughtered sons, or with outstretched arms, bidding an eternal farewell to the infant just snatched from the gory bosom that nourished it? Need we figure, the virgin defiled before her chained father's and brother's eyes? Is it necessary, in a word, to put all the horrors of slavery before the eyes, and appeal to the free spirit of a British inquirer, to excite interest in, and beget a motive to seek to ameliorate the condition, of the unhappy of his

fellow-men? Let us then, rather declare, that its very existence, ought to be sufficient motive for the destruction of every system of which it is a part, when this might be effected, without the overthrow of institutions, like those which we have been contemplating, which, in spite of the view we are now taking of their sources or their details, have at least been such as to gain our respect.

But upon slavery, in the country in which we now sojourn, rests the prime link of the chain by which domestic economy, proper, is bound and connected, and were we to break this, by any fanatical or imprudent attack, we should destroy the firmest, and usually the most easily performed of all the social obligations which exist among the Mahomedan people; and our zeal might be productive of immeasurably more evil than good.

It only now remains, in reference to Polygamy, to make a few observations, tending precisely to the same end, the recommendation of caution, and the expression of doubts, concerning all attempts to undermine what rests upon a common basis with what is good, or upon that principle of the social obligation, which is the most necessary to maintain.

In all parts of the Mahomedan dominion, we find polygamy prevail, under sanction of the civil and religious law, which we have sufficiently seen, are but one and the same. But although

this practice, or this mode of life be lawful, it is not licensed without limits. So far is it otherwise, indeed, that what we first take in the Koran for an exhortation to polygamy, upon minuter examination we find to be a mere limit put to the practice which formerly prevailed in the native land of the Prophet, and with restrictions which modify the objectionable practice; for the followers of the Prophet, while they are permitted to marry two, three, or four, are not allowed at any time to exceed the last number, of wives; and they are exhorted, on no account to marry even more than one, unless they can in a worldly sense, "act equitable" towards them. And, to this may be added, that polygamy, was, at least in the opinion of the Jewish doctors, in accord with the ancient divine law; and that, though the limits set by the Koran were violated by the Moslem prophet in his own particular person, the morals, in this particular, which were practised by the passionate hero, should bear no comparison to the indulgence of some of the Lord's anointed in Israel. For what proportion should the seven wives of Mahomed bear to the harems of King David and his sage son? Or what in the Koran, is so amatory, so impassioned, as the Songs of the wise king?

With no greater limits than those which are at present at our disposal, the sum of the good and

evil of polygamy may be comprehended in a single remark. It is a law in society, which has been found unproductive of the extremes of excellence and degradation, which the women of Europe are known equally to attain and descend to. Where it prevails, there often remains, but the shadow, indeed, of the natural and noblest ornament of the daughters of men; yet it is equally true, that in a land of slavery and polygamy, the high-ways exhibit no such scenes of shame, as disgrace the streets of the most civilized and Christian land.

After these remarks, which should be no more than a mere taper-light to indicate the dangers of the first step of an obscure and solemn way, all suggestions concerning the means of the amelioration so much spoken of, will be left to more exact and capable observers; and the subject may be concluded by the mere expression of a strong conviction, that, whatever moral and political revolution, the improved intercourse of the nations may ere long effect, every essay of zeal, every benevolent endeavour on the part of nations, societies, or particular men, that "holds not colour with the time," and is not founded in cool inquiry, will result in disappointment, and perhaps be productive of greater evils than those which it is addressed to eradicate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE. CONCLUSION.

Towards the end of April, I quitted Constantinople, by a French steamer, bound to Smyrna. There were groups of passengers on board, from all the nations that touch, or border, upon the Mediterranean Sea. There were Europeans, in their several varieties of costume, from that of the Albanian cotton petticoat, to the sombre broad-cloth of the more western nations, and Asiatics and Africans, more distinguishable in their many shades of colour, and in feature, and expression, than in their mere outward coverings. The world seemed to have assembled the representatives of all her nations, tongues, and people upon one deck. There, sat upon his carpet, or walked haughtily on one side, the grave Turk, attended by an ebony-colored sulky negro, and scarcely deigning to look upon a party of Egyptian or Syrian Arabs, seated, with

every one his carpet lapped over that of another, and known by their countenances of high intelligence, mingled with a meeker spirit; while, on the opposite side, swaggered the lawless Albanian, among groups of thoughtful Germans. And all these, save the Arabs of Egypt and Syria, who had obeyed the summons of their Sovereign the Sultan, bound upon a pilgrimage, some to the sepulchre of Mahomed, and some to that of Him whose very human name, it might scarce be tolerable to utter, at the same breath with that which we have pronounced.

It was impossible to look with indifference upon a scene of so much interest. It was British engines at least, that impelled us on our way. Can vapour, and the mechanical power which should force a ship on her course, be the second cause, by which Heaven will, if such an end be the eternal decree, reunite the human race, divided, and at enmity with one another, almost since the hour that our common parents first tilled the ground? You might, at once, look upon the descendants, of men, that but yesterday destroyed one another, that they might honour their Creator, the most precious of whose attributes, they yet equally believe, to be His unbounded mercy. You might see, seated almost upon the same mat, the representatives of the three great religions which ac-

knowledge the same origin, all at short intervals, occupied in their prayers and supposed duties, connected with their several creeds and systems, without exciting the regards of one another. It seemed as if every one was seized with the impression hitherto confined to enlightened men, that the Father of all, turns not from the worship of any of His creatures, that address Him in any character in which He should be known to their understanding or impressed upon their imaginations.

The Mahomedan, the Jew, and the Christian, smoked in company with one another, as if they had forgotten their ancient envy, and all their former malice. It was like the fulfilment of the prophecy, when the king of the beasts shall lie down by the side of the less fierce quadruped that we have yoked and trained to perform the most necessary of all our labours. Greater enemies, indeed, of but yesterday, than the beasts to whom Nature has given the fierceness and malignity which they entertain for each other, here presented the image, the type and sign, of concord and universal peace among men.

The Christian and the Jew, were on their pilgrimage to the same holy city, and site of all that is most sacred to both. The Jew, to fall down before the walls that enclose the mosque, said to

be built upon the site of the Temple of Solomon, the Christian to kneel at the sepulchre of the second person of the Trinity in human form, denied on earth as we reject an impostor, and his mortal existence destroyed by the Jews; and lastly, the faithful Mussulman, with equal or greater resolution, on his weary way, to the more distant, and in his eyes, more holy city and sepulchre of him, whom, to the scandal alike of the Christian and the Jew, he deems a greater prophet than the propagator of the Hebrew code, or than the Institutor of the Christian moral, even the seal of the prophecies, and of all revelation.

Among all the travellers which strewed the entire deck, there did not appear to be one wanting the *chebuck*, and such was the effect, that we should have appeared to a distant spectator, a floating castle from which arose the perfumed incense of universal love, which the winds carried to the shores of the continent or the islands, as we passed them by.

Those who have known no more of the odoriferous herb, than is to be discovered in the nauseous fumes which proceed from the plant of the West or the East India islands, provinces, or country, or from any such as we are accustomed to exhale the vapours of, in western Europe, it is

impossible, however, should truly appreciate the virtues of the *chebuck;* yet some idea of the quantity of the fragrant exhalations which we enjoyed, may be imagined, by painting to the fancy, the whole deck covered with perfect adepts in the luxurious pastime, determined upon exerting their best endeavours to counteract the well-known effects of the vessel's motion, by excess of puffing from large and long pipes, the bowls of which formed a perfect border on either side the passage that was left to pass from stem to stern upon the ship's deck.

In this manner we advanced rapidly across the Marmora, and by the force of steam, and favoured by the strong current of the canal of the Dardanelles, we arrived early on the the third day after we had quitted the capital city of the Ottoman empire, at the good port of Smyrna in Asia Minor, without the occurrence of a single incident which might lead to any comparison in interest, between the mode of travelling by vessels driven by the wind, and those impelled by the powers which the high degrees of science and the arts that have been attained, have put so abundantly at our disposal, and without the conscious experience of any advantages in favour of science, save only, expedition.

We were now at Smyrna. We were in Asia Minor. But after the length to which the above

account of a mere visit to Constantinople has been extended, it might not be fit, to return to the same elements which have been made use of, for the notice of such national characteristics, as fall under the traveller's observation during a short sojourn among any portion of this remarkable people.

Smyrna, indeed, in no way excites in us the interest which we attach to the great capital of the Ottoman Empire. It is, in truth, more properly a Greek than a Turkish town; for, although the proportion of the inhabitants is greatly in favour of the Turks, almost the whole front of the town is occupied exclusively by Europeans, of which the majority among those who are native-born or constant residents, besides the inhabitants of almost an entire quarter, are Greeks. But the proper merchants of the country, indeed, are almost exclusively European; and they have their places of amusement and of public resort, the chief of which is the cazin, or kind of club, to which strangers are politely introduced for the term of their sojourn.

The European quarter of Smyrna, though not extensive, is superior to Constantinople, in the elegance or neatness of the houses, and in the order which is kept in the streets; and, were the ditches and ponds, which are numerous in the

more open part of the town cleared, and kept in order, it should be a healthy and much more agreeable place than the Ottoman capital, for the residence of Western Europeans.

There is a public promenade in Smyrna, but it is of an inferior description. It is, however, recommended by a double line of shady trees, and a stream, which passes under a stone bridge, called by the Europeans *Ponte Cavalieri*, and there is a pleasant gallery, that might contain, perhaps, above a hundred persons, actually built in the boughs of a tree, which stretch out over the stream.

The Bashas of Smyrna often visit this beautiful, as well as agreeable, spot, under an escort, of from fifty to a hundred soldiers; and when their promenade is not intended to exceed this distance, they generally go on foot, and their horses are led in the rear of the troop. There is nothing more characteristic of the East, than the stately dignity, and tortoise pace, at which one of these little processions moves. The Basha, however, arrived within a few paces of the streamlet, finds chairs awaiting, and as he sits down, the superior persons of his suite follow his example. The grave Turk's *chebuck* is now lit; and coffee, sherbet, and other luxuries are brought, and the soldiers, having piled their arms, fall back, and are usually,

I observed, regaled with a lettuce each, which they seemed at all times to eat with great relish. But the *chebuck* being done, the Basha rises, and his well-satisfied attendants recover their arms, and the party return at the same pace at which they came.

After a few days stay at Smyrna, I embarked on board a small Austrian steamer for the Island of Syra. The voyage, like that from Constantinople to Smyrna, was a true steam voyage. It was without interest either by the exhibition of views, or by the anticipation and pleasing suspense, which we never want on board a sailing vessel; nor did there occur the slightest incident that should be worthy of recording: but it was expeditious.

We arrived early in the morning, in this island, where the monotony we had endured, was broken by the signal that passed between the steamer and the port, and which resulted in our hoisting the yellow flag, with which our quarantine commenced.

When any vessel appears off any port in the Mediterranean, she is always a kind of object of suspicion, and is approached with great precaution, until the port from which she comes is known, and her fate determined upon; but after the yellow sign is once at the mast head, to touch her very

outer plank might chance to condemn the unlucky wight, to the imprisonment to which her passengers and her crew, if she remain, are appointed to undergo; and if she depart, and there be no lazaretto, the temerarious act may subject the trangressor of the law, to an involuntary voyage of some thousand miles. The yellow signal, however, is well known, and so much respected, that these inconvenient consequences are of rare occurrence.

We were not long at anchor between the town, which is upon one side of the bay, and the lazaretto, which is upon the other, before we were boarded by the quarantine boat, by which we embarked for our appointed destination, and in a few minutes, we once again stepped upon Christian ground.

THE END.

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